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JAMES AND LUCRETIA MOTT.

From a daguerreotype by Langenheim about 1842.

# JAMES AND LUCRETIA MOTT.

## LIFE AND LETTERS.

EDITED BY THEIR GRANDDAUGHTER,

ANNA DAVIS HALLOWELL.

*WITH PORTRAITS.*

"It is the Ideal which endures, and is ; and the Material, which seems to be, is but fleeting, and perishes." — RENAN.



BOSTON:  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.  
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**FIFTH EDITION.**

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## REMOTE STORAGE

*He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil; he shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.*

ISAIAH.

*She worketh willingly with her hands. . . . She riseth also while it is yet night. . . . She stretcheth out her hands to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. . . . Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. . . . Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.*

PROVERBS.



## PREFACE.

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WHEN the Memoir of Lucretia Mott was first contemplated, it was proposed to divide the work into several periods, each to be written by a different person. This was soon found to be impracticable. It was then suggested that the material collected should be given to some experienced writer to prepare for publication; but as this proved undesirable, it was finally decided that only a member of the family could undertake the proper delineation of a character whose domestic life was hardly less important than the more widely known events of her public career. This duty and privilege devolved upon me. Although I began the work as appertaining only to my Grandmother, I soon discovered that she was accompanied even in my thoughts by my Grandfather, and that it would be difficult for me to write of one without the other, or attempt to give an idea of her life without presenting, side by side, the complementary account of his. Hence the present form.

As far as possible I have endeavored to let the principal actors speak for themselves, through dia-

ries and letters introduced generally in chronological order, in preference to any mere topical arrangement. I have purposely laid much stress on the domestic side of the character of my Grandmother, in order to offset the prevailing fallacy that a woman cannot attend to public service except at the sacrifice of household duties.

The monotonous repetition of full proper names must be ascribed to the usage among Friends, from which it was thought best not to deviate, though it would have been easier to conform to general custom in this respect.

I am indebted for the entire first chapter, to the kindness of my Grandfather's nephew, Thomas C. Cornell; and to several others, both in and out of the family, for valuable aid in various other parts.

A. D. H.

WEST MEDFORD, Second mo. 29th, 1884.

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"The Old House" at Cowneck.

## CHAPTER I.

JAMES MOTT, the eldest child of Adam and Anne Mott, was born on the 20th of Sixth month, 1788, at Cowneck, — the name then given to the north-east part of North Hempstead, on Long Island, — at the house of his father's father, Adam Mott, Sr. Adam was an hereditary name of the Motts for many generations. The ample farm was also the home of the family. The ancient, low-beamed, two-story, shingled house, facing south over its own fields and lane, a mile from any highway, had been built by his father's grandfather — the Adam Mott of his day — in about 1715. A rural group of barns and sheds and granaries had grown up adjacent to it on the west, and a hundred yards behind the house the shore of the Sound sets southeasterly towards the deep indentation of Hempstead harbor; while across the wide stretch of water, the eye takes in the Westchester and the Connecticut shore for thirty miles. Here the father of James Mott had been

born in 1762, and his grandfather in 1734. And now, nearly a hundred years after James Mott's birth, the house is still occupied by the Motts descended from its founder.

All of James Mott's ancestors had been of the Society of Friends. Within ten years after George Fox began to preach in England, his disciples were in Hempstead and its vicinity on Long Island. George Fox, himself, preached in the neighborhood in 1672. His followers, here as elsewhere, were abused, brought before the courts, fined, imprisoned, and whipped; but before the end of the century the Willises and the Tituses, the Frys, the Underhills, the Pearsalls, and the Willets, and the other ancestors of James Mott, were already Friends; and all the family traditions and the family character are full of this influence.

One of the most conspicuous figures in the family tradition in James Mott's boyhood was that of his father's grandmother, long a minister in good esteem in the Society of Friends, and from her second husband, Tristram Dodge, then known and still remembered among her descendants as Grandmother Dodge. She was born in 1699—Phebe Willets—next to the youngest child of Richard and Abigail Willets, Friends of good repute for many years at Jericho; and had already been for several years a minister, when, in 1731, she married her first husband, the Adam Mott of that day. He was then no longer young, although known as the younger son Adam, of the first Adam Mott, of Hempstead.

This first Adam Mott in Hempstead, born about 1620, in Essex, England—the son of a still elder Adam—had come while young to New England, and

had spent several years with the Dutch in New Amsterdam, where the records of the old Dutch Church show that he there married, in 1647, Jane Hewlet, of Buckingham, and that his eldest son Adam was there baptized, in 1649. But neither this son Adam, nor the first wife, Jane Hewlet, were ancestors of James Mott. Adam Mott removed his young family to Hempstead about 1655, among the earliest settlers, while Cowneck was still the common pasturage for their cows. Here his first wife subsequently died, leaving several children, and in 1667 he married Elizabeth Richbell, daughter of John and Ann Richbell, the first patentees of the town of Mamaroneck, across the Sound, in what is now Westchester County. From this second wife descended, in separate lines, both the father and the mother of James Mott. Her first-born son she named Richbell, after her own father's family, and this Richbell Mott was the great-grandfather of James Mott's mother, who was born a hundred years later. To her second son she gave her husband's name, Adam, although his eldest son by his first wife bore the same name, and was still living; and hence her husband's will speaks of his "eldest son Adam," and his "youngest son Adam." This "youngest son Adam" was the grandfather of James Mott's father. Elizabeth Richbell's third son, William, was the great-grandfather of Dr. Valentine Mott, the celebrated surgeon of New York. The elder Adam Mott was a thrifty farmer, and in the Hempstead tax-list of 1680 is charged with more taxable property than any of his neighbors. The "younger son Adam" was also a fore-handed man. His grandmother directed in her will, that her bequest to him should be the last paid,

"because his needs are less than the others." When he married Phebe Willets in 1731, he was nearly sixty, almost double her age; he died seven years later, leaving three children. His oldest son Adam, who, half a century later, had become the grandfather in whose house James Mott was born, was then but four years old. Three years later, in 1741, the widow married Tristram Dodge, and brought him to the old Mott homestead, as the will of her first husband permitted, while his children were growing up.

Grandmother Dodge had no children after her second marriage. She was zealous in her religious services, and occasionally traveled as a minister in the adjacent Monthly and Quarterly meetings. In 1744 she visited the "Jersies," and in 1752 made an extended religious visit in England and Wales, where she was well received. Tristram Dodge died in 1760, leaving to his widow, by will, among other things, "the negro girl Rachel." The holding of slaves was then common in New York, and most Friends' families on Long Island had one or more. But the anti-slavery feeling was awakened, and in 1776—a few months before the American Declaration of Independence—Grandmother Dodge, by a legal instrument, reciting that she had "for some years been under a concern of mind on account of holding negroes in bondage," declared it to be her "duty, as well as a Christian act," to set Rachel at liberty. This was among the first of many similar manumissions on the records of "Westbury Monthly Meeting," where Phebe Dodge belonged. A little later, her sons, Adam and Stephen Mott, set free "the negro man Dick;" and in less than three

years, in 1778, Elias Hicks set free his "negro man named Ben." A few years later the Westbury records bear this entry : —

"Died, at Cowneck, 7th of Ninth month, 1782, Phebe Dodge, aged eighty-three ; a minister in good esteem near sixty years, and continued lively in the truth to the last."

Grandmother Dodge's three children, Elizabeth, Adam, and Stephen Mott, married three children of Samuel and Mary Willis. Elizabeth married John Willis, a minister in the Society of Friends ; Adam, the sister, Sarah Willis, who thus became grandmother of James Mott ; and Stephen, her younger sister, Amy Willis. The Willis family was one of the most notable among Friends on Long Island. Samuel Willis' grandfather, Henry Willis, was born in Wiltshire, England, in 1628. In 1667, the year after the great fire, he went to London to work at his trade of a carpenter. But, already one of George Fox's adherents, he suffered so much for his faith, "in imprisonment, and the abuse of the rude rabble," that he emigrated to New York about 1670, with his wife Mary Peace and their children, and soon after settled at Westbury, to which place he gave its name.

Sarah Willis, the grandmother of James Mott, inherited the virtues of her Quaker ancestors. She died of consumption, in the old Mott house at Cowneck, in 1783, at the age of forty-six. Her husband, then Adam Mott, Sr., a few weeks after her death, wrote in expression of mutual grief and sympathy, to her mother, the venerable widow of Samuel Willis. He addresses her, "much regarded mother," signing himself her "affectionate but sorrowing son,"



and finds consolation in his grief in recalling the virtues of his "dear, loving wife," and their twenty-eight years of happiness together.

This was just after the close of the American Revolution. During the war, Long Island suffered much. Adam Mott, on the east side of Cowneck, was twice robbed by whaleboat men ; once of "considerable clothing." He was also compelled, in common with his neighbors, to furnish his quota of firewood to the British army in New York, and felt the evils of war in many ways. But the work of the farm was prosecuted with diligence, and at the close of the war his eldest son Adam, who was to be James Mott's father, had attained the age of twenty years.

While this Adam Mott was growing up, a young man on those ancestral acres at Cowneck, occasionally as he held the plow on the uplands, he saw with growing interest, five or six miles away to the west across the Sound, on the Mamaroneck shore, and almost in front of the village of New Rochelle, as it lay in the morning sun, the point of land since known as Premium Point, where were situated the house and mills of James Mott, the grandson of his own great uncle, Richbell Mott. This James Mott must be frequently mentioned in the beginning of this memoir, for his only daughter, Anne, was already making her father's house attractive to young Adam Mott, and she was to be the mother of our James Mott. Her father, this elder James Mott, was descended, on his mother's side, from Captain John Underhill, the first commander of the Boston militia under Governor Winthrop. As one of the few soldiers among the forefathers of James Mott, he deserves special mention.

Captain John Underhill, one of those stormy characters whose religious nature struggles long against the fire of human passion, was born in Warwickshire, about 1596, and was a soldier for a large part of his life. He was an officer in the service of the Low Countries, in the long war which finally gained the independence of Holland: he was much with the Puritan refugees there, and at length came with John Winthrop and his nine hundred emigrants to Boston, in 1630, under a special agreement to train the Boston militia. This was the year in which Boston was founded. The General Court ordered that the first Thursday of the month should be general training day for Captain Underhill's company. George Fox was then but six years old, and Captain Underhill did not become a convert to his peace principles till thirty years later. He took an active part in the affairs of the young Commonwealth, and was elected a member of the General Court. He brought with him to Boston his first wife, a Holland lady, thus also an ancestor of James Mott; and the records of the Old South Church show that "Helena, wife of our brother John Underhill, was received into the church, Sept. 15<sup>th</sup> 1633." But a few years later, Captain Underhill was found not to be orthodox, according to the Boston standard of orthodoxy, and he was banished for his misconduct in 1637. He continued active, however, in the affairs of the neighboring settlements, and took part in most of the Indian wars of his time. He was governor of Dover, in New Hampshire; and in 1640 went to New Amsterdam on the invitation of the Dutch Government, and speaking the language, remained in their confidence for many years. In 1643 he led one hundred and

twenty men in a successful attack upon the Indians in Hempstead, and in 1645, was one of the "eight men" in the Dutch administration of Governor Kieft. He obtained a grant of land in what is now the town of Oyster Bay, to which he gave the name of Kenilworth, where he passed the latter years of his life, and where he died in 1672.

It was while living at Kenilworth, and after they had all become Friends, that his eldest son, John, married in 1668 young Mary Pryor, — not yet seventeen years of age, — the daughter of neighboring Friends, Matthew and Mary Pryor. As one among many acts of persecution which Friends of those days suffered, it may be mentioned here, that these young people, because they had married in accordance with the custom adopted among Friends, were brought before the court, their marriage declared void, and fined five pounds; and "continuing contumacious," were subsequently sent to the Sessions, and fined ten pounds for their persistent disobedience. In 1676 the same John Underhill was fined and punished for refusing "to train in the militia," and to "work on the Fort;" but fines for refusing militia service, and punishment for not paying such fines, were continued down to within the experience and memory of many still living.<sup>1</sup>

Space is lacking to speak in detail of another ancestor, the sturdy Hempstead Quaker blacksmith, Nathaniel Pearsall, who, twice elected to the Provincial Assembly, in 1690 and 1691, continued faithful

<sup>1</sup> In 1822 or 1823, James Mott (the younger), then living in Philadelphia, was arrested and committed to jail for non-payment of the militia fine. The jail was then in Arch Street, just above Broad. After being confined there two days, he was set at liberty, the fine having been paid by some one unknown to him.



to the "testimony against oaths," and refusing to be sworn in, was not admitted to his seat, although his name still stands on the Civil list of the State.

To return to the elder James Mott. He was born in Roslyn, then called the Head of Hempstead Harbor, in 1741; lost his father before he was two years old; and was brought up by his mother, and his step-father, Richard Alsop. In 1765, in Westbury meeting-house, he married Mary Underhill; went into business in New York, and became a prosperous merchant, living in what was then the pleasant neighborhood of Beekman Street, between Cliff and Pearl streets. Here were born his four children: Richard, who became an esteemed minister in the Society of Friends; Anne, who became the mother of our James Mott; and Robert and Samuel. In the stormy time before the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, the British ship of war *Asia* threatened to fire on the city, and James Mott sent his children for safety into the country, near the present site of Hester Street. His wife's health failing, he retired from business in 1776, and removed to Mamaroneck, where he bought of his wife's brother, Samuel Underhill, the farm and tide-mill, afterwards known as the Premium Mill property, and operated the mill for many years.

The handsome old two-story frame house, with ample garret in its double pitched roof, long occupied by the elder James Mott, still stands in good preservation, — facing southerly among its trees, a mile above New Rochelle, on the low, narrow peninsula, between the shore of the Sound and the inlet which formed the mill-pond, and a few rods from the site of the mill which he operated, now long

since removed. Here his wife, Mary Underhill, whom he had married when she was twenty, died at the age of thirty-one. Her husband was then but thirty-five, but he never married again; and more than forty years after her death, he wrote of her, that she was "still so present to his mental view" that he desired "to mention some of her traits. Her person was tall and erect; complexion fair, rather pale than ruddy; eyes light blue; hair dark brown, bordering on black; countenance placid and open; manners gentle and easy; her conversation cheerful and pleasant; rather diffident of her own abilities; temper mild and even, of great self-command. Disposition kind, sympathetic, and benevolent. Industrious and economical, but not parsimonious. Humbly pious, without bigotry. Studiously careful to promote conjugal harmony and happiness. What an invaluable treasure is such a wife!"

She left four children — Anne, then eight years old, and her three brothers — to grow up in the dangers and hardships of the Westchester County shore during the Revolutionary War. In after years, Anne often told her grandchildren of some of these perils: how when a child she had driven the cattle behind the hills to conceal them from predatory cow-boys; and how the halter was once around her own neck, and she was threatened with hanging if she did not tell where was concealed the money received for some bags of coffee, which had recently been stored in the mill. But she could not tell. Soon after the close of the war, in 1785, while still wanting nearly three months of completing her seventeenth year, she married, in Mamaroneck meeting-house, Adam Mott, the younger, of Cowneck, then twenty-three

years of age. Bridal trips were not then usual among Friends, and, instead, Anne Mott went with her young husband direct to his father's house, the old Mott homestead on the Cowneck shore. Here was born James Mott, her second child, the subject of this biography, before she was twenty years old. The first child, Mary, died in infancy.

Although still living with his father, the younger Adam Mott was at this time in active business in the flour-mill recently built for him on the opposite side of Cowneck, where the tide was arrested to serve human requirements in a little inlet of Cow-bay. The mill is still in use, nearly a hundred years after it was built ; but the hamlet is now Port Washington, and Cow-bay is Manhasset Bay.

The elder Adam Mott died in the latter part of 1790, and soon afterward the younger Adam moved to his own house near his mill. The hanging of the crane was still the practical fact in every new household, and with the simple appliances of a hundred years ago the young wife ministered to the wants of her family, and trained her children to industry ; fabrics of flax spun by her daughters' hands are yet among the treasures of her great-grandchildren. The new mill-house was situated on a farm of sixty acres on the mill-pond, and under the new management the farm became a model farm, as the mill was already a model mill ; and business prospered. The simple, frugal, diligent habits of this rural life ; the kindly, gentle manners and self-watchfulness inherited from many Quaker ancestors, added to much intellectual culture and refinement, made a model household. In personal appearance Adam Mott was tall, erect, with strongly-marked features, and a simple dignity that

accorded with his rural, laborious, and devout life; and although quiet in manner, and often silent, his speech was always sagacious and to the point, and frequently gleamed with subtle and kindly humor. Anne Mott, with a slight figure, an intellectual face, and the grace, refinement, and simplicity of a high-bred woman, had unusual mental endowments, and a power of conversation which made her welcome in any society, and always drew out the best qualities of whatever company she met. The young father and mother always conformed in dress and manner to the strictest rule of Quaker simplicity. They were diligent in attendance on all the religious meetings to which they belonged; and were clerks of their respective meetings, while the young James was still in early childhood. The clerk of a business meeting of the Society of Friends must have special gifts and aptitudes; for not only is he the presiding as well as the recording officer, but he is expected to gather or divine the will of the assembly without taking a vote.

Lest another opportunity should not occur, it may here be mentioned that Adam Mott died in his seventy-seventh year, at the residence of his son-in-law, Lindley Murray Moore, in Rochester, N. Y., in 1839; Anne Mott died at the age of eighty-four, at the residence of her son-in-law, Silas Cornell, in Rochester, in 1852.

There was a little school in the hamlet of Cowbay, where the young James Mott and his sisters obtained such of the rudiments of education as they had not acquired at home; but the daily influence of their home was an education higher than that of any school, to which was added a constant and ele-

vating intercourse with the family of their grandfather, their mother's father, at Mamaroneck. The intimacy of his relations with his grandson and namesake, James Mott, and subsequently with Lucretia Mott, until his death in 1823, calls for further mention of him. He was a man of much culture and high character; tall, erect, and unusually handsome in person; somewhat diffident, but always dignified, easy and graceful in manner, and in all respects a gentleman. He traveled much with Friends in their religious visits, and freely used his pen and his influence in the advancement of education, and in the suppression of intemperance and slavery. He would use nothing produced by slave labor, either in food or clothing. For this reason he limited his family to maple-sugar; always wore linen, and his cloth was of domestic manufacture, gray or drab in color, and made in small-clothes or knee-breeches; occasionally, in stormy weather, he wore white-topped boots, and always a broad-brimmed white hat.

Notwithstanding his staunch Quakerism, he was liberal in his intercourse with the world, and always ready to coöperate with others in any good work. After the fall of Napoleon in 1815, the Czar Alexander, in his progress through Europe, took so many occasions in reply to public addresses and otherwise, to speak strongly in favor of universal peace, that the elder James Mott thought it a favorable opportunity to address him from this side; and a carefully prepared letter was sent to him, together with the three volumes which had then been issued of a journal called "The Friend of Peace." In due time a gracious letter of thanks came back from St. Petersburg containing expressions of sympathy with peaceful sentiments.



Another illustration of the spirit fostered in the home of the elder James Mott may be mentioned. About the end of the last century, his son Robert, then a merchant in New York, walking home one evening, passed a man lying drunk in the street, "and went by on the other side," — as most of us do. But the feeling that he was neglecting a fellow-creature, who needed his care only the more because he was drunk, became so strong that he went back, aroused the man, and taking him to his own house, cared for him that night, and in the morning gave him kind words and provided him with work. This act of charity reformed the man. He afterwards found other work, and prospered, and a few years later returned to Robert Mott, and asked his acceptance of a gold watch. It was the best watch he could buy, a heavy, gold repeater, and bore this inscription: "A tribute of gratitude from Thomas Donovan to Robert Mott." The watch is now in possession of Robert's nephew, Richard Mott, of Toledo, Ohio, and is still an excellent timekeeper.

After the elder James Mott had retired from the care of the mill, his sons, Richard, Robert, and Samuel, built a large new mill, lower down towards the mouth of the bay which provided the water-power, and, introducing every improvement then known, gave it the name of Premium Mill, and hence the place is still called Premium Point. It operated twelve runs of mill-stones, and was successful. In 1803 Adam Mott was induced by his brothers-in-law to leave his mill at Cow-bay, and take his young family across the Sound to Premium Point. He settled on the farm adjoining that of his father-in-law on the north, having an interest in the mill, but giv-

ing the most of his time to the farm. He was now in easy circumstances. American commerce was prosperous. Europe was at war, and American vessels were neutral everywhere. But in 1804 Napoleon assumed the title of Emperor; in 1805 the English courts began to condemn many American vessels for alleged violation of neutrality; in 1806 the British Orders in Council and Napoleon's Berlin Decrees blockaded all the ports of Europe; in 1807 the American Congress, on President Jefferson's recommendation, laid an embargo on all American vessels trading to foreign ports; the long-threatened war with England, which broke out in 1812, was preceded by an Indian war in the Northwest; and the commercial disasters and distress which began in 1805 continued to increase until after the fall of Napoleon, and business did not revive until after 1820.

It was in the face of these adverse circumstances that the younger James Mott began the world. In 1807 his father removed from his pleasant farm to the mill-house near the great mill, and again gave diligent attention to business, seeking to retrieve if possible their failing fortunes, or at least to save something from the wreck; and the same year James, who had just completed his nineteenth year, found employment as a teacher in Nine Partners school.

This boarding-school became a conspicuous feature in James Mott's life. It had been founded in 1796 by the New York Yearly Meeting of Friends, about fifteen miles from Poughkeepsie, to give a better education to the sons and daughters of Friends. But the co-education was in separate class-rooms, and under different teachers. The school was under the care of a committee of the Yearly Meeting; and the

elder James Mott, now a man of leisure, gave much time and care to its interests for many years, and sometimes permitted himself to be burdened with the chief responsibility of its administration. James and his sisters had been sent to this school when he was only nine years old, and had made friendships among their fellow-students. In 1806 his sister Sarah had brought home with her on a visit her school friend, Lucretia Coffin, then thirteen years of age. A letter from the elder James Mott, written soon after his grandson went to Nine Partners as a teacher, and addressed to his mother, says, "James answers an excellent purpose. I shall therefore consider him a teacher instead of an assistant, and make him the compensation that is right." And again later, "He is very steady and guarded in his conduct, which I believe does not altogether proceed from his natural love to do so." How James himself felt under his new responsibilities is shown in his letters to his parents. He writes under date:—

N. P. B. S., 12th mo. 11th, 1807.

. . . Then I concluded to write another letter, but grandfather wished me to assist him in posting his books, and to draw off some accounts, which took till one o'clock at night, so that I had not time to write again, to inform you more particularly of my situation, which I will now endeavor to do. You may reasonably expect it was a trial to me, to part with grandfather so soon after my coming here, and especially as the school was in an unsettled condition. . . . The morning after he left I entered the school as assistant to Hugh. As the arrangement of the school was somewhat different from what it was when I left here, I did not wish to take charge of it, until it was divided. This was done on Second-day; Hugh taking sixteen of the most backward scholars, leaving me twenty-three that were fur-



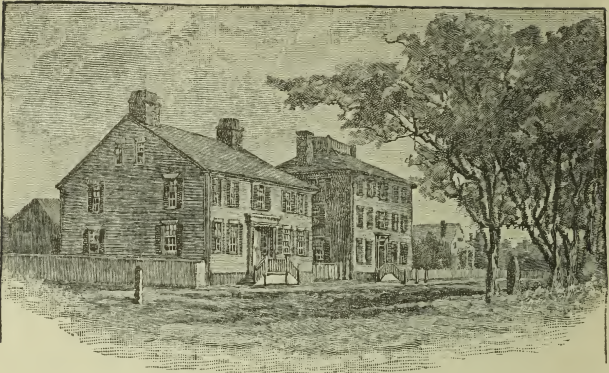
ther advanced. Then I took the charge, and if I may be allowed the expression, immediately felt myself loaded as it were with heavy shackles, grievous to be borne; so much beyond my abilities did I conceive the task to be, that I said to myself, I have a burden upon me, far greater than I can bear or perform, and who shall support me under it, or deliver me from it. But presently these expressions were brought forcibly to my mind: 'Trust in the Lord, and He will help thee,' — surely, said I, that is all I can ask or wish for."

He relates that Elias Hicks and his wife are at the school, and then adds, "Lucretia Coffin says she is very lonely since sister Sarah is gone, for there is nobody in the school that fills her place."

Perhaps it was on this visit of Elias Hicks—as Lucretia Mott related three quarters of a century later—that in listening to a recitation in geography when the height of Chimborazo came in question, he sharply criticised the waste of time in teaching girls such useless things as the height of mountains. "Teach them something that will be useful to them in after life," said he.

It appears that James did not at any time find his life as teacher attractive to him, for, nearly four years later, when writing from Philadelphia, "10<sup>th</sup> mo. 12<sup>th</sup>, 1811," of his sister Mary's experience in a like position, he says, "I can sympathize with her, having tasted of the same cup, mixed with ingredients more bitter than she ever knew, or can have an idea of." . . .

Nevertheless, he continued in the school during 1809; and in the latter part of this time, Lucretia Coffin was an assistant teacher on the girls' side of the house.



The Coffin House, Nantucket.

## CHAPTER II.

LUCRETIA COFFIN, the second of Thomas and Anna Coffin's six children, was born on the Island of Nantucket, on the third of First month, 1793. Her ancestors had lived on the island since its first settlement by white men in 1659, and had been people of standing in every generation. Through her father, the seventeenth child of Benjamin Coffin, she was descended from two of the original purchasers of Nantucket, Tristram Coffyn, Sr., and Thomas Macy; and on the side of her mother, Anna Folger, youngest daughter of William and Ruth Folger, from Peter Folger, of "Mather's Vineyard," another of these twenty "early proprietors." Searching the records through a maze of names familiar to Nantucket ears, Hopcote, Gayer, Severance, Bunker, Stevens, Austin, Morrell, Gardiner, Church, Mayhew, Starbuck, Macy, Folger, and Coffin, it is interesting to find that both the father and the mother of

Lucretia Coffin — the mother, through her mother, Ruth Coffin — are descended from James Coffin, the third son of Tristram. Thus two branches of the family, dividing in the second generation, reunite in the fifth, in the person of Lucretia Coffin.

It has generally been supposed that the first settlers of Nantucket were driven from their homes on the main-land by religious persecution ; and this view is supported by some of the highest authorities, but others believe that they emigrated thither solely with the object of bettering their material condition. It was a new region, land was cheap, and the agricultural prospects good. It is cited by advocates of the former theory, that Thomas Macy, one of these pioneers, was fined “ 10s. for harboring Quakers ; ” but as this happened several months after he became one of the purchasers of Nantucket, it can hardly be regarded as an inducement to that step. And another, Peter Folger, was known to be in sympathy with “ anabaptists, quakers, and other sectaries, who had suffered persecution.” In their behalf he wrote a poem, called “ A Looking-Glass for the Times,” in which he “ attributes the wars with the natives, and other calamities which afflict the nation, to this persecution,” and regards them “ as judgments of God.” But this was written in 1675, several years after he removed to Nantucket, and there is no evidence of his having suffered at any time the persecution he deploras. Nor is any mention made, in such connection, of others of the twenty original purchasers. They came from various towns in the eastern part of Massachusetts. Chief among them was Tristram Coffyn, Sr. He was the son of Peter and Joan Coffyn, and was born in Brixton, Devonshire, England,

where, it was said, he owned several estates. He was a royalist, and is supposed to have left England on account of some political difficulty; but this is not certain. It is known, however, that he left his comfortable English home in 1642, and emigrated to America with his wife, Dionis Stevens, and their five small children. He lived first at Salisbury, Mass., then at Haverhill, and again for several years at Salisbury. Here he organized the company for the purchase of Nantucket. In 1662 he removed to the island with his family, and in 1671 was appointed chief magistrate of the new settlement. Though but few years older than his companions, he was regarded as the patriarch of the colony, particularly by the neighboring Indians, with whom he maintained friendly relations from first to last. He died in 1681, aged seventy-six years. While living, he divided the greater part of his large property among his children and grandchildren, "to have and to hold, and Quietly to Injoy." The deeds recording these gifts usually begin with the significant words, "In regard of my Fatherly affections, I," etc. He left seven children, sixty grandchildren, and several great-grandchildren.

James, the third son of Tristram Coffyn, was the great-great-grandfather of Lucretia Coffin. His wife was Mary Severance, of Salisbury. They had fourteen children, twelve of whom lived to have large families of their own. From these descended the tory branch of the Coffin family, whose best known representatives are Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, who, in the early part of this century, founded the school bearing his name in Nantucket; and the two sons of General John Coffin, of St. John, New Brunswick, both admirals in the Royal Navy.

James Coffin's younger sister, Mary, although hardly within the scope of this account, being outside the limit of lineal descent, is too striking a character to be passed without some mention. She was the youngest daughter of Tristram and Dionis, and was born after they came to America. At the age of seventeen she married Nathaniel Starbuck, and, according to an old chronicle, became "a Deborah among the people, for little of moment was done without her." She was accustomed to attend the town meetings, and take an active part in their proceedings. It is said that she usually began her remarks with some allusion to her husband, such as "My husband thinks," or "My husband and I feel," etc. In 1701, during a religious visit of the celebrated English preacher, John Richardson, she was converted to Quakerism, and became a "mighty instrument," through which large numbers were brought into the same faith.

Lucretia Coffin's mother was a Folger of the fifth generation from the Peter Folger, the "learned and godly Englishman," mentioned before, who first accompanied Tristram Coffyn to Nantucket as interpreter with the Indians, and afterward joined him in the purchase of the island. An emphatic testimony to his reputation is furnished by the following clause in the old court records concerning the proper division of Nantucket among its new owners: "At the same meeting, it was ordered that Tristram Coffin, Thomas Macy, Edward Starbuck, Thomas Barnard, and Peter Folger, of Mather's Vineyard, shall have power to measure and lay out said Land according to the above said award, and whatsoever shall be done and concluded in the said case by any three of them,



Peter Folger being one, shall be accounted Legall and valid."

Peter Folger married Mary Morrell. They had nine children, all of whom lived to grow up and marry. Eleazer, the eldest son, married Sarah Gardiner, and became the great-great-grandfather of Anna Folger, the mother of Lucretia Coffin. The youngest child, Abiah, married Josiah Franklin, and was the mother of Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

A Nantucket writer, Benjamin Franklin Folger, after commenting on the remarkable longevity of some of these early settlers and their descendants, says: —

"Their situation in life required the most unflinching self-reliance, and in that day of farming and fishing, it followed, of course, that their physical powers were sufficiently taxed for their most vigorous expansion. . . . Not only the smaller fish, but the whale itself, was pursued from the shore; and at the first dawn of day the men were in readiness to leave their homes, having taken their morning meal with such parts of the families as had hastened its preparation. The men proceeded on their adventurous voyage, full of expectation and hope, and in entire confidence that the women would be no idle worshipers at home. The cows were milked, the butter was churned, the wool was carded and spun, the cloth was woven, and the unpainted floors scoured and neatly sanded; the oven had been previously heated for the rye and Indian bread, the pumpkin pies, and other substantial provisions for the table, that the father and his sons might be made doubly welcome on their return at nightfall. The men returned, the boats had been successful, and the joy of the family was complete. Some of the men had gigantic strength, and some of the matrons would walk from fifteen to twenty miles without thinking it a hardship. Here were fine con-

stitutions, and a long life seemed to be the legitimate attribute."

Another writer, Hector St. John, of Pennsylvania, visiting Nantucket one hundred years after the time of the foregoing, in order to witness for himself the curious customs of which he had heard, says : —

"It is but seldom that vice grows on a barren soil like this, which produces nothing without extreme labor. How could the common follies of society take root in so despicable a soil? They generally thrive on its exuberant juices; here we have none but those which administer to the useful, to the necessary, and to the indispensable comforts of life. . . . The inhabitants abhor the very idea of expending in useless waste and vain luxuries the fruits of prosperous labor. . . . The simplicity of their manners shortens the catalogue of their wants. . . . At home the tender minds of the children must be early struck with the gravity, the serious, though cheerful deportment of their parents; they are inured to a principle of subordination, arising neither from sudden passions, nor inconsistent pleasure. They are corrected with tenderness, nursed with most affectionate care, clad with that decent plainness from which they observe their parents never to depart; in short, by the force of example, more than by precept, they learn to follow the steps of their parents, and to despise ostentatiousness as being sinful. They acquire a taste for that neatness for which their fathers are so conspicuous; they learn to be prudent and saving; the very tone of voice in which they are addressed establishes in them that softness of diction which ever after becomes habitual. If they are left with fortunes, they know how to save them, and how to enjoy them with moderation and decency; if they have none, they know how to venture, how to work and toil as their parents have done before them. At meetings they are taught the few, the simple tenets of their sect; tenets

fit to render men sober, industrious, just, and merciful. . . . There are but two congregations in this town, and but one priest on the whole island. This lonely clergyman is the Presbyterian minister, who has a very large and respectable congregation ; the other is composed of Quakers, who admit of no one particular person entitled to preach, to catechise, and to receive certain salaries for his trouble. Most of these people are continually at sea, and often have the most urgent reasons to worship the Parent of Nature in the midst of the storms which they encounter. These two sects live in perfect peace and harmony with each other. Every one goes to that place of worship which he likes best, and thinks not that his neighbor does wrong by not following him. . . . As the sea excursions are often very long, the wives are necessarily obliged to transact business, to settle accounts, and, in short, to rule and provide for their families. These circumstances being oft-repeated give women the ability, as well as the taste, for that kind of superintendency to which, by their prudence and good management, they seem to be in general very equal. This ripens their judgment, and justly entitles them to a rank superior to that of other wives. To this dexterity in managing their husband's business whilst he is absent, the Nantucket women unite a great deal of industry. They spin, or cause to be spun, abundance of wool and flax, and would be forever disgraced and looked upon as idlers, if all the family were not clad in good, neat, and sufficient homespun cloth. First-days are the only seasons when it is lawful for both sexes to exhibit garments of English manufacture, and even these are of the most moderate price, and of the gravest colors. . . . The absence of so many men at particular seasons leaves the town quite desolate, and this mournful situation disposes the women to go to each others' homes much oftener than when their husbands are at home. The house is always cleaned before they set out, and with peculiar alacrity they



pursue their intended visit, which consists of a social chat, a dish of tea, and an hearty supper. . . . The young fellows easily find out which is the most convenient house, and there they assemble with the girls of the neighborhood. Instead of cards, musical instruments, or songs, they relate stories of their various sea-adventures, . . . and if anyone has lately returned from a cruise, he is generally the speaker of the night. Pyes and custards never fail to be produced on such occasions ; . . . they laugh and talk together until the father and mother return, when all retire to their respective homes, the men reconducting the partner of their affections. Thus they spend many of the youthful evenings of their lives ; no wonder therefore that they marry so early."

In this primitive life grew up the two young people who were to be the father and mother of Lucretia Coffin. In 1779, when Thomas Coffin had obtained the command of his first ship, he married his neighbor and playmate, Anna Folger, he being twenty-two years old, and she just seventeen. They were both consistent members of the Society of Friends, as their fathers had been before them for several generations. Thomas Coffin, although a sailor from his boyhood, was a courteous and refined man, of unusually studious habits, and strong religious feeling. His most marked characteristic was that of unwavering integrity. In appearance he was intelligent, rather than handsome ; in manner kindly, though somewhat formal. Anna Folger, the youngest of six sisters, sometimes called by the towns-people " Bill Folger's tory daughters," was a woman conspicuous throughout her life for great energy, keen wit, and unfailing good sense. A portrait, painted some ten years after her marriage, represents a stately woman, with large, penetrating eyes,

dark hair, a low, broad forehead, and firm mouth. Her father, William Folger, at one time a large ship-owner, lost much of his property during the war of the Revolution, his ships being seized at sea. Being a declared Tory, he was no favorite with his companions; they liked to tell, at his expense, that the only thing he had ever found in his life was a jack-knife, sticking in a post above his head. His daughters, women of ability and rare good sense, inherited both his dignified bearing and his conservative tendencies. Anna, who was less conventional than the others, told with amusement of a rebuke once given her by her elder sister Elizabeth, when she went out to the pump for water. It belonged to several families, and was in full sight from the street. Anna's vigorous stroke reached the ears of Elizabeth, who remonstrated, saying, "Don't, sister, don't pump so strong!"

As has been said before, Thomas and Anna Coffin had six children, one boy and five girls, of whom Lucretia was the second. The house in which the young couple began their married life, and in which Lucretia was born, is not standing; but we are told that it was near by the one which Captain Coffin built while Lucretia was still a little girl. She could remember but a single incident connected with the old house: that it was struck by lightning one day while she was left in charge of her baby sister, and that a neighbor came in and took them both home with her; but no impression of terror seemed to mingle with the recollection. All the associations of her childhood were with the new house, into which the family removed in 1797. It still stands in good preservation on Fair Street, in Nantucket town. As

with all houses of that period, more attention was paid to comfort and strength in its erection than to ornament, although the mahogany rail on its easy staircase shows that it was meant to be as handsome as was consistent with proper Friendly simplicity. Its frame was of solid hand-hewn oak, and the chimney-pieces were paneled up to the ceiling over the open fire-places. The room at the right-hand of the front door was the parlor, the scene of many happy family gatherings; and it was little Lucretia's place, on these occasions, while the elders were at tea, to watch the wood fire, and draw the chairs into a sociable circle about it. This naturally grew to be in her mind an essential feature of hospitality. Long after, in her old age, we can all remember her saying, "Move up, — come forward, — do come more into a circle!" How often, after she became so feeble that she could not sit during the whole tea-time at table with her guests, has she slipped away into the parlor, and, tired as she was, before lying down to rest a few minutes, pushed the chairs into a close circle around the fire, ready, as she felt, for the evening's conversation! Side by side, in my mind, are the two pictures: the little girl in Nantucket, and the dear grandmother at "Roadside," arranging the chairs in the time-honored way.

In the room to the left of the front door Anna Coffin kept a small shop for the sale of East India goods, by this means eking out a scanty income during her husband's long and uncertain voyages to China. The shutter of the shop window, when open, projected far enough beyond the corner of the house to be visible down the side lane, the children's way

from school. Lucretia often told how eagerly they used to watch for that sign of their mother's being at home, and how cheery her welcome was when they ran in. Their frugal dinner was a feast when she presided. In carrying on her business, Anna Coffin was occasionally obliged to go to the "continent," as they called the main-land, to exchange oil, candles, and other staples of the island, for dry goods and groceries. In those days such a journey was a serious undertaking, and constituted an important event to the little family, especially to Lucretia, who was left in charge. The mother's return was impatiently looked for, and was made a great occasion. But the prominent events were the arrival home of vessels from China, or from the still longer peril of a whaling voyage. When one of these was sighted, and the crier, going his rounds, shouted the good news at the street corners, the whole population betook themselves to the "walks"<sup>1</sup> on the house-tops, spy-glass in hand, to see whose ship was coming. By the time it had crossed the bar and was rounding the point, Long Wharf was filled by an expectant crowd, and touching were the scenes of welcome there. Nantucket was then at the height of her commercial success. It was said that the little island contributed more men to the whale fishery and East India trade than any other town of its population. So identical was such employment with thrift and prosperity, that a Nantucket good-wife asked for no better fortune than "a clean hearth and a husband at sea."

<sup>1</sup> A walk is a platform, railed in, extending along the peak of the house, and accessible by a trap-door in the roof. These lookouts surmounted most of the old houses in Nantucket.

Among the curious customs of this primitive community, and one that Lucretia delighted to recall, was the "veal feast." Fresh meat being a rare luxury, the killing of a calf was a time of excitement to all concerned, particularly to the children. It is recorded that, on one such memorable occasion, the little Lucretia was told, "Now if thee's a good girl, thee shall see them kill the calf!" The "veal feast" that followed was a family reunion, occupying two days. On the first, all the husband's relations were bidden; on the second, all the wife's; and to those unable to come, a portion of the good things was carried, in dishes wrapped in great square napkins especially provided for this use. It speaks well for Nantucket neighborliness, that such napkins always made part of a bridal outfit. The veal was presented to the guests at the "feast," under various skillful disguises made from receipts handed down through a long line of good cooks. Then, as now, the women of Nantucket understood to perfection the art of cookery, — how to make much out of very little, as well as to make the most of much. While they were content with their ordinary fare of bacon and corned beef, clams, fish, and corn bread, they rejoiced in occasions that called forth their culinary skill.

Another annual festivity was the three-days "shearing feast," when old and young made a holiday and went out to the ponds on Miacomet plain to wash and shear the sheep. Among the Friends there were also the more weighty gatherings of Monthly and Quarterly meetings, when strangers, — or "off-islanders," — sometimes filled the hospitable houses to overflowing.

Anna Coffin, like the rest of the women whose



husbands were following the sea, enjoyed an occasional "dish of tea" with her neighbors; and especially with her five sisters, who were all married and settled in the same town. When going to join them, she would say to her daughters, "Now, after you have finished knitting twenty bouts, you may go down cellar and pick out as many as you want of the smallest potatoes, — the very smallest, — and roast them in the ashes." A primitive treat, truly, but one long remembered! The huge fire-place in the cellar, where the children held this feast, was the place where most of the family cooking was done. It still remains in the old house, though unused.

When it was the aunts' turn to visit Anna Coffin, the children would be sent early to bed, with permission to talk as long as they pleased, and often with a consolatory promise of reward the next day; but this was little comfort to Lucretia, who always longed to stay down stairs to hear the conversation of the grown people. Although not the oldest of the little family, she was most her mother's companion, and very early shared the care and responsibility of the household. At ten years of age she was given the charge of one of her younger sisters, a trust of which she felt very proud. If a message were to be carried, or an errand to be done, she was generally chosen to do it, as she was both quick to understand and quick to execute. But this very readiness made her impatient with the slowness or stupidity of others. She required every one to be as sensible as herself.

Her parents were careful to preserve in their children the peculiarities of the religious society to which they belonged, training them to be careful in their

daily observances, and regular in their attendance at meeting, where they learned to sit still without restlessness or drowsiness, and to feel the value of silence. Lucretia, a very active child, and quick-tempered, — called “spitfire” and “tease” by her school-mates, — was warm-hearted and ingenuous, and always eager to correct her faults. When a Friend, Elizabeth Coggeshall, visiting Nantucket on a religious “concern,” had a “sitting” with the Coffin family, and addressed the children on the importance of heeding the inward monitor, and of praying for strength to follow its directions, Lucretia, conscious of a wayward spirit, was profoundly impressed, and appropriated the remarks to her own needs, as if they had been particularly directed to her. But, although she had many spiritual difficulties to overcome, she was not an unruly child; on the contrary, as she many years afterwards wrote in a short autobiographical sketch, “I always loved the good, and in childhood tried to do right, praying for strength to overcome a naturally hasty temper. Being trained in the religious Society of Friends, I had no faith in the generally received idea of human depravity. My sympathy was early enlisted for the poor slave by the class books read in our schools, and the pictures of the slave-ships as presented by Clarkson.” In later years she often repeated a description of the horrors of the “middle passage,” which she had learned from the school reading-book, “Mental Improvement by Priscilla Wakefield.” It was written by Clarkson, and ended with the words, “Humanity shudders at your account.” This made an indelible impression on her young mind. It was at this time also that she committed to memory an alphabetical

acrostic by "an early Friend," by writing each line for a copy in her writing-book. When, at the request of her grandchildren, in 1868, she copied it from memory, she could recall only as far as the letter O :—

"All mortal men that live must surely die,  
But how, or when, is hid from human eye.  
Consider then, thy few uncertain days,  
Delay no longer to amend thy ways.  
Engage thy heart to serve the Lord in love,  
For all his ways do ways of comfort prove.  
Grant to thyself no time for vain delight,  
Hate all that 's wrong, and try to do the right.  
In all thou ever dost, act in God's fear,  
Keep still the thought of death and judgment near.  
Learn to avoid what thou believ'st is sin,  
Mind what reproves or justifies within.  
No act is good that doth disturb thy peace,  
Or can be bad, which makes true joy increase."

These last four lines she often gave as a sentiment, with her autograph, particularly to young people.

Captain Coffin's last cruise was made in 1800, when his little daughter Lucretia was seven years old. He sailed, as commander and owner, in the ship *Trial*, from Wood's Holl, — Nantucket bar being too shallow for the largest vessels to cross, — in quest of seal-skins to take to China and exchange for silks, nankeens, china, and tea. He bought some in the Straits of Magellan, and forwarded them in another vessel bound for China, going himself in search of a larger cargo. When he had been out a year, the *Trial* was seized by the Spaniards off the Pacific coast of South America, for alleged violation of neutrality, and taken to Valparaiso. Captain Coffin undertook his own defense in the Spanish courts, and obtained some favorable decisions; but after much delay, finding that he could get no re-



dress, and that there was no chance of regaining his vessel, he left Valparaiso, crossed the Andes, and found passage home from a port in Brazil. When he finally reached home, after an absence of three years, he learned that his family had heard nothing of him for more than a year, and had believed him lost. His children loved to recall their delight in his return; how they clustered about him to hear him recount, over and over again, the wonderful story of his adventures; the amusement he took in teaching them some of the Spanish phrases that he had learned, and in requiring them to bid him "good morning" and "good night" in Spanish (our grandmother, more than seventy years afterwards, could repeat these words as if she had learned them the day before); and his warm-hearted defense of the Catholics of South America, because of the hospitality shown him by a kind Catholic family during his long stay in Valparaiso. It is also interesting to know that, notwithstanding the loss of his vessel and cargo, the seal-skins sent to China with his friend had made such good returns that the voyage was considered profitable. Seven years after this event, Captain Mayhew Folger, Anna Coffin's youngest brother, had his ship seized in the same way; but, more fortunate than Captain Coffin, he recovered both his ship and \$44,000 damages. While he was at Valparaiso, awaiting the court's decision, he saw the poor *Trial* still lying at the wharf. This Captain Folger was the one who, in 1809, discovered the lost mutineers of the English ship *Bounty*, on Pitcairn's Island, where they had remained unmolested for nineteen years.

This unfortunate experience of Captain Coffin's

was his last as a seafaring man. Soon after, in the Seventh month of 1804, when Lucretia was in her twelfth year, he removed with his family to Boston, where he engaged in a profitable commercial business. This was the first time Lucretia or her sisters had ever left Nantucket, even for a visit. Although they never returned to the island to live, Lucretia always seemed to regard this first home with an affection different from that which she felt for any subsequent dwelling-place. In after years she taught her children, to the third generation, to cherish its traditions. "Nantucket way" became household law. The habits formed in these early days distinguished her through life, — "simplicity, moderation, temperance, and self-restraint in all material things;" these, together with an abhorrence of falsehood and injustice wherever shown, consecrated her to that gospel which anoints to "preach deliverance to the captive," and "to set at liberty them that are bruised."

Thomas Coffin's house in Boston was situated on the north side of Green Street, a little below Charlestown Street. The garden at the back of the house sloped down to the fields, beyond which the Causeway crossed to Charlestown. From her window Lucretia had an unobstructed view of the Charles and the Mystic rivers, with the low hills on the other side, and could hear the sound of travel on the drawbridges. Green Street was then a select, if not an aristocratic neighborhood, soon made still more desirable by the erection of a block of dwelling-houses fronting on Bowdoin Square, which, from their unusually handsome finish, — mahogany window-seats and doors, — became the admiration and talk of that

part of the town. Lucretia was taken by her father to see these while they were being built. He also used to walk with her on First-day afternoons, out Marlboro' Street, — now Washington, — to the narrow neck where the high tide washed up on both sides of the road; returning thence by the way of Charles Street, on the bank of the broad Back Bay; or by the pretty gardens and fine residences on Franklin and Summer streets.

The children at first attended a private school, but afterwards, at the wish of their father, were sent to the public school of the district, "to mingle with all classes without distinction." Lucretia wrote afterwards concerning this change: "It was the custom then to send the children of such families to select schools; but my parents feared that would minister to a feeling of class pride, which they felt was sinful to cultivate in their children. And this I am glad to remember, because it gave me a feeling of sympathy for the patient and struggling poor, which, but for this experience, I might never have known."

When she was thirteen years old she was sent with a younger sister to the Friends' boarding-school, at Nine Partners, N. Y., before mentioned, where her future husband, James Mott, was already a teacher on the boys' side of the house. In accordance with the general practice of the Society of Friends, both boys and girls were admitted to the school, but under a stricter surveillance than is now considered necessary in such establishments. They were not permitted to meet, or speak to each other, unless they were near relatives, when they might talk a little while together on certain days, over a certain corner of the fence that divided their play-grounds. The

sister who accompanied Lucretia to school was the "desirable little Elizabeth," as her father called her in his letters. She was of excellent abilities, and of a sweet and loving disposition, but so retiring that she always placed herself in the background. Lucretia loved her with the deepest affection; and in their seventy years of almost daily intercourse seldom failed to take counsel with the shy and gentle companion whose judgment she valued so highly. Their loving intimacy was interrupted only by the death of Eliza in 1870.

They remained at Nine-Partners two years without going home. This does not appear unreasonable when we consider that the journey had to be made chiefly in private conveyance, and was too expensive to be lightly undertaken, but it does seem a little hard, even making due allowance for the high rates of postage in that day, that a baby sister should have grown to be three months old before they heard of its existence. In the main, however, their school experience was a happy one. Like other spirited children, Lucretia sometimes rebelled under what she considered unreasonable severity, and gave trouble to the authorities; but she was conscientious, and as ready to acknowledge her faults as she was quick to see them. She could bear punishment herself much easier than to see others punished. Once, when one of the boys, James Mott's cousin, and a favorite with her, was confined in a dark closet on bread and water, for what she thought was a trifling misdemeanor, she and her sister contrived to get into the forbidden side of the house where he was, and supply him with bread and butter under the door. One of the favorite amusements of the girls was to

“play meeting.” On one such occasion they held a “meeting for business,” to consider a case of violation of the “Discipline.” Lucretia and one other girl were appointed to visit the offender and report to the meeting, which they did in the following words, given with a very drawling tone: “Friends, we have visited Tabitha Field, — and — we labored with her — and we — think — we — *mellowed* her — some.”

Among her schoolmates, Lucretia liked best James Mott’s sister Sarah, with whom she went to Mamaronock in one of their vacations, thus meeting for the first time the family whose name she was afterwards to bear.

Susan Marriott, the principal teacher of the school, was an Englishwoman of uncommon acquirements, with a special fondness for the study of grammar, — a fondness which she succeeded in imparting to her pupils. She was very critical of their pronunciation and their choice of language, and made nice discrimination between words, which our grandmother often repeated in later life, with capital imitation of her old teacher’s precise and antiquated style. Susan Marriott also taught her scholars to appreciate English poetry, and had them learn selected passages by heart, as a regular school exercise. It was, doubtless, to her influence that Lucretia Mott owed her familiarity with Cowper and Young. In her old age she would repeat page after page of the “Task,” as the family sat together on the porch at “Roadside,” in the dusky summer evenings. The course of studies was hardly what could be called wide in its scope, but it was all that the Quakerism of that day demanded, and the instruc-



tion was thorough as far as it went. As in other schools of the time, this included the "use of the globes," but no map of any kind was used until Captain Coffin, in 1807, presented one of the United States. This was the first map Lucretia ever saw. The teachers were paid small salaries, only about \$100 a year, in addition to their board. Nevertheless, when Lucretia, at the age of fifteen, was made assistant teacher, the appointment was very gratifying to her; particularly when, at the end of the first year, she was promoted to the position of regular teacher, with the additional inducement that her services would entitle a younger sister to her education. Of this she says herself: "My father was at that time in successful business in Boston, but with his views of the importance of training women to usefulness, he and my mother gave their consent to another year's being devoted to school." During this last year, the teachers, James Mott and Lucretia Coffin among them, formed a French class, and took lessons for six weeks. In this and other ways they showed a desire for wider culture than that afforded by the somewhat meagre plan of Friendly education. It was at this time, to quote her own words again, "that the unequal condition of woman impressed my mind. Learning that the charge for the tuition of girls was the same as that for boys, and that when they became teachers women received only half as much as men for their services, the injustice of this distinction was so apparent, that I early resolved to claim for myself all that an impartial Creator had bestowed."

While the sisters were at Nine-Partners, some relations of their father, doing a driving business in

cut-nails, then a new thing in the world, induced him to give up his own business in Boston and take charge of a branch of theirs in Philadelphia. He consequently removed to that city with his family in 1809. The factory of which he had charge was established at a place called French Creek, about twenty miles from the city; and the sales made by Thomas Coffin reached \$100,000 a year, which was then thought a large sum. For a while all went well, but in an unlucky hour he indorsed for a friend and lost heavily. Before this unfortunate reverse, however, and while everything seemed prosperous, his daughters had left school, and rejoined the family in their new home in Philadelphia; and thither, in 1810, James Mott followed them.

### CHAPTER III.

WHILE James Mott and Lucretia Coffin were teachers together at Nine-Partners, a strong attachment grew up between them which resulted in an engagement of marriage. James was a tall, pleasant-looking youth, with sandy hair and kindly blue eyes. In manner he was shy and grave. As can be inferred from his letters, he took serious views of life, and was much given to religious contemplation. Lucretia was a sprightly girl of more than ordinary comeliness, and uncommon intellectual promise. In strong contrast with James Mott, she was short of stature, quick in her movements, and, notwithstanding the repression of Quaker training, impulsive and vivacious in manner. She had a keen appreciation of humor, and was fond of a joke, even at her own expense. Combined with these lighter qualities, and prominent even at this early time, were those elements of spiritual fervor and strength which ripened into the revered character of Lucretia Mott.

The engagement of the two young people was regarded with much favor by their respective families, and an early marriage was encouraged. With this in view, James Mott gave up his position of teacher, with its meagre salary, and accepted a place offered him in Thomas Coffin's business in Philadelphia; in which he prospered so well, that in a few months he and Lucretia concluded to "pass meeting," as the following letter to his parents shows:—



PHILA., 12th mo. 12th, 1810.

HONORED PARENTS, — I resume the pen to say that I have come to a conclusion to settle in this city. Had I consulted my own feelings and inclinations, independently of other circumstances, I should have decided to return and settle in New York. But when we take into view that the business here is an established one, and the person with whom connected, a man of experience and prudence, I believe you will say with me that this is the most eligible. . . . We have concluded (Lucretia and myself) to declare our intentions of marriage before the monthly m<sup>s</sup> in 2<sup>nd</sup> m<sup>o</sup> next, which will be on the 20<sup>th</sup>, with your, and her parents' consent. You will please write me on the subject, and should you concur, will recollect that your consent signified in writing will be necessary.

JAS. MOTT, JR.

This formidable proceeding was one of the precautions taken by the Society of Friends, "that young or unmarried persons may be preserved from the dangerous bias of forward, brittle, and uncertain affections." To quote further from the Rules of Discipline: —

"Proposals of marriage are to be presented in writing to the preparative meeting, of which the woman is a member, signed by the parties; . . . and the said written proposal is to be forwarded by the preparative to the monthly meeting; . . . if no reasons appear to prevent it, their said intentions should be minuted, and inquiry made concerning consent of parents or guardians, whose consent should be either personally expressed, or sent to the monthly meeting. . . . Two Friends are to be appointed to inquire into the man's clearness for proceeding in marriage; and a similar care should be taken by the woman's meeting, concerning the woman. . . . At the second monthly meeting, they are to be present, separately, in their respective meetings, and should the committee report that there appears to

be no obstruction to their proceeding, the meeting is to leave them at liberty to accomplish their marriage according to the order of our Society."

The following letter shows how this ordeal impressed James Mott : —

PHILA., 2nd mo., 23d, 1811.

HONORED PARENTS, —

... Lucretia and myself declared our intentions of marriage on Fourth-daylast, the 20th. I found the anticipation of it much more than the reality as regards timidity, or fear, or bashfulness. I felt as calm and composed during the whole operation as if I had been speaking before so many cabbage stumps. May I not consider it as an omen of the rectitude of the procedure, for circumstances that have required much less firmness and composure have heretofore put me in a great flustration. Our appearance was plain, and becoming the occasion. All parties were pleased with it. Anna Coffin wishes me to say that at the time of our marriage, she will not consent for you to go to any other house as a home, than theirs; or rather, she will be very much disappointed if you do. It may not be necessary for me to add, that I shall have much more of your company at their house, than at any other where you might go! Perhaps when you come again, L. and myself can entertain you in a house of our own. We begin to make some calculations respecting future proceedings, and hope to get to house-keeping early in the fall, at farthest: but this is all in anticipation; a precarious thing to place much dependence upon, but a fictitious pleasure may be derived from it, in idea and imagination.

There is no pleasure now in anticipating things in the mercantile line. A very gloomy prospect presents itself. The entanglements with foreign nations, and the distress occasioned at home from the circumstance of the U. S. bank charter not being renewed, are serious things for

merchants generally. Many failures have taken place, and no doubt many more will. All confidence is destroyed, and those who have money keep it in their own hands. . . .

With much regard for all, I am

J. MOTT, JR.

On the 10th of 4th mo., 1811, in Pine Street Meeting-house, the marriage of James Mott, Jr., and Lucretia Coffin was accomplished according to the order of Friends, "with a gravity and weight becoming the occasion." James was almost twenty-three years of age, Lucretia a little past eighteen. For the first few months afterwards they formed part of Thomas Coffin's family, not feeling quite justified in undertaking the heavier expense of housekeeping for themselves.

The following admirable letter was the first addressed to the young couple after their marriage by Anne Mott, the mother of James : —

NEW ROCHELLE, 5th mo. 8th, 1811.

When I parted with my dear children I had no idea that more than three weeks would elapse ere I should take the pen to tell them how oft the affection of a mother leads her to visit them in idea, and to desire that no future time may cause them to remember the *present happy hours* with a sigh of regret, but that each succeeding day may bring an increase of pure, tranquil contentment ; and though I do not expect to gain full credit, I will hazard the sentiment, that if it is your united endeavor to make each other happy, ten years hence, on comparing your feelings and measuring your affection by what you now consider its greatest height, you will gratefully acknowledge that the early days of wedded life are but the dawn of that happiness which is attached to it. Yet do not mistake me ; I do not wish for you to look for an unclouded sky ; this is not the lot of

mortals ; but only to believe that, by doing all in your power to *deserve* the blessing of sincere and unbroken love to each other, you will find that love so increased as to become an asylum of rest when all other temporal supports fail, and only prove how frail a support they are. But beware, my beloved children, of supposing that even the most ardent affection can give that happiness which the maternal breast craves for you, should your hearts rest only in each other ; raise them to Him, who has already blessed in joining you together, and who will continue to bless, if there is a disposition to estimate his favors rightly. Let the happiness which only *real* Christians experience be the mark for which you aim, the prize for which you run, and then will every secondary consideration have only its own, its proper weight.

Not only “ten years hence,” as she said, but fifty years later, when the beautiful wedded life was crowned with its golden wedding, the sentiment “hazarded” by this loving and devout mother was echoed by the happy circle of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, gathered in thanksgiving for those who were blessed in being joined together.

The letters following the foregoing are personal and of little general interest. A few extracts will show how soon the difficulties attending the war of 1812 beset the young couple : —

FROM JAMES MOTT, JR.

7th mo. 20th, 1811.

We have hired a neat, new house in Union st. near father's, the market, meeting-house, and my business ; rent \$300 a year. We shall begin house-keeping as soon as we can get ready, say in about a month

Business is very dull.

FROM JAMES MOTT, JR.

10th mo. 1st, 1811.

I wish to give you some information of a fever that has for some time been gradually making inroads upon Father Coffin's family and myself; commonly called the *Ohio fever*. Commercial business in all large cities has got to a very low ebb. Very little can be done, and what is, is with much risk. From this cause we have been thinking, and with seriousness, of winding up our business in this city, and moving to that country; but no conclusion has been come to.

Many plans have been made, but none matured except one, which is that Father Coffin's family are to move into the house we now occupy, and thus make one family. This they will probably do next week. The house is sufficiently large to accommodate us all and leave one spare chamber, and our expenses will be much curtailed.

All this will no doubt appear strange and unaccountable to you; that is, our prospect of removing. I have not believed until now that it would really take place, though I have thought seriously of it myself, and I now find that others have also.

FROM JAMES MOTT, JR.

11th mo. 2d, 1811.

Since I wrote last there has been time for calm and cool reflection, and this time has been in some measure improved by your son: I have endeavored to weigh and compare the imaginary conveniences and inconveniences, advantages and disadvantages, that would probably arise in taking such a step. To come to the main point in question, it is simply this — and no more nor less — feeling rather discouraged with business, it was natural to look abroad for some other home and employment, and Ohio being suggested, it was listened to with some attention, and many projects mentioned, but not one has been put into execution, nor is there



now much probability that they will be, for the fever has considerably abated.

In the course of the year 1812, however, Thomas and Anna Coffin, in company with several others, made a journey on horseback to the present site of Massillon, Ohio, with a view to settling there permanently, if the change appeared advantageous, but they found it best to return to Philadelphia, where Thomas Coffin continued the commission business until his death in 1815. Meanwhile, James Mott, finding the business hardly sufficient to maintain two families, kept on the lookout for something more profitable. In this perplexing condition of affairs, his aged grandfather, for whom he was named, wrote the excellent letters that follow at intervals. Although some of them may seem rather long for insertion here, they exercised too important an influence on the characters of those to whom they were addressed, for any part to be omitted. They kept alive the spiritual flame which hard, material struggles might otherwise have extinguished. To their loving encouragement and wise admonitions may be ascribed much of the faithful sacrifice, for Truth's sake, of the ensuing forty years.

JAMES MOTT, SR., TO JAMES AND LUCRETIA MOTT.

NEW YORK, 5th mo. 23d, 1812.

I consider this a critical moment of your lives, my endeared James and Lucretia, just, as it were, setting out in life. How important that you set out right, and with correct views! How needful that the secret, yet intelligent, whisperings of the voice that says, "This is the way, walk in it," be attended to on all occasions! We live in an age of trial and temptation, with many inducements to deviate from perfect rectitude, and many of these are to be found

in our own society. But, my precious children, the solicitude of my heart is, that you follow the example of none further than it affords peace and satisfaction to your own minds. Remember the language, "He that will be my disciple must deny himself, take up his daily cross, and follow me." These are the terms, and they will be made easy to those who cheerfully submit to them. He also said, "My yoke is easy, and my burden light." It is resignation that makes it so. May you experience this through life; then whether prosperity shine upon you, or adversity be your lot, all will be well; it will teach humility in the first, and contentment in the latter.

JAMES MOTT, JR., TO HIS PARENTS.

PHILA., 4th mo. 27th, 1813.

. . . I have concluded to go to Ohio with our uncle Mayhew Folger and family, who will leave in a few weeks. Lucretia stays with her father, to come out with him, if I should conclude to stay after getting there, which is uncertain, though probable. Considering all circumstances, I believe it will be best to follow this plan, and satisfy myself as respects the country. My ideas are far from sanguine, but I hope we shall all be satisfied, and realize a comfortable living, which is all we can expect in the unsettled state of affairs, and all we ought to be anxious for at any other time.

It does not appear, however, that he ever took this journey, as his letters continue to date from Philadelphia. They speak principally of family and business matters, and make frequent mention of the accomplishments of his little daughter Anna, who was born on the sixth of 8th mo., 1812, in the house on Union Street. In the autumn of 1813 he says, "Our precious Anna grows finely, can speak a number of



words, and *we* think will soon talk. She is sixteen months old."

In the spring of 1814, thinking there might be an opening for him in the cotton-mill of his uncle, Richard Mott, at Mamaroneck, N. Y., James moved there with his family. While there, in the 7th mo., their second child, a son, was born, and named after his grandfather, Thomas Coffin. The expected opening proving delusive, the little family returned in the 10th mo. to Philadelphia, where James found employment in a wholesale plow store, at \$600 a year. The following extract from Lucretia's letter to her "Mother Mott" gives an account of the journey. How different from the luxury of the "limited express" of the present day!

"Our journey here was quite as comfortable as we could expect. We left the Hook about eight o'clock., found the roads pretty good till we got to Brunswick, where we dined; from there to Trenton they were exceedingly rough, large stones having been laid where the holes used to be, and only two passengers beside ourselves, so that we were obliged to keep little Thomas well wedged in, that he need not be thrown against the side of the stage; the pillow added much to his comfort and our convenience, as it enabled my James to hold him part of the time; he was very quiet, slept most of the day, and was not out of the stage, except when we stopped to dine, until we arrived at Trenton at half past seven; he was then put to bed immediately, and slept quietly all night. The steam boat was quite a relief, and we reached Phil. at 12 o'clock. the next day."

The next letter makes the first mention of the subject with which they were so prominently connected through life.

JAMES MOTT, JR., TO HIS PARENTS.

PHILA., 1st mo. 27th, 1815.

MY DEAR PARENTS, —

. . . A letter has been received from two persons in Charleston, S. C., directed to Friends of the city of Phil<sup>a</sup>, stating that Moses Bradley of their city had by will bequeathed six slaves to Friends of this city. A verbal committee was nominated from all the monthly meetings to consider the subject, and they this week returned the letter to the mg<sup>s</sup> without making any report thereon, further than that they had met, and were of opinion that it involved serious and important consideration. There was not much said upon it in mg<sup>s</sup>. The subject was taken on minute, and committees appointed to give it careful attention, and report.<sup>1</sup> The clause in the will runs thus: "I bequeath to the Society of Friends in Phil<sup>a</sup> my negro slaves (naming them), and appoint A. B. & C. D. to receive them in trust; the friends of humanity will understand this clause."

The "Abolition Society"<sup>2</sup> have likewise lately received a like bequest of 40 slaves. It is a subject highly important, as it regards the testimonies that Friends have held up to the world, and involves considerations of no small magnitude to civil society. The more I view the subject, the more I see the necessity of Friends' acting with great caution and circumspection in it, adhering steadily and firmly to the principle. I feel undecided in my own mind. The opinions of Friends are various, but all agree in its importance, and some say that no subject has ever come

<sup>1</sup> Owing to the subsequent divisions and subdivisions of the Society, it has been impossible to find what was done in this case. — ED.

<sup>2</sup> This Society must not be confounded with those later established in Philadelphia. This one was organized in April, 1775, and was called "The Pennsylvania Society for promoting the abolition of slavery, the relief of free negroes unlawfully held in bondage, and for improving the conditions of the African race." Benjamin Franklin was its first president after its incorporation by the State in 1789.

before the Society of equal interest. I cannot help believing that much depends upon this case as regards the future situation of the blacks in the Southern States. I should like to have your sentiments upon this subject, and in return I will give you mine, when more matured than they are at present.

Our family is in usual health; we have very much neglected teaching our Anna, until within a few weeks; she learns quickly, and begins to spell.<sup>1</sup> Little Thomas says many words, and will soon talk.

With much love to all the family.

JAMES MOTT, JR.

In 1815, early in the 2nd mo., Thomas Coffin died of typhus fever, after a short and distressing illness, leaving his family poor, including James Mott, whom he had recently taken into partnership. Of this James Mott writes: "My business is suddenly changed; I have now to settle the affairs of one whom I have tenderly loved, for whom I have felt a filial attachment, and upon whom I depended for advice and instruction. I feel a responsibility unknown before."

Anna Coffin, finding herself poor, with several children dependent on her, opened a shop similar to the one she had kept in Nantucket, and was so successful in the undertaking, that James and Lucretia Mott concluded to make a like venture, and for that purpose hired a place in Fourth Street, near Arch; but, owing to a general depression in business in the season following, they were obliged to sell out at considerable loss. To this the two next letters allude.

<sup>1</sup> Two years and a half old!

JAMES MOTT, JR., TO HIS PARENTS.

PHILA., 12th mo. 3rd, 1815.

. . . How soon may all our fond hopes and fair prospects be blasted, and how necessary it is to live day by day serving our Maker! I think I have often felt desirous, particularly of latter time, to be found doing my duty, and filling my allotted station in life with some degree of propriety; but the weakness of human nature is great, and trials inwardly and outwardly are hard to support. I have frequently thought of what Samuel Bettle told us a short time since, "that there never was a temptation without a preserving power near, which, if relied upon, would support." He (S. Bettle) has become a great preacher; he speaks forcibly, reasons clearly, and addresses himself to the judgment, and often stands nearly an hour.

Our shop-keeping business is rather dull, though I apprehend we do our part for new beginners, as it is a general complaint of dull times. I do not feel discouraged, and hope next season to make it answer pretty well. Mother's business has continued good, except for two weeks past it has slackened a little, but I have no doubt she will succeed, as her shop is becoming noted. I think a person without friends or money quite as likely to succeed in business in this city as in New York; I have not much opinion of friendship in trade, for some of those who you might suppose would be willing to give their custom are the very ones that will avoid the shop. . . .

JAMES MOTT, SR., TO J. AND L. MOTT.

NEW HARTFORD, 2d mo. 8th, 1818.

My precious Anne writes me often; and in her last letter inclosed yours of 12<sup>th</sup> m<sup>o</sup> 31<sup>st</sup> for my perusal, on reading which, my mind was awakened to various sensations by Lucretia's representation of your situation. Your gloomy prospects excite near sympathy, as well as anxious solici-

tude. In pursuing the path of duty, my dear children, reason not against clear convictions even in trifling, as well as more important concerns, though you may be led into a narrower path than some, whom you may prefer far before yourselves, are walking in. I crave that your obedience may so keep pace with clearly manifested duty, that you can adopt similar sentiments to good Joshua of old: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." . . . I am far from wishing to point out any particular line of conduct for you; this must be done by the unerring guide in your own bosoms, which will speak with greater and greater clearness, as you yield unreserved obedience thereto. Do not be discouraged, even if it lead you in some respects to do, or to leave undone, things that may seem as trying as parting with a right hand.

May the trust in providential aid which James rejoices in being sensible of, so increase, that the comforting belief may arise, that even the present bitter cup will prove salutary, if properly received, is the sincere wish of your

GRANDFATHER.

The "little shop on Fourth Street" proving insufficient, and its failure seriously affecting James Mott's health, he again tried his fortune in New York, as clerk in a bank, leaving his wife and children in Philadelphia in her mother's family. Late in 1816 John Large of Philadelphia tendered him the office of book-keeper, and at the same time his wife wrote him the following letter, showing how strong was her desire that he should accept the offer, yet how ready she was to acquiesce in his judgment if he should decide against it: —

. . . On hearing that thy present salary was \$750, John Large immediately offered the same, and wished thee to come as soon as possible. Dr. M. says he has no doubt, if

you agree, that he would give thee \$1,000 before the year is out. On taking all things into consideration I don't know but it may be better for thee to embrace it; the removal of our goods again will be attended with some expense and breakage. We can continue with our mother without much expense, and perhaps something will offer for me to do in addition to thy salary. . . .

Now after reading this and giving it further consideration, if thou shouldst conclude to come, I should be rather than else pleased: but if to stay, I shall rest satisfied with thy better judgment, and look forward with hope.

. . . One thing I request, that whether thou come or stay, thou wilt write again immediately, that I may know whether to expect thee or not: remember, we decided that anticipated pleasures were the greatest. . . . Brother Thomas says he should not think thou would hesitate a moment about com<sup>g</sup>. . . . I should not mind being thought changeable, if I were thee.

The fear of "being thought changeable" weighed little with James Mott. He returned at once to Philadelphia, and wrote thus to his parents: —

My friends tell me they are glad there is now a prospect of our continuing in Phila<sup>a</sup>. How we shall arrange matters and affairs is not yet concluded. We are talking of taking a house and beginning house-keeping again, and Lucretia contemplates opening a school. She has conversed with a number of her friends on the subject. They tell her she must charge as much as \$10 pr. quarter, and that she will have as many scholars as she wants.

And again, 4th mo., 1st, 1817, he says: —

. . . Lucretia and Rebecca Bunker commenced their school two weeks since; the particulars of the rise, progress, and present situation of it, I will leave for L. to give you; and to allow her room to do so, will conclude my



part with my most affectionate love to every branch of the family.

Lucretia then adds as follows : —

It will not occupy much room to give the account above mentioned. We began with four scholars at \$7 per quarter, and have since added six : our present number is ten, and we have a prospect of considerable increase shortly. Our walk is long, and, as there are two sessions, we take our dinner with us ; but if we can get a large school, we shall not mind the long walk. . . .

This school was under the care of Pine Street Monthly Meeting. Rebecca Bunker, the principal teacher, was the daughter of Anna Coffin's oldest sister.

PHILA., 4th mo. 17th, 1817.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — How true is the saying, "In this world ye shall have tribulations" ! "Unsearchable are the ways of Providence, and past our finding out." We are the children of mourning, for it hath pleased the Almighty in his inscrutable wisdom to visit our habitation with the messenger of death, and take from us our darling little Thomas. . . . His disposition was the most affectionate ; he loved everybody, and all loved him. The last he said was, "I love thee, mother." . . . It is a close trial ; it is hard to give him up, and say, "Thy will be done." . . . Lucretia has had symptoms of the same fever, but is better this morning, though very weak.

Yours most affectionately,

JAS. MOTT, JR.

FROM THE SAME.

4th mo. 19th, 1817.

. . . I wrote you on 5<sup>th</sup> day last informing of the death of our darling Thomas, a loss we deeply feel, as he was a child possessing every qualification tending to endear him to us and all the family. His health for the past winter

has been remarkably good ; he was active, fat, and rosy-cheeked ; but he is now gone ! and we must endeavor patiently to bear the stroke, and with gratitude to bless the hand that gave it. Lucretia is better than when I last wrote ; she is about house, but very feeble. . . .

The early death of this darling child, so full of rare promise, so loving and large-hearted, seemed almost a crushing blow to his mother, whose health suffered seriously for a while in consequence. Under the solemn influence of this bereavement she was led into a deeper religious feeling, which finally expressed itself in Friends' Meeting. To one of her descendants who asked her, in her old age, how it happened that she became a preacher in the Society, she said, with tears, even then, that her grief at the dear boy's death turned her mind that way, and after a small beginning, meeting with sympathy and encouragement, the rest was gradual and easy.

At the close of the first year of book-keeping, John Large paid James Mott \$1,000 instead of \$750, the amount originally agreed upon, and offered a still further advance. It is to this circumstance that James Mott, Sr., alludes in the following letter : —

10th mo. 24th, 1817.

. . . I am pleased to hear of the generosity of James' employers. It is noble indeed ; more so than he had a right to expect, and I am glad to hear that Lucretia's school increases : their prospects cannot appear quite so gloomy to them as in time past. It affords me a heart-felt satisfaction in believing that they have profited by their trials and cross occurrences, and have been induced wisely to bend to the yoke that was declared to be easy. But I want them to bear in mind, that to make it easy there must be a steady continuance in cheerful submission to it. Then

indeed may they expect to find it not only easy, but joyful. To this situation is the promise annexed, "All these things shall be added," — all necessary things. But, alas ! how difficult it is, without more resignation to manifested duty, and practicing a greater degree of self-denial than most of us are willing to yield to, even to determine, and much more to submit to, a way of living which requires only necessary things, while on every hand we see such indulgence of imaginary wants, even in those to whom we are looking up for instruction.

That this precious couple may never suffer example to sway them from a line of conduct in every respect, which clear impressions on their own minds dictate to be right for them, is, and has oft been, the fervent wish of

THEIR GRANDFATHER.

JAMES MOTT, JR., TO HIS PARENTS.

PHILA., 12th mo. 14th, 1817.

. . . Although I have had some other business proposals, it appears likely that we shall continue in this city at least for a time, as nothing as yet has appeared that is in my view a sufficient inducement to leave a place in which I have a certainty of obtaining a living, — the salary I now receive is a liberal one, \$1,000 a year, and some prospect of an increase. John Large expects to sail for England in a few days, to be absent several months, and says he wishes me to continue in his store, and that if my salary is not enough to live on, he must give me more ; we shall come to an understanding before he leaves. If, however, there should not be anything said in relation thereto, and he should leave under the impression that I was to continue during his absence, I should most certainly do so, because his conduct has been noble, and always gentlemanly, so that I have no fault to find with my situation, endeavoring sometimes to cultivate a disposition to be content with little. . . .

Lucretia and Rebecca have now forty scholars, seven of whom are studying French.

JAMES MOTT, SR., TO J. AND L. MOTT.

1st mo. 3rd, 1818.

The perusal of two or three letters from my endeared grandchildren has so ripened the thought of writing to you, that I sit down this evening to put it in execution. I have never lost sight of a belief that your trials and gloomy prospects respecting a comfortable subsistence for yourselves and precious children would, if suffered to have their right and intended effect, terminate greatly to your advantage, both your temporal and spiritual advantage. You now see some things from a new point of view; you see the need of greater watchfulness and circumspection, in order to fulfil the religious duty you desire to discharge. This belief rejoices my heart, and desires accompany that rejoicing, that you may so continue on the watch, that the way may appear more clear, and also that strength may be received whereby you may move from one experience to another, until like Israel of old, you can rejoice on the banks of deliverance.

It is probable, in the present state of affairs in Society,<sup>1</sup> as respects an unwarrantably expensive manner of living, particularly as regards furniture, that the cross must be taken up by you; take it up cheerfully, and bear a noble testimony against the deviations from that moderation that characterized our early Friends, and which true humility still dictates.

Your affectionate

GRANDFATHER.

In the short autobiographical sketch alluded to before, Lucretia Mott, after summing up all their struggles and difficulties very briefly, says: "These trials in early life were not without their good ef-

<sup>1</sup> This seems to be an expression in use among Friends at that time. It always means the *Society of Friends*.

fect in disciplining the mind, and leading it to set a just estimate on worldly pleasures."

In the middle of 2nd mo., 1818, she gave up her position as teacher, "a young woman having been engaged by the committee to take her place," and about six weeks afterwards, Maria, their second daughter, was born. James Mott's business was prospering, and affairs were beginning to look a little brighter.

## CHAPTER IV.

FAMILY letters necessarily form a large part of this biography. These letters contain frequent reference to the various "meetings" of the religious society, of which James and Lucretia Mott were not only prominent, but influential members, and therefore it is assumed that the following brief explanation will be of interest to the reader.

The principal executive body of the Society of Friends is the Monthly Meeting, which is composed of one or more congregations at convenient distances from each other. These are styled Preparative Meetings, for the reason that they prepare business for the Monthly Meetings. Among other things, it is the duty of the latter to provide for the maintenance of poor members, and for the education of their children, and to judge of the fitness of persons who may wish to become members.

A Quarterly Meeting is composed of several Monthly Meetings, and receives at stated periods statements concerning the maintenance of the testimonies of the Society, and the care extended over the members.

The Yearly Meeting has the general superintendence within the limits embraced by the several Quarterly Meetings of which it is composed, gives its advice as circumstances may require, and institutes such rules as appear to be necessary. In accordance



with the belief of Friends that women may be properly called to the "work of the ministry," and that they should participate in the administration of the "Discipline," they have all these meetings of their own, held at the same time as those of men, but separately.

"For the preservation of all in unity of faith and practice, . . . and as an exterior hedge of preservation against the temptations and dangers to which we are exposed, the . . . Rules of Discipline are adopted for the government of Friends, . . . with a view that in the exercise thereof the unfaithful, the immoral, and the libertine professors may be seasonably reminded of their danger, and of their duty ; . . . and that such as continue to reject the convictions of truth, and the counsel of their brethren, and refuse to be reclaimed, may be made sensible that they themselves are the sole cause of their separation from our religious fellowship and communion." <sup>1</sup>

It is the duty of Monthly Meetings to select from both sexes a few persons, who may be considered as qualified for the station, to serve as "Elders." These, together with "approved ministers," have a regularly organized meeting called "Meeting of Ministers and Elders," whose object it is to encourage each other in the performance of their respective duties, and to give advice and assistance to all who may need care and counsel. In the words of the "Discipline," "they are tenderly advised to watch over the flock in their respective stations, evincing by their pious example, in conduct and conversation, that they are faithfully devoted to support the testimonies of the blessed truth."

The Society of Friends has no such ceremony as

<sup>1</sup> From the Introduction to the *Rules of Discipline*.

that which in other religious bodies is called "ordination." The nearest approach to it is that which is called "recommending;" which is a formal acknowledgment by the several meetings that "a gift in the ministry has been committed to" him, or her, as the case may be. The "Discipline" reads, "Until the approbation of the Quarterly Meeting of Ministers and Elders is obtained, no such Friend is to be received as a minister, . . . or permitted to appoint any meeting out of the limits of the Quarterly Meeting to which he or she belongs, without a certificate from the Monthly Meeting for Discipline, or the concurrence thereof." In accordance with these regulations, the certificates, or "minutes," given by the Monthly Meeting to a Friend who may be moved to visit distant parts, are not merely expressive of approbation or consent, but often bear evidence of the deep and earnest sympathy of the meeting that issues them. Generally they are signed by the clerks of both Men's and Women's Meetings; but when they are given to ministers whose proposed mission extends beyond seas, they are signed by the clerks, and also by a number of the members.

The public discourses delivered in the meetings of Friends are always extemporaneous; written sermons being wholly unknown in the Society. They are voluntary offerings, and the preacher, no matter how extended the service, receives no compensation. During what may be called the probation of a minister, the discourse is generally short, and many sermons are valued more for their brevity than for their length. A clause in the "Discipline," in the "Queries for Ministers and Elders," reminds them to be "careful to avoid enlarging their testimonies so as to be-

come burdensome." The exemplary daily life of Lucretia Mott, her dignified presence, her neat and correct style of expression, her freedom from the faults and peculiarities which too often attend the manner of preachers, together with the earnest simplicity which marked her public testimonies, soon caused her to be regarded as a most attractive speaker, and in a short time after she began to preach she was placed upon record as an "acknowledged minister." This gave her an enviable place in the best social circles of the Society. Every "appearance" in the exercise of her gift was hailed as the prophecy of increasing usefulness. In her discourses she dwelt upon the results of obedience to the Divine law, and urged the practical recognition of the leading doctrine of the Society.

In the year 1818, when she was twenty-five years of age, she spoke for the first time in public. This was in the form of a prayer; and sixty-one years later, when asked if she could recall the event, she replied by writing from memory, and without hesitation, the very words she had then spoken. This memorandum, now so valued by her family, reads as follows:—

A PRAYER OFFERED IN 12TH ST. MEETING, IN 1818.

As all our efforts to resist temptation and overcome the world prove fruitless unless aided by thy Holy Spirit, enable us to approach thy throne, to ask of Thee the blessing of thy preservation from all evil, that we may be wholly devoted to Thee, and thy glorious cause.

5th mo. 10th, 1879.

At the time when she first entered the ministry, the Society of Friends was to outward appearance a united body. There were, however, to a greater

or less degree, jealousies and misgivings, especially amongst those who constituted the "Select Meetings," or "Meetings for Ministers and Elders," but these were kept secret as far as possible, and were spoken of only in the presence of the chosen few. It was the beginning of that disaffection which, nine years later, culminated in the separation of the Society, of which further mention will be made in a succeeding chapter. For several years, Lucretia Mott took no part in the controversy, but was more interested in preaching the cardinal principles of Friends than in examining the differences in their interpretation. It was not until after her husband had left the Orthodox meeting, that she fully realized the importance of the issue at stake.

James Mott, while in close sympathy with his wife's ministry, took no prominent part himself in the Society; but being a man of sterling integrity and sound judgment, his counsel was often sought, particularly in the "meetings for business." In these he was a frequent speaker, expressing himself clearly and concisely, and carrying much weight with his hearers; but in the "meetings for worship," his voice was rarely heard while he was a young man. Later in life, he sometimes felt called to address the young people, but he was never much of a preacher.

The family correspondence from 1818 down to 1823 is so full and frequent, that a simple reproduction of the more important part of it makes superfluous any further attempt at detail.

The first letter is from James Mott, Sr., to Adam and Anne Mott, 10th mo. 15th, 1818.

. . . Thy extract from James' letter rejoiced my heart. What a comfort to you, such accounts from a beloved son

must be. Two scripture passages struck me forcibly as I read it: "I never saw the righteous forsaken," — but still more, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." How wisely they have adopted this injunction, and how fully is the promise verified to them! May they persevere in faithful dedication to Him who is thus opening the way to religious duty, and blessing with not barely the necessities of life, but the comforts and conveniences thereof!

When you write them, give my love affectionately to them.

. . . How does Lucretia come on in the preaching line? . . .

L. MOTT TO JAMES MOTT, SEN.

PHILA., 1st mo. 24th, 1819.

I have been so negligent of late with my pen, that I feel almost unable to express an idea in this way; but the many kind acts of remembrance and interest in our welfare, manifested towards us in an epistolary way, by our dear grandfather, having been, I trust, gratefully received by us, I have thought some acknowledgment of the same due from us; and not having succeeded in my endeavors to convince my J. M. that this was exclusively his province, I have made an attempt myself. . . . Although in repertising some of thy former letters, the excellent advice therein contained may be compared (as respects myself) to "bread cast upon the waters," yet I tremblingly hope the time is approaching when it may be found. Still my want of faith is such, that in looking at the high profession we are making, and the terms of admission into the Kingdom, I am ready at times to shrink, and to cry out with the disciples formerly, "Who then can be saved;" and the many instances of late, of departure from the simplicity of Quakerism as respects trade, with the consequent embarrassment attendant thereon, and that too in some from whom we have looked for better things, add not a little to

the discouraging side of the prospect. I know the "difficulty of the times" stands chargeable with it all, and we must charitably conclude that it has a share in it, still we cannot believe the requisition, "do justly," to have been made, and the power of compliance withheld. What then must be the conclusion? I am sensible, however, I have sufficient within to correct, without "fretting myself because of evil-doers;" and I hope by "studying to be quiet and doing my own business," to be enabled to leave the pronouncing of judgment to Him who will do it righteously, and not according to the appearance of man.

A few tracts accompany this, forwarded by Wm. Merritt, who has spent a few days with us, and is, we think, a very fine young man, and a warm advocate for Elias Hicks; many Friends this way not being prepared to unite with him altogether, in his views on some subjects. Dost thou agree in sentiment with him, respecting spreading the Scriptures and the First-day of the week.

Elizabeth Walker has had much to say to-day at Arch St. m<sup>g</sup>, — we were not there. Her daughter's appearance is very much altered since she was at Nine-Partners School. She looks rather smart for a companion to a travelling Friend; but is there not danger of our placing too much stress on externals, and of becoming justly chargeable with the faults of the Scribes and Pharisees?

With much affection, in which my James cordially unites, I conclude.

LUCRETIA.

FROM JAMES MOTT, SR., TO JAMES AND LUCRETIA  
MOTT.

NEW YORK, 2nd mo., 6th, 1819.

I duly received my much loved *Lucretia's* welcome letter, and am glad to find that mine has been acceptable to her. . . . I regret with thee the sorrowful departure from strict justice, in the mode and manner of doing business, which is too evidently practiced by some, and it is to be



feared, not a few under our name. What is the cause of this deviation? Is it not the unlawful love of gain? and does it not, more than the indulgence of any other wrong propensity, tend to eclipse the brightness and beauty of real Quakerism? I fear it does. It seems to me an increasing evil. Alas! for myself, and alas! for us as a Society, is sometimes the arising language. Thy conclusion on the subject is a correct one, to "study to be quiet and do our own business;" but probably a part of that business may be for thyself and many others, who bewail the evil, to put forth a hand, some in one way, and some in another, to forward that Christian mode of doing business which our principles dictate.

Thou queries whether I unite in sentiment with Elias Hicks with respect to "spreading the Scriptures, and the First-day of the week." I am in this respect an old-fashioned Quaker, in believing that the Scriptures have a just claim of superior excellence to all other writings; for this reason I wish the whole world might have the privilege of perusing them, and I rejoice at the endeavors used to spread them far and wide. . . . We have grounds to hope that the time will come, that righteousness will prevail, and purity of intention so regulate the movements of mankind, that there may be no occasion for setting aside one day in seven for a cessation from worldly concerns, as they will then be done to the glory of the great Supreme. When this comes to be the prevailing trait in people's character, then perhaps the observance of one day in seven for rest and retirement may be dispensed with; but at present I am not prepared for it.

Again, thou queries whether there is not danger of placing too much stress on externals, and thereby becoming justly chargeable with the faults of the Scribes and Pharisees? Doubtless we are liable to slide into the same error they did, and without question many have, by getting into an extreme as to cut, colour, and make of clothes, and what

they call "plainness" in other things. The great point is to keep in Christian moderation in these and all other things. Plainness in appearance may be strictly observed by some who are unacquainted with the spirit of plainness. . . . On the whole, I am induced to believe that in the present time of almost unbounded liberty, and unwarranted deviation from the simplicity our principles inculcate, there is little room to fear, that extremes in plainness will so prevail as to do as much harm, as the present evident departure from it. I sincerely wish both extremes might be avoided. . . .

Encouraged by such straightforward teaching, James and Lucretia Mott were enabled to continue in a manner of living befitting both their circumstances and their principles, although surrounded by many temptations to luxury. They were too rigidly "plain" for a time; but that phase soon passed by, and they learned to follow their grandfather's wise advice, "to avoid both extremes." Economy and plainness were necessary, for their means were limited; indeed, they were only barely outside the miserable estate of poverty. They were obliged to be careful of their pennies, in a way that is seldom seen in this lavish day. This is shown with quaint simplicity by James Mott's writing emphatically to his father, under date of 3rd mo. 2nd, 1819, to "answer this letter by *mail*, to inform us of the health of our mother; the expense is trifling, now that I have money of my *own* to pay it."

L. M. TO J. M.'S PARENTS.

3rd mo. 12th, 1819.

. . . My husband has been quite down cellar lately; I don't know the cause; for though he is acknowledged to be "head and shoulders above his *brethren*," yet he is often

complaining of his littleness and leanness ; so if our dear grandfather, or any of the rest of you, have anything to bring out of your “treasury, either new or old,” for his encouragement, please produce it.

J. M. TO HIS PARENTS.

PHILA., 7th mo. 6th, 1819.

OUR DEAR PARENTS,—As there was nothing in your last that required an immediate answer, we have delayed answering, seeing we have concluded to save all the sixpences for a certain purpose ; and I shall be glad when a sufficient quantity is accumulated, which need not be as much as it would have taken three years ago. Farms in Lancaster and Chester counties, that would have brought \$200 pr. acre, are now selling at from \$50 to \$80, and the very best farms in the State. . . . Happy is the man who has a good farm clear of debt, and therewith content, and does not know how to write his name ! A person thus situated knows little of the anxiety attendant upon a mercantile life, when perhaps the hard earnings of many anxious days and sleepless nights are swept away by failures and losses on almost every hand. I say let those who have been brought up in the country, stay there. . . . I have been taking an account of *my property*, and find myself worth between \$600 and \$700 in money, and owe not more than \$10 to my knowledge, so that I do not fear immediate want. . . .

Late in the year 1818, Lucretia Mott accompanied Sarah Zane, a minister in the Society of Friends, in a religious visit to Virginia. They travelled in Sarah Zane’s private carriage, and together attended many meetings. In one of her letters, Lucretia Mott refers to this trip as follows :—

12th mo. 15th, 1819.

I have not many fine traveller’s stories to relate. We took the direct road to Winchester, and after a pleasant

journey of six days, arrived safely, having met with one accident, the breaking of our axle-tree, which detained us a few hours. The country through which we passed was most of it under fine cultivation, and in some places, particularly near Harper's Ferry, the scenery was romantic. We met with many clever Friends in and near Winchester. Sarah Zane's principal object in going was to attend their meeting in a new house that was built upon a lot she had purchased for them. She has interested herself for Friends there. It was the time for their Quarterly M<sup>s</sup> at Hopewell, six miles from Winchester, which we attended, and there met with Edward Stabler and wife, and many others. He is one of the very interesting men. We lodged at the same house, and sat up very late to hear him talk. The sight of the poor slaves was indeed affecting: though in that neighborhood, we were told their situation was rendered less deplorable, by kind treatment from their masters.

We returned by the same route through Fredericktown, York, Lancaster, etc., and reached home after a little less than three weeks' absence.

We cannot but regret that she found no more to record of an experience so novel, and undoubtedly so full of interest; more especially as in after years the familiar "When I went to Virginia with Sarah Zane," was often a prelude for some incident just then occurring to her. But writing was an effort to her, even in those early days, and she was curiously lacking in that perception of outward things that in most persons is an incentive to narration. A drive was to her little more than a rather uncomfortable kind of locomotion, which pleasant company might make endurable, and she would have passed through the most romantic scenery absorbed in thought or conversation, unless she was told what to admire.

Once, during a drive near Philadelphia, her companion called her attention to a fine view. "Yes," she said, "it is beautiful, now that thou points it out, but I should not have noticed it. I have always taken more interest in *human* nature." And, another time, when travelling in England, she wished some one would tell her what to admire!

A sufficient reason for James Mott's state of discouragement, as manifested in his letters, was the failure of John Large, in whose store he was employed. It being necessary for him to find something else to do, he engaged in the cotton commission business with a friend. About this time his mother, Anne Mott, writes to him as follows:—

. . . I have thought, frequently, how James got along with what he was once convinced was not consistent with justice, the use of West India produce, particularly when lately, on Long Island, the great and good Elias<sup>1</sup> pleaded the cause of the oppressed with such powerful, persuasive eloquence, that I thought all who heard him must be convinced of the necessity of clearing their own hands of this load of guilt. My dear son was then brought very feelingly into view; and when I reviewed his former sentiments on this subject, I could but earnestly desire he might not be warped by example, persuaded by false reasoning, or deterred by ridicule, from obeying faithfully his own convictions. I am sensible it will be more trying to stem the torrent of custom and opinion in your part of the country, than in this, for the unwearied labor of an individual has spread much light amongst us on this subject, which you have not had. But surely this will not be a sufficient excuse for those who are convinced of the impropriety of the practice. Every reformation has been brought about by individual faithfulness, and this subject must certainly gain

<sup>1</sup> Elias Hicks.



ground, as light and knowledge spread. May my dear child therefore not shrink from the trial, should he believe it right to set an example by endeavoring to supply his family with such articles as can be procured untinged with slavery.

JAMES MOTT, SR., TO J. AND L. MOTT.

SKANEATELES, 1st mo. 6th, 1820.

A few days ago I received a well-filled sheet from my precious grandchildren, James and Lucretia; it was fraught with a good deal of news and interesting conversation. It is very pleasing to such an old man to be thought of by his connexions, and that thought manifested in the way yours has been. . . . James informs that he is about entering into a commission business; a safe one, where too much advances are not required. I wish him success in that, or whatever he may undertake for a support, and I doubt not but he will be blest in his undertakings, if he continues not to wish for great things; and both of you are satisfied to continue to live in a plain manner. When my mind is turned toward you, which is not seldom, how oft does the desire arise, that you may be the dedicated children of Him who was "an example for us to follow," open to receive his instructions, and fully bent upon following them. Then I believe you may with some assurance look for James' wish to be granted: "I should like to be comfortable and a little to spare." But should he get into business that affords a great deal to spare, then be on your guard, that a right use is made of this surplus.

L. M. TO HER MOTHER-IN-LAW, ANNE MOTT.

PHILA., 2nd mo. 2nd, 1820.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—A few of the members of this district have in contemplation to form a society for the relief of the poor, somewhat similar to your Fragment Society. They have asked me to write to thee on the subject.



Any information thou mayst judge useful to us will be acceptable; and if it is not asking too much, I should like to have a copy of your constitution. We expect to begin in a very small way; not because the objects of charity are few, for the sufferings of the poor were never greater here than at the present time; but our power of relief is so limited, that an attempt is almost discouraging; we are, however, going to try what can be done. James is engaged this week at the soup-house; they have handed out to many, who have heretofore been in comfortable circumstances. Thou wilt oblige me by answering the foregoing questions, so that the letter will reach me before our next meeting — early next week.

Affectionately,

L. MOTT.

James adds as follows: —

I have within a few weeks thought I should like to be rich, not to hoard it up, but to relieve the necessities of my suffering fellow-creatures; for many there are in our city, who are in want of food to sustain life. I have sometimes felt deterred from visiting them, for want of ability to give much relief; for what is more affecting, or more humbling, than to see helpless children crying around an emaciated mother for bread? To attempt a description of my feelings in witnessing such scenes would be impossible, and indeed to you, unnecessary, for you can realize it. It has, however, one effect which may be useful, to make me number my blessings and be thankful that I have food and raiment. As this comes to be the case, a disposition that I have sometimes felt of repining at my lot, will be done away; and that it may be, I do at such seasons much desire. With much love to all,

JAS. MOTT, JR.

J. M. TO HIS PARENTS.

PHIL., 3rd mo. 4th, 1820.

I am once more safely at home: left the Hook quarter after seven, in company with six others; breakfasted at

Elizabeth-town; dined at Trenton, and arrived in Phil<sup>a</sup> at nine; the last thirty miles we came in four hours, including stoppages. . . .

Lucretia is very much discouraged about continuing a member of the "Fragment Soc<sup>y</sup>." One reason she gives is, that with her limited means she can easily do all in her power to relieve the necessities of others, without associating in a society for the purpose: another reason is, and a much stronger one, in my opinion, that most of the conversation at the several meetings they have had has not been very interesting, or instructive; being too much of what is called *gossip*.

Business is extremely dull, and I fear it will not be much better very soon. Much love, J. MOTT, JR.

J. M. TO HIS PARENTS.

PHIL., 6th mo. 18th, 1820.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — Your very acceptable letter of the 11<sup>th</sup> inst. is rec<sup>d</sup>. We should have been glad to have a more detailed account of your Yearly M<sup>g</sup>, which I understand was an interesting one, and had Lucretia and self only our inclinations to consult, we should have added to your number. The conduct of your men's meeting in appointing a committee to visit the subordinate m<sup>gs</sup>, without consulting the women, or letting them know it, to me appears strange, and I doubt the rectitude of the step; because if the thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and in the present mode it will not be any more than *half* done. The distinction that is made in the power of the men's and women's m<sup>gs</sup> for discipline in our Society, I never could understand, and believe it will be found to be derived from an opinion prevalent with the "people of the world," that a woman should not be suffered to speak in the church. Professing as we do that male and female are one in Christ, under the influence of whose spirit I presume it will be acknowledged our meetings for discipline were formed, and

ought to be conducted, how can it be doubted that labour for the good of the body must be done by the whole head; if one half the body is sound and needs no physician, it is then probable that the labour of your men, as it will be with half only, will be with that half which is sick. I believe as we become more enlightened and civilized, this difference will be done away, and the women will have an equal voice in the administration of the discipline. . . . Business is poor. I would give a premium to be insured \$800 annually. With love,

JAMES MOTT, JR.

To which his more hopeful wife adds : —

James need not be so discouraged; I do not think his prospects are so gloomy as he feels, nor do I like to be disheartened before I am obliged to. We do not aspire to the laying up of *much* treasure. We are endeavoring to let our wants be as few as possible, and I trust, as we “seek not great things,” that all we really need will be supplied. . . . Pine St. Monthly Meeting is preparing a memorial concerning our dear deceased friend, Hannah Fisher. The family are opposed to it, though I do not know why. I have thought if the example of any human being could be held up to others, none could be more properly than hers.

With much love to every branch of the family,

LUCRETIA.

JAMES MOTT, SR., TO J. AND L. MOTT.

NEW YORK, 5th mo. 7th, 1820.

. . . I am far from wishing that we should receive everything we hear said in the gallery,<sup>1</sup> or elsewhere, for truth; if what is said accords with our judgments, let us carefully put it in practice; if it does not, let us lay it aside, and pursue what is clearly manifested: thus we shall surely know what is necessary for us to know. I very much wish

<sup>1</sup> Meaning the raised seat where the Ministers and Elders sit in Friends' meeting.

that thou and thy Lucretia may in all you do, feel justified, your own minds perfectly satisfied, let others say or think what they may. Peace within will support under much censure from without. I am not about to point out to you this, that, or the other thing that you ought to do or leave undone ; but let me say, and say it emphatically, “ keep a conscience void of offense.”

JAMES MOTT, SR., TO ADAM AND ANNE MOTT.

8th mo. 23rd, 1821.

I love plain preaching that is calculated to lead the hearers to practical religion ; I wish more of our preaching was such, instead of so much speculation, and diving into subjects beyond human investigation, and endeavoring to explain mysteries that ever will remain mysteries, while man is clothed with mortality. How often are Scripture passages turned and twisted, and even the authenticity of them called in question, in order to establish a favorite opinion, and a mere opinion after all ; which if it gains belief has no tendency to increase vital religion any more than a contrary belief, which others have endeavored to enforce by explaining Scripture directly opposite.

I fear the consequences of such kind of preaching, if preaching it can be properly called. Its tendency on the minds of young people will, I think, naturally be to lead them into unprofitable inquiries, and thus divert them from the necessary attention to the plain precepts of the Scriptures, and secret inward manifestations of duty, which, if attended to, would guide them safely along.

How desirable that our ministers might be so attentive to their gifts and callings, that what they deliver for gospel ministry might be such indeed ! Was it all such in reality, would not the effects produced be more evident ?

JAMES MOTT, JR., TO HIS PARENTS.

PHILA., 1st mo. 13th, 1822.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — Your acceptable letter of 10<sup>th</sup> inst. was received this morning. . . . I suppose you would like to know the result of my year's business. It is thus : my profits have been \$2,693, and I have spent in the same time \$982 ; leaving a realized balance of \$1,711, with which I am satisfied. . . . I am sick of "contending for opinions." I believe I have generally been willing to suppose that those from whom I might differ were at least as likely to be right as myself ; to call in question motives for conduct, I have always conceived to be dangerous and improper, and hoped to guard against it ; and as regards the excitement among us, I am willing to go further, and say that I believe those who have opposed our "great and good Elias" did it with good intentions, and with sincere desires to support the testimonies of our Society in their primitive simplicity ; yet I may have my own opinion in relation to the steps they have thought proper to take. . . . I consider our Discipline a most admirable code, beyond the wisdom of man in his own will to have formed, yet I believe that in the progressive improvement of our Society, alterations, additions, and omissions ought to be made. . . . Our children enjoy good health ; their parents cannot believe but that they are quite equal to most other children. Anna has been very steady at school, and we think improves cleverly.

With love, J. M., JR.

J. M. TO HIS GRANDFATHER, JAMES MOTT, SR.

PHILA., 5th mo. 10th, 1822.

MY DEAR GRANDFATHER, — . . . George Withy appointed a meeting on Third-day last for young persons between the ages of twelve and twenty-five ; but he was silent, except a few words of what might not improperly be

called scolding, because some persons attended not of this class. The house was not full.

To this there is added a postscript by Lucretia Mott, in which she says:—

John Cox and wife left the city yesterday. John gave us excellent advice at meeting, cautioning us against running after the “Lo, heres!” I imagine some present thought they had been so doing, when they were sent empty away from the meeting appointed by George Withy. It was mostly composed of the class invited, and as there were vacant seats for many more than attended, it was thought by some that he should better have made the best of it, as his remarks caused some unsettlement, and several left the meeting. He had a meeting in Burlington to-day. He would be more popular here if he had said less to the people for “staring” at him when preaching; and perhaps it would not be amiss for some of your Elders to remind him that when Jesus rose to expound the Scriptures, the eyes of *all* in the Synagogue were fastened on him, and for aught we know they were unreprieved. But far be it from me improperly to touch the Lord’s anointed!

We hope our beloved grandfather will continue to write to us occasionally. I may acknowledge his letters have oft-times proved “a word in season.”

Very affectionately,

LUCRETIA.

L. MOTT TO JAMES MOTT, SR.

PHIL., 6th mo. 29th, 1822.

I believe our beloved grandparent promised to write to us, if we would let him know whether we reached home in safety; and that information having been conveyed by letter to our parents, we may now, I think, reasonably expect a fulfilment of his promise.

I have hardly sufficient by me at this time to warrant my taking the pen. I have re-perused thy book on Education



since our return, and hope its instructive contents will be usefully remembered by me.

We are now engaged in reading "Southey's Life of Wesley, with the Rise and Progress of Methodism." An interesting work, though some parts we thought might have been omitted, such as the supernatural appearances. The author appears as much attached to the doctrines of the Episcopal Church, as some of us Quakers are to ours. I was pleased with the rule laid down for Wesley, by his mother, to enable him to judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure, which is as follows: "Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

Cannot you enlightened ones set us a good example by making some improvement in the Discipline relative to outgoings in marriage?<sup>1</sup> Our meeting has lately disowned two daughters of Rebecca Paul, a minister, on that account, and last month a complaint was entered against their mother for "conniving" at it. Her son was present at the marriage, so that probably four of the family will lose their right of membership. One of the young men requested to be received as a member, after he was engaged to be married. This was not granted. Rebecca is a poor widow who has had to make exertion for the support of her family. She told the overseers that clever young men appearing for her daughters, and considering that she had nothing to offer them if they stayed with her, she could not hold them, and should feel too much like an Ananias to sit under a com-

<sup>1</sup> "If a member of our Society shall marry one not in membership with us . . . and it shall appear to the monthly meeting that the testimony of Truth require it, he is to be disowned." "Monthly meetings are authorized to give forth testimonies of denial against such parents or guardians who consent to, connive at, or encourage the marriages of their children and those under their care, contrary to the good order established amongst us." — *Rules of Discipline*.

plaint against them, stating "without the consent of their mother." It has been what Friends call "a trying case." Last week a young couple were disowned who married, being first cousins. What is to be done in such cases?

The opportunity we have had of being again with our revered grandfather, and many others very dear to us, is a subject of grateful recollection. We still indulge the hope of seeing thee in this city.

Affectionately,

LUCRETIA.

JAMES MOTT, SR., TO L. MOTT.

NEW YORK, 7th mo. 26th, 1822.

With thy letter I received the book of holyday poetry; a pretty composition; I wish we were all as liberally minded as the writer. But some are so tenacious of the observance of the Sabbath, that they seem disposed at least to set a black mark against those who do not deem it so obligatory; while on the other hand, some of these latter brand the former with bigotry. Is not that sterling virtue, charity, getting a little out of date with us? . . .

I freely own, I am not enlightened enough to form a rule "relative to outgoings in marriage," even to suit myself, much less to suit others. It is something that calls as loudly for that wisdom which is from above, as any article in the Discipline. It is wrong now, but how to make it right, wiser heads than mine are required.

JAMES MOTT, JR., TO HIS PARENTS,

PHILA., 12th mo. 15th, 1822.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — We have your acceptable letters, conveying the pleasing intelligence of your good health, which we also are all favored with.

Our dear friend Elias Hicks is now in the city, engaged in visiting families in Green St. Mo. M<sup>s</sup>. I suppose you will hear a good deal about various circumstances that have transpired since he was in this place: some true, and some untrue. Previous to Elias' coming to the city, it was

rumored that he had advanced some unsound doctrine at the Southern Quarterly m<sup>g</sup>, . . . It proceeds from an unjustifiable prejudice, founded I apprehend upon little else better than the vague report of some, and the envy of others. My opinion is that Elias is as sound in the essential doctrines of Christianity as any among us; and of what consequence is it if he should differ from some of us in minor points, mere matters of opinion, in which he may be correct, and we incorrect; certainly not of sufficient consequence to make it necessary to call him to account, especially when he is travelling in discharge of his ministerial duty, with the approbation of his Mo. and Quar. m<sup>gs</sup>. I consider this an attempt for stretch of power on the part of our Elders, which I hope will never be countenanced by the Society: if it should be, we should soon have articles of faith to which our ministers must subscribe. This however I believe will never be the case. I think there is a spirit of persecution afloat, and I cannot remain neutral in my feelings, nor altogether in my words and actions: yet I most sincerely desire to be preserved from this spirit, in thought, word, or deed; and that the uninterrupted harmony that has prevailed in our society in this city may not be broken or impaired, which is much more to be feared than any injurious effects from Elias' doctrines or opinions.

Elias expressed to me the day he came to the city, that he had never performed a journey so much to his own peace, and, so far as he knew, to the satisfaction of his friends, as the present. All his public communications with us have borne the stamp of divine authority, and the humble Christian spirit which has shone conspicuously in the trials and sufferings he has met with here, evince that he is a man of God.

I have always considered the visiting of families a service which required a closer attention to the pointings of divine wisdom than any other (if we can make a difference), as being more likely to be influenced by outward observa-

tion ; yet, when properly gone into, more likely to be useful than general visits.

Our children attend school steadily, and enjoy uninterrupted health. With much love to all, I am affectionately,

JAS. MOTT, JR.

JAMES MOTT TO HIS PARENTS.

PHIL., 12th mo. 29th, 1822.

Although no acknowledgment of my late letter has been received, yet, as no etiquette is, or ought to be observed in our correspondence, I again allow myself the pleasure of writing to you. Most of my last was respecting the occurrences in this city in relation to our worthy friend Elias Hicks ; and as he has now left us, I can finish the narrative.

The Elders . . . had several conferences by themselves, and after a week sent Elias a letter, in which they stated the unsound doctrines that had been advanced by him last spring in N. Y., as asserted by Joseph Whitall ; and at the Southern Quarterly m<sup>g</sup>, a few weeks since, as asserted by Ezra Comfort. The charges were in substance that he denied the divinity of Jesus Christ. In the letter his own expressions were given, and marked as such. They also stated that endeavors had been used to have a conference with him, but not being able to obtain one that was satisfactory, they had taken this method of informing him that they could not unite with such doctrines, or with his proceedings. To this communication Elias replied, that as it related to the charge made by J. Whitall, he nor they had anything to do with it, it being an expression made use of while at his own Yearly m<sup>g</sup>, and among his friends, who were the only persons that could call him to account at that time ; and as none of them had expressed any dissatisfaction, but, on the contrary, many had expressed their unity with his exercises, and his Monthly and Quarterly m<sup>gs</sup> had since granted him certificates, he concluded they

were not dissatisfied with any communication he had made. With respect to the charge of E. Comfort, *part* he admitted to be in substance correct, but most of it incorrect and misrepresented. This letter was accompanied with a certificate of three Friends, members of the m<sup>c</sup>, one of whom, an Elder who happened to be in the city, stating what the substance of his expressions was. I have made this statement of these communications from only one hasty perusal of the papers, and perhaps it may not be exactly correct, but I believe it is. Thus has ended this very unpleasant and trying affair. . . . I am strongly inclined to the hope that the effects will not be injurious, but, on the contrary, advantageous to Society in this city. The Elders who acted in this business had not much personal knowledge of Elias, but grounded their proceedings upon the representation of others. Elias attended eleven meetings in the city, and in all of them had much to say, but in each one, nothing could be found to object to. Had there been, it would have been eagerly taken hold of, as every expression was watched; and not being able to find fault with what he did say, he was censured for not saying what his opposers said he ought to.

The letter to Elias was signed by ten Elders; four others could not unite with the proceedings of their brethren, and one was sick. I am confirmed in the opinion expressed in my last, that Elias is sound in the essential doctrines of Quakerism and Christianity; and the great opposition to him arises, in some, from a difference in sentiment on minor and unimportant subjects; and in others, from tradition in themselves; a striking instance of the influence of which occurred in our last Mo. m<sup>c</sup>, by disowning Rebecca Paul, a minister and poor widow, for assenting to the marriage of her daughter to a man, not a *member* of Society, but a professor, and in every respect a suitable connexion. I say that this honest-hearted, good woman is sacrificed to superstition and tradition.

Lucretia Mott adds as follows : —

James' last letter was finished and sent when I was from home, but from what he told me he then wrote, added to the above, I judge you have a pretty full account of the transactions of some Friends in this city in regard to Elias, and it may not be necessary for me to add much. I have been pleased to observe a disposition to prevail among a large majority to hear and judge for themselves. We have been much in his company, and find him the same consistent, exemplary man that he was many years ago ; and I believe the criterion still remains, that "the tree is known by its fruit." We had a very pleasant visit from him, and dined in company with him at Dr. Moore's, who has had independence enough to remain his fast friend. An Elder of Green St. M<sup>g</sup>. accompanied him in his family visits, and expressed much or entire satisfaction ; as did many others. When he was about leaving the city, Hannah L. Smith expressed a belief that He who had delivered him in six troubles, would not forsake him in the seventh, but that the language of his heart would be, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee ;" after which, in a very broken manner, he desired to commemorate the loving kindness of our gracious Creator, in that He had been with him, and followed him from meeting to meeting. I never saw such crowded meetings as those on First-days were ; and very solemn sittings.

In love,

L. MOTT.

JAMES MOTT, SR., TO J. AND L. MOTT.

NEW YORK, 2nd mo. 1823.

Such is the failure of my recollection that I cannot say when I wrote to my precious James and Lucretia last. . . .

How oft and anxious has been the arising wish that we might be preserved from so unprofitably spending our time in perplexities about speculative opinion upon incompre-



hensible subjects, to the neglect of clearly manifested duty. Is love, that badge of discipleship, ever increased thereby? Is it not frequently much lessened? This is a melancholy fact as respects some members in this city; and if reports are true, not much less in your city. The expression of our Saviour sometimes occurs to me, "These are but the beginning of sorrows."

How much better it would be for those who have suffered themselves to get into a spirit of contending about opinions, could they have felt and seen as John Wesley did, when he said, "We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom; but if we die without love, what will knowledge avail?" Well might this great man call opinions "frothy food." Therefore, dear James and Lucretia, your aged grandparent, who tenderly loves you, greatly desires your firm establishment on *religious* ground; that you know what is required of you, and be favored with strength to perform it. Stand open to hear and obey the inward calls to duty, but shut your ears to what this, or that, party would whisper into them. Let party business alone, meddle not with it, but endeavor quietly to repose yourselves where safety is. "To your tents, O Israel," — God is your tent.

This was the last letter written by this excellent man to the grandchildren, whose career he had watched with such tender solicitude. He died soon after at his home in New York. The following extract, taken from a long and minute account of his illness and death, by his daughter, Anne Mott, to her son, James Mott, fitly closes this chapter: —

NEW YORK, 5th mo. 12th, 1823.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate  
Is privileged beyond the common walks of life."

How have I felt the force of these lines for a day or two

past; and amidst the mingled feelings that arise in the breast of an attached daughter, whilst a most venerated and beloved parent lies a corpse before her, the mother's heart has often turned to that dear, absent child, who bears his grandsire's name, with fervent aspirations that the mantle of a meek and quiet spirit, which clothed him we mourn, may rest upon her son; and the name of James Mott continue to be honorable in life, as well as precious in death. Let his bright example be as a mirror in which thou mayst compare thyself, and find where thou art lacking in the standard of the perfect man. Emulate his virtues, copy his active goodness, and imitate his disinterestedness; then in that hour that cometh upon all flesh, those that surround thy dying pillow will have the unspeakable consolation that we now witness, even whilst our tears are flowing, that those who fought the good fight, and kept the faith, will receive a crown of righteousness, which is laid up in store for all who love the Lord, and keep his commandments.

Our excellent father was spared to us for a longer time than many reach,<sup>1</sup> yet still the separating stroke is keenly felt, and came unlooked for, some of us being so unprepared, that for a time resignation was not found, nor its whisperings scarcely heard; but we begin, I hope, to rest in the belief, that his removal was in the order of that wisdom that doeth all things right, and to sorrow not as those who have no hope. Long will his memory live in the bosom of his children, and be as the odour of sweet ointment to the wise and good who shared his friendship; and they are not a few, for he had not lived in obscurity, and where he was known, he was beloved. May we all carefully follow his footsteps, and bear in mind, that the narrow path of self-denial, in which he trod from youth to age with humility and fear, leads to that city, whose walls are salvation and whose gates praise.

<sup>1</sup> He died in his eighty-first year.

## CHAPTER V.

FROM about 1822 to 1830 James Mott was engaged in the domestic commission business, which included the sale of cotton, heretofore considered a legitimate article of merchandise, even by people of anti-slavery proclivities. It was a popular, and generally a very profitable business. But Elias Hicks' powerful preaching against any voluntary participation with slavery was arousing Friends to a newer understanding of the subject, and many were led to unite with him in abstinence, as far as possible, from the products of slave labor. James and Lucretia Mott were in sympathy with his views, and adopted them, so far as their household was concerned, resolving to "make things honest" in this respect. A letter written by the latter many years after gives a quaint account of what might be called her conversion on this matter. She says:—

About the year 1825, feeling called to the gospel of Christ, and submitting to this call, and feeling all the peace attendant on submission, I strove to live in obedience to manifest duty. Going one day to our meeting, in a disposition to do that to which I might feel myself called, most unexpectedly to myself the duty was impressed upon my mind to abstain from the products of slave labor, knowing that Elias Hicks long, long before had done this. I knew that in the boarding-school, where I had received such education as was then customary, we had had the middle passage of the slave-ship represented to us, and the appeals

from Clarkson's works for the abolition of the slave trade were familiar to all the children in the school. I knew that some of our committee were not free to partake of the sweets obtained from this unrighteous channel, so I was somewhat prepared for this duty, and yet it was unexpected. It was like parting with the right hand, or the right eye, but when I left the meeting I yielded to the obligation, and then, for nearly forty years, whatever I did was under the conviction, that it was wrong to partake of the products of slave labor.

She felt concerned about her husband's business for several years before it became clear to his mind that it was his duty to give it up; and his mother, as we have seen in a previous letter, had admonished her son seriously as to his course. He was not a man to shrink from any step which duty demanded; he was cautious, and slow to form convictions, but, once formed, these were steadily adhered to. As a friend wrote afterwards, "This was one of those spiritual crises which never leave a man exactly as they find him, but always touch his moral vision to brighten, or to dim it. In the contest, his conscience was victorious." But, judging from allusions in the letters of the next five years, we may believe the struggle in his mind was both long and painful. It was no easy matter to turn away from a newly found prosperity, and face again the doubtful chances of a business with which he was not familiar; but finally, about 1830, he quitted the profitable trade, that could only be carried on at the cost of self-respect, and entered the wool commission business. In this he remained, with various successes and reverses, until he retired in 1852, with a moderate competency.

Meantime, this "providing things honest" in the

home involved daily discomforts and annoyances, and not a few sacrifices of personal pride; but they persistently followed the path indicated by their convictions, until the Proclamation of Freedom in 1863 made it no longer necessary. As far as possible, they bought their groceries and dry-goods at the well-remembered free-labor stores; but unfortunately, free sugar was not always as free from other taints as from that of slavery; and free calicoes could seldom be called handsome, even by the most enthusiastic; free umbrellas were hideous to look upon, and free candies, an abomination.<sup>1</sup> It was often difficult for the younger generation growing up around them to comprehend the principle involved in these matters, and the heroism with which it was sustained. But to those who had solemnly engaged in the warfare against slavery, whose sympathy with the oppressed had become a religion, apparent trifles became of grave importance; and these, as well as the more evidently vital testimonies, were upheld with an enthusiasm and devotion that derision could not laugh down, nor persecution dismay.

We find very few letters of special interest at this period, and most of these are from James Mott, who probably took the burden of correspondence from his wife's busy hands. We may be very sure,

<sup>1</sup> One of the children at a small birthday party had, as part of the entertainment, some "secrets," — candies with mottoes, wrapped in bright-colored papers, in great favor with children. Imagine the disappointment on opening the pretty packages, to find, instead of the usual delightfully silly couplets, a set of good, improving, anti-slavery sentiments! They had been bought at the free store! These are two of them: —

"If slavery comes by color, which God gave,  
Fashion may change, and you become the slave."

"'T is not expedient the slave to free?  
Do what is right: — that is expediency!"

however, that what either one wrote or said was meant for both, for their agreement was almost perfect. Who can tell what blight might have befallen Lucretia Mott, if her energy had been drained by domestic discord, her hopeful spirit crushed by discouragement and disagreement at home? She was fortunate in herself, — blessed with divine gifts; but she was doubly fortunate, doubly blessed, in the companionship of a noble, loving husband, who, so far from being a hindrance to her in the path “whereunto she was called,” was a support and an inspiration. Although he was not so widely known as she, and his field of usefulness in consequence might seem more restricted, yet no one can contemplate the lives of two, so united, — each seeming the other’s complement, — without realizing that *his* life made *hers* a possibility. He was a man, “calm, sensible, and clear-sighted; one who feared not the face of man, and whom nothing could move to the slightest bitterness.”

He was as different from his wife in disposition and manner, as in personal appearance; he was reserved and silent, while she was impulsive and vivacious. He was apt to become depressed and discouraged; she, on the contrary, was a sunbeam of hopefulness. His was the gentler and more yielding disposition; hers the indomitable energy and resolution, which in a less disciplined character might have been willfulness. He was a good listener, she a good talker; and it naturally fell to her part to express the convictions they held in common. No one was more sensible of the contrast between his quiet ways and her animation, than they were themselves; and she liked sometimes to rally him a little on his taci-



turnity and reticence. On one occasion, happening to enter a room where he and his brother Richard — almost a counterpart of himself — were sitting together in perfect silence, she said, “I thought you must both be here, it was so still !”

Letter-writing, except in the most familiar style, to some member of the family, was a dread to my grandmother. It was difficult for her to express herself in this way, though as a public speaker she was unusually fluent, and in conversation was easy and unembarrassed. In a formal letter she was apt to be constrained. Perhaps her rather striking lack of imagination contributed to this difficulty ; she needed the bodily presence and the personal magnetism of the person whom she addressed. Fortunately, whenever it would answer, my grandfather, who was ready with his pen, came to the rescue. No doubt his long narrations of meeting proceedings, some of which have already been given, were written largely at her suggestion, for she felt an interest in the condition of the Society, although debarred from taking an active part, by her increasing family cares. They formed part of her mother’s family until some time in 1824, when they began housekeeping again in a comfortable house in Sansom Street. As she kept no nurse, she was closely occupied by the care of her children, — a fourth child, another Thomas, having been born in 1823. Besides this, she did much of her own housework, and all her own sewing, as they could afford to keep only one servant, and felt the necessity of strict economy. It is interesting to find in an old account-book that the yearly expenses of this household were \$655.58 in 1820, increasing to a little over \$1,000 in 1824, when they ventured into

the luxury of housekeeping for themselves, but did not reach \$1,700 for several years later;<sup>1</sup> and this, notwithstanding the addition of two more children: Elizabeth, born in 1825, and Martha, in 1828. It was in these years, during the infancy and early childhood of her younger children, that she read and re-read with an absorbing interest the writings of William Penn. She had a folio copy of his works, and this ponderous volume she would lay open at the foot of her bed; then, drawing her chair near, and with her baby on her lap, she would study the passages that had especially attracted her attention, till she had them stored in her retentive memory. In her public discourses throughout her long life, she constantly used them to illustrate, or confirm, the views she advanced. She also "searched the Scriptures daily, often finding," as she said, "a wholly different construction of the text from that which was forced upon our acceptance." Her appreciation, as well as her intimate knowledge of them, was shown in her frequent quotations from them,—quotations strikingly apt, and invariably correct.

This familiarity with venerated authorities often served her in good stead in the contests drawn upon her by fault-finding critics, and she was enabled to disarm them with their own weapons. On one such occasion she was visited by two Elders (women) of Twelfth Street Meeting, to which she also belonged, who, after sitting some minutes in silence with her,

<sup>1</sup> The record reads:—

1820 . . . .	\$655.58	1825 . . . .	\$1,399.10
1821 . . . .	789.23	1826 . . . .	1,175.84
1822 . . . .	982.09	1827 . . . .	1,626.59
1823 . . . .	939.18	1828 . . . .	1,659.94
1824 . . . .	1,488.81	1829 . . . .	1,407.71

said, that "Friends" had sometimes been unable to unite fully with the views she advanced, and that they had felt particularly tried with an expression used by her in her communication in Meeting on the previous First-day; they could not exactly remember the sentence, but it was something about "*notions* of Christ." She repeated the entire sentence, "Men are to be judged by their likeness to Christ, rather than by their notions of Christ," asking if that was the one they had objected to. On their saying it was, she quietly informed them that it was a quotation from their honored William Penn. The Friends again sat in silence a few minutes, then arose and went their way.

It is thus evident that Lucretia Mott, although still an acceptable minister to the majority of the Meeting, was beginning to offend a portion by her liberal views; her well-known sympathy with the sentiments of Elias Hicks also contributed to this growing unpopularity. From the time of her recognition as an "approved minister" in the Society, until the year 1827, the elements of discord were becoming more and more apparent, as is shown by some of the following letters:—

JAMES MOTT, JR., TO HIS PARENTS.

PHILA., 1st mo. 28th, 1825.

. . . The anticipation of our next Quarterly M<sup>s</sup> is by no means pleasant. It is much to be feared, that a scene similar to our last Quarter may again be witnessed. I suppose you hear numerous reports of the divided and unsettled state of the Society among us; we also hear of things among you. Our situation is bad enough, and I fear you are not much better; there is great need, in these times of commotion, for each one to repair the wall over against his own house. . . .

JAMES MOTT, JR., TO HIS PARENTS, AFTER THEIR VISIT  
TO PHILADELPHIA.

PHILA., 5th mo. 14th, 1825.

We have your acceptable letter informing of your expeditious journey and safe arrival. . . . The packet W. Thompson brought us fifty packages of goods, most of which we have already sold, and could sell twice the number without difficulty ; but must await the arrival of the Florida, which we hope will bring us an increased quantity. . . . The receipt and bill for a keg of rice is rec<sup>d</sup>, for which we are much obliged. It will be a great treat, and will relish better than that which is stained with blood.

To which his wife adds : —

We did indeed feel stripped at both our houses after parting with so many ; and as my mother often told us it was a good plan to go to work when we were left in that way, rather than sit down and brood over lonely feelings, I immediately began adjusting the drawers and closets, which were heaps upon heaps, sweeping, etc., and by twelve o'clock had things pretty well arranged. . . .

After the marriage and removal of her two daughters, Lucretia and Eliza, Anna Coffin filled her roomy house with lodgers, and retired from her shop-keeping business. Lucretia, as before said, was settled in Sansom Street. Her sister Eliza, married in 1814 to Benjamin H. Yarnall, of Philadelphia, was also at housekeeping near by, and absorbed in the care of a young family. The intimate intercourse of the venerated mother and her children continued almost as if they were all under one roof. They met together regularly on certain afternoons of every week to talk over everything of interest to any one of them ; and the mother's opinion was consulted in the

little every-day nothings, as much as in the graver issues of life. Her approbation was always desired. It was a time, often referred to in the years to come, when long distances separated the family. The first break came in a very painful way; Sally, the oldest daughter of Anna Coffin, unmarried, and living at home, was fatally injured by a fall, and died in Third month, 1824. This sad event was followed, a few months later, by the death of a younger daughter, Mary Coffin Temple, only twenty-four years old; and soon after this, in the same year, came the marriage, and departure to the South, of the youngest, Martha, the child most like her mother. She married Peter Pelham, of Kentucky, a captain in the United States Army, and went with him to his station in Florida,<sup>1</sup> a long distance in those days. Of this Lucretia writes:—

My mother has experienced so many changes in her family during the past year, some deeply painful, and awfully affecting, that in the prospect of parting with Martha to go such a distance, it seemed as if she might adopt the language of the patriarch, "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away! all these things are against me;" but on a further acquaintance with our dear brother, Peter Pelham, we found much to attach us to him; and from favorable accounts of his character we cherish the hope that this present deprivation will result in future blessings.

In the spring of 1826, their four children, Anna, Maria, Thomas, and Elizabeth, together with their little niece, Anna Temple, who had been living with them since her mother's death, had the measles.

<sup>1</sup> In the early autumn of 1826 Martha returned, a widow, to her mother's house, with a baby daughter, Mariana, born in 8th month, 1825.

James Mott closes a letter to his mother, giving details of their illness and recovery, with these words: "What with nursing and attending to five sick children, my L. seems almost worn out, and I am fearful will be ill herself. . . . It is getting late, and the children require my attention."

## J. M. TO HIS PARENTS.

PHILA., 4th mo. 23rd, 1826.

. . . Our Yearly Meeting closed on Sixth-day, and on the whole was more quiet and satisfactory than I feared it would be. No subject was introduced which was calculated to excite the party feeling which subsists among us; on two occasions, however, it was manifested that it still existed; and were it confined to the younger part of Society, we might hope a little experience would convince them of the impropriety and folly of suffering a party spirit to govern in our deliberative assemblies; but when those, who for years have been considered as pillars in the church, allow themselves to act under its influence, there is no probability that the floor members will improve much. . . . Our children have recovered from the measles, and Lucretia from the fatigue of nursing them, so that she could attend all the sittings of the Yearly Meeting, though for two or three days in much weakness of body. We have had almost no company, Lucretia not feeling able to attend to them and to Meeting.<sup>1</sup> . . .

L. M. adds to the above as follows:—

Our Yearly Meeting does not furnish much to pen, although it was acknowledged by all whom I heard speak of it, to be very satisfactory. Anna Braithwaite, E. Robe-

<sup>1</sup> It was the custom among Friends, during Yearly Meeting week, to open their houses for the accommodation of Friends from a distance, and to take as many into their families as they could make room for. Some went so far as to subdivide their chambers by temporary partitions, and put up extra beds.



son, Rebecca Updegraff, attended with certificates, all of whom had full opportunities to relieve their minds, and we had much preaching. I was obliged to leave the Meeting on Seventh-day morning, and did not get out again till Second-day, after which I felt better every day. The children did pretty well, though were more exposed to the air, by running out while we were at Meeting, than I liked. Thomas is still poorly, very fretful, and requires patient attention. I wrote the foregoing with my babe in my arms. I wish you could see what a lovely, fat, little pet she is; and her father already flatters himself she looks pleased when he takes her. If she has had the measles, it was very light; there was a slight eruption which Dr. Moore thought looked like it, but no fever. The crape gown will be useful to make over for Anna, unless I conclude to keep it for Maria, as I have just prepared Anna to go to West-town boarding-school. They have both had their bombazines made up this winter.

James' present partner is a young man, and appears in good spirits. They have already some goods consigned to them, and their friends think their prospects good. I confess I should be much better satisfied, if they could do business that was in no wise dependent on slavery, and perhaps some will appear after a while.

J. M. TO HIS PARENTS.

PHILA., 9th mo. 9th, 1826.

. . . I have this evening attended a meeting of about forty Friends, to take into consideration the propriety of forming an association to procure cotton, sugar, etc. raised by free labour. A committee of twelve was appointed to consider what means will best promote the object, and report to an adjourned meeting to be held the last of next week. This concern has spread very much in this city and neighborhood within a few years, and I believe will eventually prevail. . . .

## L. M. TO HER FATHER AND MOTHER MOTT.

PHIL., 9th mo. 19th, 1826.

It is not pleasant to us that so long time is suffered to elapse without the exchange of letters. We conclude it is owing to the unsettled state of the several families, and to your absence from the city, and on our part to James' having made two visits in person. Let us each try to do better in future.

Our family is favored with the blessing of good health. Thomas appears to have recovered from his chills, and little Elizabeth is fat and healthy; she has six teeth, and is very forward on her feet; gets up by chairs and creeps about with rapidity. Maria has begun to go to her cousin Rebecca's school, and is much pleased with learning to write and cipher. We frequently receive letters from Anna, at West-town, and hear good accounts of her from various quarters.

My mother has added a number of new boarders to her family. Our friends generally are well. . . .

J. M. adds as follows: —

Having been out all the evening on meeting business — rather a tough case, — and now being near eleven o'clock, I cannot fill the sheet as intended, to give you a faint account of our Quarterly Meeting; for faint indeed would any written description be, compared to the reality. On Second-day the sitting lasted until after five P. M., adjourned to nine next morning, and did not close till half past one. Notwithstanding the very discouraging state of things amongst us, we must hope that better days are in store.

## L. M. TO HER MOTHER MOTT.

PHIL., 2nd mo. 26th, 1827.

. . . It is with heartfelt regret that we learn the state of things at Jericho M<sup>s</sup>, as well as in many others. If we c<sup>d</sup>

only do as our beloved grand<sup>fr</sup> advised, "leave the present unprofitable discussion, and endeavor to go on unto perfection," how much better w<sup>d</sup> it be for us all. The apostle has truly forewarned us, "But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another:" for have we not found this to be the case, that the stronger are consuming the weaker, in the several M<sup>gs</sup> where these party feelings exist. I know it is a serious thing to set up individual judgment against that of a Mo. M<sup>g</sup>; but when we see those of unblemished lives repeatedly arraigned before their tribunal, and remember the test which the Blessed Master laid down, "By their fruits shall ye know them," it is difficult always to refrain, though we still endeavor to do so.

It is not within the plan of this memoir to enter upon the causes of the "Separation" of 1827. There are sources of information open to those who may wish to obtain a knowledge of the subject. It will only be necessary to state that what is known as the liberal party was that with which James and Lucretia Mott sympathized, as the one whose sentiments and principles accorded more with their own, and, in their opinion, with those of George Fox, William Penn, and other "early Friends." The discussion of doctrines and dogmas was distasteful to them, and they both bore a decided testimony against whatever had a tendency to interfere with the right of private judgment and individual opinion.

During the week of the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, held in 1827, it became evident that a separation or reorganization of that body was inevitable. A meeting composed of a large number of Friends from the different branches of the Yearly Meeting was therefore convened, for the purpose of conferring together on the unsettled condition of the

Society, and to consider what measures it might be proper to take, to "remedy the distressing evil." An address to the members at large was adopted and issued by this body, in accordance with which, a formal reorganization took place, Orthodox Friends retaining most of the meeting-houses in the city of Philadelphia, while the greater number in the outlying districts were held by the liberal, or Hicksite Friends. Among others, the Orthodox retained the one known as Twelfth Street Meeting, which James and Lucretia Mott had been accustomed to attend. While their new house on Cherry Street was being built, the Hicksites, comparatively a small number, met in Carpenter's Hall, an old historic building, still standing in a court, back of Chestnut Street, below Fourth.

James Mott was ready to join the new organization some time before his wife felt prepared to leave the one with which she had been associated, and no pains were spared to keep her in the old communion. She hesitated; dear and valued friends were on both sides; and it may be, judging from her experience in her own Society, that she already had some misgivings as to the trammels of all religious associations; she may, perhaps, have sympathized with the feeling that prompted a liberal-minded Friend, who, when asked why he remained in connection with the Orthodox branch, replied, "For the short distance you propose to move, it seems scarcely worth while to get up." In a month or two, however, she became prepared to join her husband, and make the social sacrifice; and notwithstanding the disappointments, trials, and baptisms, that awaited her in the transfer of her right of membership, she felt that she had done right in leaving the Orthodox

Friends: on this point she never afterwards had the least misgiving.

A reorganized Yearly Meeting having been established, James and Lucretia Mott attended with regularity the one held in Cherry Street, of which they had become members. Their disownment by the Monthly Meeting held on Twelfth Street followed as a matter of course. Lucretia Mott's joining the reorganization was recognized with more than usual approbation. The conviction seemed to be universal, that a "gift was committed" to her, which promised extensive usefulness.

As her mental endowments and strength of character became enlarged and more fully developed, her sphere of duty became wider and wider, and while she labored faithfully in the advocacy of views that distinguished Friends from other religious sects, she believed that there was yet other work for her to do; she must devote her life also to the abolition of slavery, the elevation of woman, the cause of temperance, and the promotion of universal peace. These became the subjects of her earnest and constant ministry, within and without the pale of her own religious society.

The controversy which led to the "separation" estranged life-long friends, and often caused bitter feeling between members of the same family; but James and Lucretia Mott took no part in personal controversies. Their broad, catholic views of life, and its practical duties, raised them above such contention. Lucretia's beloved sister Eliza, though liberally inclined herself, felt best satisfied to remain with her husband's family, who were identified with the Orthodox side. This was a trial to both sisters;

but the separation of interests never led to any estrangement in the two families.

The parents of James Mott also held to the Orthodox faith ; but in this case, with so much feeling, that it alienated them temporarily from their son in Philadelphia. This was very trying to the latter, who cherished only the kindest feeling, even for those less intimately connected. Through his forbearance and good sense, the old amicable relations were soon resumed. The following letter alludes to this estrangement, and exhibits the admirable temper with which he met it.

J. M. TO HIS MOTHER.

PHIL., 5th mo. 23rd, 1828.

Thy letter of 19<sup>th</sup> I received yesterday, in reading which my mind was much affected, under an apprehension, which this letter tends to confirm, that thou hast for some time cherished feelings towards me, and my precious Lucretia, which, our difference of opinion on subjects of controversy in our religious society does not warrant. I feel no disposition to enter into a discussion of them, believing that no advantage would result to either of us by so doing at present. The time however may come, when we shall discover, that the difference between us is not so great as thou may now suppose. The part that I have taken has been conscientiously done, and experience confirms me in the rectitude of it. The Declaration issued by the late Yearly M<sup>s</sup> has this effect, because I understand from it, by imputation, that they hold opinions on doctrinal points which I never did, and which are opposed to what I have always believed to be the principles of Quakerism. We have abundant evidence that the way to the Kingdom is through tribulation, and that this way consisteth not in assenting to certain opinions and doctrines, but in doing



the will of our Heavenly Father. Jesus said, "he that heareth these sayings of mine, and *doeth* them." Had we as a Society been more concerned to do the things that were manifested, it is not likely there would be so much animosity and bitter reviling, as is now sorrowfully the case.

The reason thou assigns for our not being favored with the perusal of letters from our brother and sister, has not been so obvious as thou supposes. We did not know that we were deprived of this gratification, because we entertained different opinions on some points from them, and do not, even now, see why such a consequence should result. It is trying to my feelings to be thus deprived of the opportunity of participating in the joys and sorrows of those whom I tenderly love. If, however, their letters are filled with matter relating to the controversy in our Society, instead of the interesting details of domestic occurrences, as they used to be, my desire to see them is lessened; for I am tired of hearing so much said, and seeing so much written, on a subject which, I am sure, tendeth not to profit.

I have no letters in my possession from my grandfather to Moses Brown, or from Moses Brown to him. All that I had, I gave to thee when thou wert last in this city. I do not recollect ever to have seen one, that contained a difference of sentiment between them on doctrinal subjects; and I have no clear recollection of ever seeing one on doctrines. His letters were generally practical, not doctrinal.

It seems some have said he was one in sentiment with Elias Hicks, and thou art desirous of proving that he was not. Now I think it likely one will be about as difficult to show as the other, and I do not believe either would add one jot or tittle to the excellent name which he has left behind him. I wish we had more such bright examples among us, and desire we may not try to make him out to have been a party man; for surely he was not, as his last letter to us, written about two months before his death,

abundantly proves. It was his concern to do justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. Let it be our concern to follow his excellent example, and not be drawn into a controversy or dispute as to what were, or were not his sentiments. To those who may be desirous of supporting their opinions, or belief, on what they may suppose he thought, I would say, live as he lived, and walk as he walked, and I will not quarrel with you about his opinions. I herewith send the books containing the extracts from his letters, which I value very highly.

We should be very glad to have a visit from our sister Sarah, and if she can spare the time to spend a few days with us, it shall be no expense to her. . . .

Very affect<sup>ly</sup>,

JAMES MOTT.

At this period Lucretia Mott was enabled to arrange her domestic duties so that she could attend the meetings of her Society with much regularity,—she and her husband being joined by such of their children as were of sufficient age. It was their earnest concern that their children should be well educated, not merely in academic knowledge, but that they should be “brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord.” As they increased in years the pressure of domestic care became lightened, and their mother felt at liberty to enter into larger fields of labor than she had hitherto sought, although at the time of the following letters it is evident she was still closely occupied at home:—

L. M. TO HER MOTHER MOTT.

12th, 29th, 1828.

. . . The observation of sister Sarah touching our Anna's dress at her uncle's wedding was acceptable, and I hope

that it may strengthen her to keep in the simplicity. The custom of the times is for girls to dress so much, even those from whom we are looking for better things, that it is difficult for some of us to keep ours as moderate as we should wish. . . . Dr. Moore's daughter Martha is to be married to-morrow to Dr. Rodman. They are to go to his uncle's to have the ceremony performed, and a carriage will be in waiting to take them to their new home, ten miles distant. This has been quite a trial to her parents, altho' they have no other objection to the young man than his not being in membership with us, which has placed them in an embarrassing situation respecting the necessary preparations to be made for her; the views of Friends differ so much, as to what constitutes "conniving."<sup>1</sup> I sincerely hope we shall be prepared for a change in our discipline on that subject next year. I understand the subject is coming up from one of the Quarters. I have not yet heard a substitute proposed, that altogether pleases me, and have been reminded of a remark of our grandfather in a letter on the subject: "It is wrong now; but how to make it right, wiser heads than mine are required." . . .

Our children are all well. Anna is at Clement Biddle's, helping sew carpet rags. She is considered forward in her learning for one of her age. Maria is more fond of her needle than her books. I never had so many cares pressing upon me. Little Martha is more troublesome than either of the others, which confines me pretty much to

<sup>1</sup> "Let such of our members be admonished, who are either present themselves, or consent to their children being present at marriages of those not in membership, which are accomplished by the assistance of a priest. . . . Monthly Meetings are authorized to give forth testimonies of denial against such parents or guardians who consent to, connive at, or encourage the marriages of their children and those under their care (members of our religious society) contrary to the good order established amongst us; if, after Christian and brotherly labour with them, they cannot be brought to a due sense of their error, and a satisfactory acknowledgment of the same." — *Rules of Discipline*.

This passage was modified later.

her, and I sometimes have *three* of them in bed with me by daylight in the morning, — Thos., Eliz<sup>th</sup>., and Martha.

Do write often, without waiting for us, for I never had less time to take the pen ; now it is towards eleven.

To which J. M. adds : —

We are all in usual health, and our little Martha grows finely ; she is called handsome. Maria and Thomas attend their schools regularly, and make satisfactory improvement. Anna is pursuing her Latin study in company with her Yarnall cousins.

Elias Hicks has attended our meetings two successive First-days, and preached excellently to crowded audiences, giving evidence that he is still “great and good,” and earnestly engaged to do the work of his Divine Master, and to persuade all to follow his holy example. . . .

J. M. TO THE SAME.

PHIL., 5th mo., 16th, 1830.

We have been again favored with the rec<sup>t</sup> of a letter from our mother, dated the 9<sup>th</sup> inst. Although the correspondence between us has rather declined for a few years past, in consequence of our not assimilating in our views and opinions on an all-engrossing subject, yet I trust, that as the excitement which always attends a revolution or reformation subsides, and sober reason again takes her seat, we shall discover, that what we apprehended to be erroneous was so in appearance only, and should not interrupt the reciprocal feelings of friendship and affection, that ought to exist between near relatives, and which I hope is felt as ever with us, though not so frequently manifested in this way. . . . I am tired of mercantile business, and have thought and talked much lately of withdrawing from it and doing something else, — perhaps going to the country. . . .

L. M. adds to the above: —

We feel quite unsettled with regard to the future. I always had rather an objection to James' engaging in his present business, and yet not sufficient to have him give it up for my sake; but of latter time I cannot regret, that the dealing in slave goods is becoming increasingly burdensome to him, and should the relinquishing of it be attended with some sacrifice, we are nearly prepared to receive the consequences.

This is the last mention of the mental struggle which resulted in James Mott's giving up the cotton business. The change occurred soon after, with great sacrifice of material prosperity, but with a spiritual gain, which those can best appreciate who have "fought the good fight" themselves.

Both parties of the Quakers were still active in endeavoring to uphold their claims to be considered the true Society of Friends. Proceedings at law for the possession of property were carried on through many months, causing much unsettlement. They stimulated the desire of each to make its own side appear the better one, the effect of which was to keep alive party feeling and animosity. The interest in these proceedings was heightened by the fact that eminent counsel were engaged on both sides, and Friends, distinguished for their intelligence and weight of character, were put forward as witnesses to maintain the cause of their respective parties. In addition to this cause of agitation, many leading persons connected with the reorganized Society were absorbed in measures for the proper administration of the Discipline, and schemes were proposed, and in some cases resorted to, which seemed to Lucretia Mott to retard religious progress, and to

abridge the advancement of those testimonies, which inculcated obedience to the Inner Light, as the test of discipleship. She soon discovered that the course which seemed to her to be the right one, was not acceptable to some of those who had been leaders in the Separation, and who were now ready to institute measures marked more by a desire to uphold sectarian purposes and individual plans, than to advance the principles of Christian liberty, so ably set forth in the document issued by Friends at the time of the reorganization of the Yearly Meeting, in 1827.

This was particularly shown in an Epistle, which the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of 1830 addressed to that of London, — where there had been no division, — in which an attempt was made to represent their views as in no wise inconsistent with those held by Friends in England. When, according to custom, this Epistle was brought into the women's meeting for its approval, Lucretia Mott, who was the clerk, and whose duty it became to sign the document, finding that it contained sentiments utterly opposed to her own convictions, and to what she believed to be the inherent spirit of Quakerism, protested against it, and stated that, while as clerk it might be proper and necessary for her to sign it on behalf of the Meeting, yet as an individual she could not approve of it; she objected to any statement in the nature of a declaration of faith, other than the "inward light," — the Divine Light in the soul, — which she regarded as the cardinal doctrine of Friends.<sup>1</sup>

Many years after, a member of the Select Meeting of Ministers and Elders, one strongly inclined to or-

<sup>1</sup> This Epistle was returned from England with the charge of "mendacity." It was not even permitted to be read in London Yearly Meeting.



thodoxy, and fearful of the growing influence of Lucretia Mott, sought to confound her by reminding the Meeting that she had signed this Epistle of 1830. With unusual earnestness, as well as suppressed indignation, she forthwith related the true history of the circumstance, which, far from being discreditable to her, was an honorable instance of her devotion to the true spirit of the Society.

It is especially painful to recur to this period in the life of Lucretia Mott. She discovered that her failure to sympathize and coöperate with those who seemed to be taking a retrograde course, met with coldness and unfriendly admonition. It was a deep disappointment and sorrow to her, that those from whom she had expected so much, those who had "put their hands to the plough, were looking back." This was a sad blow to the hopes and expectations which she had cherished in leaving the other portion of the Society, with which were some of her most valued associations. But she was not in the way of speaking of personal grievances. It might well be said of her at this time, that she was "dumb with silence, and held her peace even from good; and her sorrow was stirred." It was as early as the year 1831 that she met with the following from the writings of William Ellery Channing, which impressed her deeply as a beautiful expression of divine truth, and which she often repeated in her public ministry. A copy of this, in her husband's handwriting, was found after her death in the quaint, little, old portfolio in which she kept her especial treasures. She often quoted other passages, but this must have been the one she loved best, for it is an admirable statement of her own views.

“There is one principle of the soul which makes all men essentially equal. I refer to the *sense* of *duty*, to the power of discerning and doing right, to the moral and religious principle, to the inward monitor which speaks in the name of God. This is the great gift of God, — we can conceive no greater. . . . All mysteries of science and theology fade away before the grandeur of the simple perception of duty, which dawns on the mind of the little child. He becomes subject from that moment to a law which no power in the universe can abrogate; he begins to stand before an inward tribunal, on the decisions of which his whole happiness rests; he hears a voice, which if faithfully followed will guide him to perfection; and in neglecting which, he brings upon himself inevitable misery.”

## CHAPTER VI.

IN forming a correct estimate of the character of Lucretia Mott, it must be remembered, that deeply interested as she was in every cause that could better humanity, she was, before all, a Friend. Up to the time of the Separation in the Society, her interests had been busied chiefly within its own limitations, and although the question of slavery had already engaged her attention, she had been satisfied to regard it as important, only so far as Quaker tradition imposed that duty upon all conscientious minds. But in the severe mental discipline of the Separation, when for the first time she was obliged to judge even of herself what was right, and to abide by that decision at whatever sacrifice, her whole spiritual vision widened, and she beheld directly before her extended fields of labor wherein honest workers were sorely needed. To see, with her, was to do. As she says of herself, "The millions of down-trodden slaves in our land being the greatest sufferers, the most oppressed class, I felt bound to plead their cause in season and out of season, to endeavor to put myself in their soul's stead, and to aid all in my power, in every right effort for their immediate emancipation." She recognized that it was not the cause of a sect or a party, nor of a single generation, but of "universal benevolence, and everlasting truth." To its furtherance she dedicated her

life, and her loyalty was "without variableness or shadow of turning."

Before this time, in England, Elizabeth Heyrick had published her work on "Immediate, not Gradual, Emancipation;" Clarkson, Wilberforce, and others, had secured the attention of the British Parliament to the wrongs of the African, and public sentiment, to a good degree, was enlisted on the side of the slave. In this country but little of importance had been accomplished, until the untiring labors of the devoted Benjamin Lundy, editing the "Genius of Universal Emancipation," in Baltimore, and the startling leaders by William Lloyd Garrison, in his "Liberator," awoke the sleeping nation, and prepared the way for a convention in Philadelphia, in 1833, to take the ground of "immediate, not gradual, emancipation;" and to impress the duty of "unconditional liberty without expatriation."

It would hardly be possible to find a more graphic account of the now historical convention of 1833 than that given by J. Miller McKim, before the American Anti-Slavery Society at its third decade meeting, held in Philadelphia, in 1863. The following extracts are selected:—

"For two or three years previous to the period now referred to, the country—a very considerable portion of it—had been in a state of high religious excitement. Everywhere people's attention was directed with unusual earnestness to the subject of personal religion. Since the days of Whitfield, it was said, there had been no excitement equal to it in depth and intensity; but toward the latter part of 1833 this excitement began to subside. . . . With the subsidence of this religious excitement in the country, the feelings of the sincere and enlightened who had shared

in it began to take a new turn. Their attention was called away from themselves to the condition of others. They had made sufficient progress in the divine life to understand that cardinal injunction : ‘ Let no man seek his own, but every one his neighbor’s weal.’ . . .

“ In the latter part of 1833, I learned that there was to be a convention in Philadelphia, for the purpose of forming a National Anti-Slavery Society. . . . The little band of pronounced Abolitionists in Carlisle — all of whom were black, except myself — appointed me a delegate, and I set off for the city. It was in the days of stage-coaches, before the new era of railroads, and I was two days in coming. I stopped at the ‘ Indian Queen,’ in Fourth Street, then considered one of our best hotels. . . . The convention met in the Adelphi Building, in Fifth Street, below Walnut. Its proceedings were not secret, though they were, nevertheless, not thrown open by advertisement to the public. There were some sixty or seventy delegates present, and a few spectators who had been especially invited. A small number, it will be said, for a national convention. But at that time, it must be remembered, the movement was in its incipency. The cloud of abolitionism was not even so big as a man’s hand ! When I entered the hall, which was on the morning of the second day, the proceedings had begun ; though, as I soon learned, there was no specific business before the meeting. A committee had been appointed the day before to draw up a declaration of sentiments, and the convention was now awaiting their report. . . . Mr. Tappan’s speech was interrupted by the announcement that Mr. Garrison and the rest of the committee were coming in with their report. They had prepared a draft of a declaration, and it devolved upon Dr. Edwin P. Atlee to read it. After the reading followed criticism of its contents, — or rather, criticism of some of its phrases ; for as a whole, the paper commended itself at once to all who heard it. . . . Among the speakers, while

the declaration was under discussion, were two who interested me particularly. One was a countryman dressed in the plainest garb, and in appearance otherwise not particularly calculated to excite expectation. His manner was angular, and his rhetoric not what would be called graceful. But his matter was solid, and as clear as a bell. It had the ring of the genuine metal, and was, moreover, pat to the point in question. When he sat down, — which he did after a very brief speech, — the question was asked, ‘Who is that?’ and the answer came, ‘Thomas Whitson, of Lancaster County, in this State.’

“The other speaker was a woman. I had never before heard a woman speak at a public meeting. She said but a few words, but these were spoken so modestly, in such sweet tones, and yet withal so decisively, that no one could fail to be pleased. And no one did fail to be pleased. She apologized for what might be regarded as an intrusion; but she was assured by the chairman and others that what she had said was very acceptable. The chairman added his hope that ‘the lady’ would not hesitate to give expression to anything that might occur to her during the course of the proceedings.

“This debate on the declaration took place in committee of the whole. After one or two slight verbal changes, the committee arose, and reported the document to the convention. It was adopted unanimously, and ordered to be engrossed. The next morning being the last session of the convention, it was brought in engrossed, and ready for signature. Before the work of signing began, it was agreed that it should be read once more. The task was assigned to our friend, Samuel J. May, who performed it with much feeling. At times his emotion was such as to prevent him for a while from proceeding. The same feeling pervaded the audience. Then followed informally the ceremony of signing. Each one as he came up to put his name to the instrument showed by his manner, and in some instances



by his words, that he was doing a very solemn thing. . . . Looking back upon this interesting occasion, the whole thing comes up before me, with the distinctness of a picture. I see the convention just as it sat in that little hall of the Adelphi Building. I see the president, Beriah Green, of Oneida Institute, sitting on an eminence in the west end of the hall; at either side of him the two secretaries, Wm. Green, Jr., and John G. Whittier. . . . At that convention there were no adjournments for dinner. We sat daily from ten o'clock A. M. till dark, without recess. We had meat to eat, which those who have never been 'caught up into the third heaven' of first principles, wot not of. The last hours of the convention were especially impressive. I had never before, nor have I ever since, witnessed anything fully equal to it. The deep religious spirit which had pervaded the meeting from the beginning became still deeper. The evidence of the Divine presence and the Divine approval was palpable. Had we heard a voice saying, 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground,' our convictions could scarcely have been clearer." . . .

It is needless to say that the "other speaker — a woman," whom Mr. McKim mentions — was Lucretia Mott. James Mott was one of the members of the convention, and, as such, signed the immortal document. But it does not seem to have occurred to Lucretia Mott, Lydia White, Esther Moore, and Sydney Ann Lewis, the four women who were present, that they too should have been members, and have had their names recorded. They were there by invitation, as "listeners and spectators." Lucretia Mott, speaking of this many years afterwards, said: —

Although we were not recognized as a part of the convention by signing the document, yet every courtesy was

shown to us, every encouragement given to speak, or to make suggestions of alteration. I do not think it occurred to any one of us at that time, that there would be a propriety in our signing the document. It was with difficulty, I acknowledge, that I ventured to express what had been near to my heart for many years, for I knew we were there by sufferance; but when I rose, such was the readiness with which the freedom to speak was granted, that it inspired me with a little more boldness to speak on other subjects. When the declaration was under consideration, and we were considering our principles and our intended measures of action, when our friends felt that they were planting themselves on the truths of Divine Revelation, and on the Declaration of Independence, as an Everlasting Rock, it seemed to me, as I heard it read, that the climax would be better to transpose the sentence and place the Declaration of Independence first, and the truths of Divine Revelation last, as the Everlasting Rock; and I proposed it. I remember one of the younger members turning to see what woman there was there who knew what the word "transpose" meant.

Another of her suggestions led to the amendment of the phrase, "We may be personally defeated, but our principles never can be," by the omission of the last two words. She was too modest to speak of the most important service she rendered that convention, — and perhaps she did not fully realize it, — but some of those whom she addressed felt that her lofty encouragement strengthened and confirmed their purpose at a critical moment, when an over-cautious policy suggested delay. Thomas Wistar and Roberts Vaux, influential men of philanthropic reputation, who had been honored by an invitation to preside at the convention, had declined for prudential reasons; which, on being reported, made a sensible impression

on the assembly. At that moment Lucretia Mott rose, and spoke a few words, "brief, timely, well-chosen, and weighty." She reminded her hearers that "right principles are stronger than great names. If our principles are right, why should we be cowards? Why should we wait for those who never have had the courage to maintain the inalienable rights of the slave?"

Amidst calls of "go on," she took her seat, and not another word was uttered in favor of delay.

The young "member who turned to look at the woman who knew how to use the word 'transpose,'" was James Miller McKim. He was then a young man, studying for the ministry, but he soon relinquished this to espouse the Anti-Slavery cause, with which he was identified throughout its entire course. No one can follow its progress in Pennsylvania without admiring his ability, his sagacity, and his devotion. James and Lucretia Mott met him for the first time at the Convention, and were greatly pleased with his eager adoption of the despised cause. This was the beginning of a strong and abiding friendship. They were also deeply interested in the warfare then waging in his mind between inherited Presbyterianism and liberal Christianity. A mental struggle of this kind was sure to engage the sympathy of Lucretia Mott; and in this case, we may infer from the two following letters that her advice also was asked. Unfortunately, Mr. McKim's letters to her are not to be found. We can only infer their purport.

PHILA. 1<sup>st</sup> mo. 1<sup>st</sup>, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND, J. M. MCKIM, — The reception of thy letter was truly pleasant, even though less minute than

we wished, concerning the welfare of thy brothers and sisters, in whose interest thou allowed us to participate.

Our friend Wm. L. Fisher, of Germantown, called here the day thou left, and expressed regret that we did not go there on the day appointed. We have since made them a visit, when he handed us his work on "Pauperism and Crime," directing that it should be sent to thee. Its pages are characteristic of its eccentric author.

Benjamin Ferris, of Wilmington, also came on the evening of that day hoping to find thee here. Agreeably to his promise, he has collected some abolition reports and pamphlets, which, however, he did not bring with him. While he professed unity with the Anti-Slavery cause, he objected to the word, "immediate," inasmuch as it required an explanation of our meaning. It is to be regretted, that those who might be powerful advocates in a righteous cause avail themselves of such excuses for the withdrawal of their aid.

We had an interesting visit from Wm. L. Garrison. He gave us many particulars of his visit to Clarkson and others in England, and read some important letters. Some of his friends would like for him to remove here, and publish a daily paper: he has taken it under consideration, but has some doubts of the time being fully come to leave Boston.

I regret that we cannot procure for thee all that Stuart has written opposed to Channing, because justice requires that we should acquaint ourselves with both sides, before we judge. What is furnished may satisfy thy mind, as far as controversial writings can do this: but permit me to question whether thy present wants will be met by the perusal of works of this character. Rather consult the volume of thy own experience, and as thou acknowledges thy views slowly brightening, be patient, and rest in full faith for the rising of the sun, when, as thou art able to bear it, all mists and clouds will be dispelled. In the meantime, while reading and studying the Scriptures, let the *general tenor* of

these invaluable writings govern thy conclusions, making all due allowance for the time and circumstances in which they were written ; but do not puzzle and perplex thy mind with inferences from isolated passages here and there, which are contrary to the spirit of the whole, and do violence to the noble gift of reason, divinely bestowed upon us. The Apostle wrote formerly to the young men not because they knew not the truth, but because they knew it, and also because the *Word of God abode in them* ; and while thou holds fast to that excellent sentiment, that no text of Scripture however plain can shake thy belief in a truth which thou perceives by intuition, or make thee believe a thing which is contrary to thy innate sense of right and wrong, it will lead thee to frequent introversion, and thou wilt know “ of whom thou learnest these things,” and wilt not have need that any man should teach thee ; but, “ as this same anointing teacheth all things, and is truth, and no lie,” thou wilt come to give paramount heed to this, and become, I trust, settled on that foundation which cannot be shaken.

Worcester’s “ Causes of Contention among Christians ” I have in vain looked for, to send thee. Mine was returned a few days since. I enclose it for thy perusal ; to be returned when thou hast done with it. John Woolman’s Journal will, as we told thee, bear an attentive perusal ; and although thou may see some parts strongly marked with Quaker superstitions and technicalities, yet lay it not aside on that account. Thou art capable of judging of the spirit of the writer ; let that, with his sound reasoning, commend it to thy notice. I defend not the visionary part.

Our family join in offering thee the good wishes of the season.                      Very truly thy friend,                      L. MOTT.

PHILA., 5th mo. 8th, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND, J. M. MCKIM, — Thy interesting letter was received yesterday. I cannot doubt that the

good feeling subsisting between us hitherto in our discussions, will continue in any future examination of subjects, even should we find ourselves not so nearly united in sentiment as we anticipated last winter.

My husband called on our dear friend, Wm. H. Furness, to inquire where the controversy thou wishes to see might be found. He is becoming increasingly interested in the Abolition cause, and we hope it will ere long be with him a pulpit theme.

Last week we had the renewed pleasure of a visit from Wm. L. Garrison. He passed several days with us; addressed the colored people in two of their churches; and would have had a public meeting, had he met with more encouragement from our timid Philad<sup>a</sup> abolitionists. He was also discouraged in the desire he felt to say a few words to our young men, on the evening of their forming themselves into a society, — at their request, he took no part, — they thinking the feeling here, of opposition to his zeal and ardent measures in the cause, was such, that it would be rather a disadvantage. How much more congenial with my feelings was the noble appeal in his behalf made by Lewis Tappan and others at the Convention. It appears to me important that he should have the countenance and support of his friends. We passed an evening with him at James Forten's, and were highly interested in the conversation. The cause is certainly making rapid progress; we may yet live to see the desire of our souls, with regard to this oppressed people. We have received a letter from Benjamin Lundy, — he has strong hopes of ultimate success. . . .

Our family unite in affectionate remembrance.

Thy friend,

L. MOTT.

Somewhat later, she writes again : —

Thank thee for the extracts from thy Diary. I believe thou wilt yet have to let all thou hast learned “at the feet



of Gamaliel" go for what it is worth, without going "from one form to another." The "Christians" may be a pious and Christ-like sect, but I do not like their numbering the Commandments. Whatsoever He — the Spirit of Truth — biddeth us do, that we are to do, without vainly seeking to ascertain the exact number of the Jewish, or other written commandments. It is quite time we read and examined the Bible more rationally, in order that truth may shine in its native brightness. I do not wonder at thy doubts of the propriety of occupying thy "station as minister" in preaching any system of Faith, and care not how soon thy Orthodox brethren detect thy heresies; though I shall be careful how I expose thee, well as I know that thy religious or *theological* opinions have been for some years past undergoing a change. I want thee to have done with calling Unitarian rationalities, "icy philosophizing." The step thou art taking is a serious one, and thy conclusions are of great importance. I pray that thou mayst be rightly directed.

She also writes to her sister, Martha C. Wright: —

The more my attention is directed to a studied theology, and systematized Divinity, the more deeply do I deplore its unhappy effect on the mind and character; the tendency is to lower the estimate of practical righteousness, and rational Christian duties. How inviting is religion when stripped of the appendages of bigoted sectarianism, and gloomy superstition! This is exemplified in our friend J. M. McKim. His mind has at length burst the fetters of Presbyterianism, and, retaining all that is truly "pious" and valuable, he is walking forth in "the liberty wherewith Christ makes free."

The Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society was formed immediately after the organization of the American society, with Esther Moore as president. A majority of its members belonged to the Society

of Friends. It was almost an unheard-of thing then, in Pennsylvania, for women to have societies of their own, unless under the patronizing shelter of church organization; and these women, as they confessed with amusement afterwards, were obliged to ask a man to preside at their first meeting. Lucretia Mott said, in speaking of it: —

At that time I had no idea of the meaning of preambles, and resolutions, and votings. Women had never been in any assemblies of the kind. I had attended only one convention — a convention of colored people — before that; and that was the first time in my life I had ever heard a vote taken, being accustomed to our Quaker way of getting the prevailing sentiment of the meeting. When, a short time after, we came together to form the Female Anti-Slavery Society, there was not a woman capable of taking the chair and organizing that meeting in due order; and we had to call on James McCrummel, a colored man, to give us aid in the work.

The work once begun, however, was steadily carried on for thirty-six years. The secretary of the society for many years, Mary Grew, of Philadelphia, in reviewing its labors, said: —

It cannot be claimed for its members that they counted the cost of the warfare upon which they were entering, nor the number of the years which lay stretched out in the dim future, between their first battle and their final victory. It was well for them, well for the cause to which they had vowed allegiance, that this knowledge lay beyond their reach. The soul that would have fainted or faltered before the prefigured vision of that long period of toil and strife, was yet stronger for the buoyant hope of early victory, and addressed itself to the labors of each successive year all the more ardently for the bright possibility that its

close might usher in the jubilee. As they went on, they found their work widening, their responsibility deepening, at every step. It is now a page of history ; it was then a startling revelation daily made, a painful experience daily borne, that the churches which had nurtured their sons and daughters on the *words* of Christian love and human brotherhood, had no desire to see them practically illustrated towards the slave or the negro. With more of keen disappointment and sorrow than of indignation, did we look on the strange spectacle of the American Church standing by to keep the garments of an enraged populace, stoning the Stephens of that martyr age.

It is sad to have to record that the Society of Friends was no exception to this indictment. Notwithstanding the fact that many of its members were also members of the various Anti-Slavery Societies, it was, as a body, untrue to its righteous testimony against slavery, and was becoming increasingly averse to the agitation of so unpopular a question. Only here and there could a meeting-house be found where an avowed discussion of the subject was permitted ; Friends were exhorted by those in authority to "keep in the quiet," to "avoid all contention," and to be careful about "going out into the mixture." Those ministers who persisted in introducing the obnoxious topic into their discourses, were regarded as "subjects of uneasiness." Lucretia Mott, as one of these, encountered many difficulties ; but, so far from being deterred by them, she sought every opportunity to plead the cause of the oppressed, both in and out of the limitations of her Society. Although never employed as a lecturer by the Anti-Slavery Society, she did as faithful work as any, in her own way.

After her elder children were grown up, and the younger ones well in their teens, she felt at liberty to leave home occasionally "to travel in truth's service," as is customary among Friends. In doing this she was often required to sacrifice both comfort and convenience. While still an acceptable minister, she generally carried a "minute"<sup>1</sup> from her Monthly Meeting. With this regularly constituted authority she traveled through New York State, into parts of New England as far as Nantucket, and as far south as the northern part of Virginia. In one of these journeys, accompanied by her husband, she attended seventy-one different meetings, and spoke more or less at each one. They were absent from home seventy days, and traveled a distance of twenty-four hundred miles, most of it in a stage-coach. Her discourses at such times were mainly on religious subjects, but she never failed to bear testimony against the sin of slavery. It was this "lugging in" (to use the words of her opponents) of a distasteful subject which finally brought her into such disfavor in the Society, that the time came when it seemed doubtful whether the Meeting would be willing to furnish her with a "minute." During these years she did not ask for their concurrence in prosecuting her labors; but, through favor

<sup>1</sup> For the benefit of such readers as are unacquainted with this form of permission, I quote one "minute," as a sample of all: "—— — opened in this meeting a concern she felt to pay a religious visit to the families of Friends constituting —— Monthly Meeting, and some others as way may open, likewise to appoint some meetings among those more remotely situated in its vicinity; which claiming the attention of Friends, was fully united with; and women's meeting informing that they also united therein, she is left at liberty to pursue her prospect as Truth may direct, being a minister in unity with us. The clerk is directed to furnish her with a copy of this minute on behalf of the meeting."

and disfavor, she “shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God.” She continued to travel extensively, but was careful to avoid any infringement of the spirit or letter of the Discipline, which might render her liable to be brought before the Meeting as an “offender.”

About this time one of her intimate friends wrote, for his own entertainment, a descriptive sketch of Lucretia Mott. It was never printed, or shown to any one but her children, as she thought it too flattering, but was found after her death among her papers, and is given here. It shows nice discrimination, as well as an intimate knowledge of her character : —

I scarcely know whether to pronounce Mrs. Mott handsome or not. She appears so to me, though I think it probable that she would not, by others, be called more than “quite good-looking.” Her features, taken separately, do not possess that symmetry of proportion which is necessary to constitute beauty ; yet the contour of her countenance, with its intellectual, sprightly, and agreeable expression, appears to me not only interesting, but exceedingly lovely. In her person she is under the middle size. She is very active in her movements, and when in health, elastic. Her manners are very easy, and are marked by a dignified simplicity and grace almost peculiar to herself.

But it is the intellectual and moral features of Mrs. Mott’s character which are most apt to arrest attention. Her mind is one of superior order. Always active, it seems to abhor inanity as nature does a vacuum. Yet she takes no interest in ordinary scientific pursuits. Mineralogy, botany, geology, and such like natural sciences, have no charms for her. The science of morals is the sphere in which her mind delights to act ; the pursuit of moral truth is the exercise in which her mental powers are most at

home. Her perceptions are very quick, and generally very clear. She reasons logically, though not systematically. If she sometimes "jumps at conclusions," it is the fault not so much of her mind as her temperament. She is naturally very impatient of delay, and cannot therefore endure what appears to her the drudgery of slowly and cautiously collating facts, and inquiring into their various bearings and relations. As a consequence, her premises are often too narrow for her conclusions. She loves poetry, not however for the sublimity of its style, or the beauty of its imagery, but for the truth and force of its sentiments.

The intellectual features of Mrs. Mott are much more easily described than those of her moral character. I should say, however, that benevolence was the presiding genius of her heart. "To do good and communicate" is not only her delight, but the chosen business of her life. She "seeks not her own, but her neighbor's weal." She knows how to put the Christian definition on that term "neighbor;" all are regarded as her neighbors who are within the reach of her influence. Low as well as high, poor as well as rich, bond and free, black and white, friends near, and strangers remote, all receive a share in her kind offices and benevolent exertions. She forgets herself in thinking of the wants of others. In her efforts to promote the health of others she neglects to pay proper attention to her own. To vindicate the name of a friend she exposes her own to reproach. In short, she, if any one does, "loves her neighbor as herself."

I need hardly say that love of justice is a conspicuous feature in this lady's moral profile. "*Fiat justitia ruat cælum*" is with her, not a rhetorical flourish, but a governing sentiment of her heart. In no question which the moral law can arbitrate, and under no circumstances where principle is at stake, is she heard to ask, "what is expedient?" "what is policy?" "what will folks say?" or "what will people think?" but "what is *right*?" "what do ab-



abstract truth and justice require?" This being ascertained, the question with her is settled, and her pathway made plain. It might be added, that Mrs. Mott is a woman of great firmness of purpose, and decision and energy of character. With spirits buoyant and apparently inexhaustible, she seems to have courage to dare, and fortitude to endure anything to which a woman can be called.

It must not be supposed, however, that because no blemishes have been brought to view in this portraiture, that none exist to mar the beauty of the original, or that I regard her as free from defects. An artist in painting a likeness is not obliged to portray blemishes any further than may be necessary to his design. By way of perspective, though, it ought to be added that the energy of our friend sometimes runs into rashness, and her decision into hastiness and willfulness. Her freedom from suspiciousness, and her readiness to confide in the professions of others, frequently expose her, and with justice, to the charge of credulity. Her kindness often degenerates into a spirit of indulgence, and her goodness into mere good nature. She has more knowledge than learning, and yet more wisdom than knowledge. Her information, though it extends to a very great variety of subjects, is, on many of these, superficial. She thinks and reads much, but does both without system. Her independence of thought more than borders on temerity.

As a wife, Mrs. Mott is all her husband can desire; as a mother, she is more than her children have any right to ask. As a hostess, she is unsurpassed, her hospitality often exposing her to imposition from its excess; and as a friend, she is ever faithful and true. As a woman, she has few superiors.

The Female Anti-Slavery Society, as has been said before, was organized immediately after, and under the inspiration of the convention of 1833. It enrolled the names of many excellent women: Syd-

ney Ann Lewis, Esther Moore, Lydia White, Sarah Pugh, Mary Needles, and others. Mary Grew, its admirable secretary for many years, joined it a year later. Lucretia Mott was its president during most of its existence. Of her in this capacity, Mary Grew says: —

She was always an inspiration to its members, a wise counselor, and an active worker in its various departments of labor. None of us can ever forget the sweetness and dignity with which she moved among us; the pleasant humor with which she enlivened our meetings; the firmness with which she maintained a principle in all its applications; and the grace with which she yielded her preferences where no principle of right was involved. Her perception was quick. She readily divined the difference between a "tradition of the Elders," and a moral law, and as quickly acted accordingly. One illustration of this was her course when it was proposed to hold our first Anti-Slavery Fair. A majority of the members of the Female Anti-Slavery Society were members of the Society of Friends; and by that Society, Fairs were regarded with much suspicion, if not absolute disapprobation. So sensibly was this pressure felt by some of the abolitionists, that it was with difficulty our Society was induced to replenish its treasury by such an innovation; and our first Fair was called by the modest name of "Anti-Slavery Sale." But Mrs. Mott saw that it was a perfectly legitimate and proper measure, and gave her cordial assent and assistance to it and its long train of annual successors. In contrast with our later ones, this first Fair appears, in retrospect, very plain and simple. It was a "day of small things;" and in order to diminish expenses and increase the profits, all the manual labor was performed by volunteers. I recollect going into the Hall one morning at an early hour, and being attracted by the appearance of a boy who was assisting in sweeping the room. I asked his name, and was told

that he was the only son of James and Lucretia Mott. Their eldest daughters were among the saleswomen at the tables, and they were generous purchasers. So great were Mrs. Mott's liberality, thoughtfulness, and zeal in purchasing, that after a few years, I think our saleswomen began to rely upon her to clear their tables of unattractive articles left on their hands; chiefly articles of clothing, which were, undoubtedly, bestowed on some of her numerous pensioners.

The young generation of this day would probably find it difficult to conceive of the savage form of opposition to the abolitionists, which prevailed during many years. In these perilous periods, Mrs. Mott proved her fidelity to her principles of non-resistance, as well as her anti-slavery faith. Self-possessed and unshrinking in the stormiest scenes, a mob howling around the house, assailing its windows with stones, or clamoring within its walls, scattering vitriol among the audience, leaping on the platform, drowning the voices of the speakers in their own mad cries, she held fast her integrity, never compromising in the slightest degree a principle, and never giving her consent that the protection of the police should be asked for the maintenance of our rights.

In the year 1838, when Pennsylvania Hall was burned by a mob, and the Mayor of Philadelphia connived at the outrage, the furious rioters marched through the streets threatening an assault upon the house of James and Lucretia Mott. Warned of the peril, and aware of the unsated wrath of the savage men, Mrs. Mott made preparation for the attack by sending her younger children and some articles of clothing out of the house, and with her husband and a few friends sat in their parlor, quietly awaiting the approach of the mob. Before it reached the house, a suggestion that it should attack the shelter for Colored Orphans in another part of the city diverted its course, and the rioters proceeded to that work of destruction. During the night they passed the house of Edward and Mary Needles,

prominent abolitionists, who were also serenely expecting their arrival. But they satisfied their rage by hideous yells, and passed on.

Another account, by a guest staying with James and Lucretia Mott at the time, gives a graphic picture of the peril to which their family was exposed, and the lawlessness which reigned in the ordinarily quiet city.

On Friday afternoon the rumors were thick and strong that this house would be assaulted the coming night. A few light pieces of furniture, and some clothing, were removed to the next house, and in the evening we sat down to await the event, whatever it might be. Mr. and Mrs. Mott sat near the middle of the room, with many friends around them. Thomas went out into the street now and then to reconnoitre, and then return and tell us the result of his observations. Several young men came in ready for any emergency which might require their services, and at any rate, to cheer us by their presence and sympathy. About eight o'clock Thomas came running in, saying, "They're coming!" The excited throng was pouring along up Race-street; we could hear their shouts distinctly; but they crossed Ninth-street without turning up, and for the present we were relieved from apprehension. We have heard since, that when the mob reached Ninth-street, a young man friendly to the family joined in the cry, "On to Mott's," at the head of the gang, and rushed on up Race-street,—they blindly following their leader,—and thus we escaped. We thought, however, they might still be down upon us, and sat in calm expectation of their advance; hearing every few minutes by some of our friends who were on the alert what points were occupied, and what movements were going on. At length, learning that the mob seemed broken and scattered, we concluded we were to escape that night at least, and retired to rest.

During Friday, and several successive days, a number of "prudent" Friends called to see Mrs. Mott, and exhort her to coolness and calmness! It was really amusing and somewhat ludicrous to hear them, all tremulous with agitation, gravely counseling her to keep cool, and avoid undue excitement; while she all the time was as calm as a summer evening; perfectly composed, and with all her faculties entirely at command.

Dr. Parrish was much frightened; he seriously counseled that we gradually dissolve our Anti-Slavery Societies, disband all our organizations, and let things go on in the old way, so far as Abolition is concerned. I verily believe the good Doctor, in his alarm, did, with the very best intentions, about as much harm, as some who were bent on mischief."

Lucretia Mott also writes on the same subject to her son-in-law, Edward M. Davis, then in Paris:—

6th mo. 18th, 1838.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — We have had a season of much excitement, since thou left, in the burning of Penn<sup>a</sup> Hall, and the breaking up of our Convention by the mob; accounts of which have been sent to thee, in much detail. Our proceedings, though not yet published, have greatly roused our pseudo-abolitionists, as well as alarmed such timid ones as our good Dr. Parrish. He has left no means untried to induce us to expunge from our minutes a resolution relating to social intercourse with our colored brethren. In vain I urged the great departure from order and propriety in such a proceeding after the Convention had separated. He and Charles Townsend were "willing to take the responsibility," if the publishing committee would consent to have it withdrawn: and when he failed in this effort, he called some of the respectable portion of the colored people together at Robert Douglas', and advised them not to accept such intercourse as was proffered them, and to issue a disclaimer of any such wish. This they have not yet done; but it has caused not a little excitement among us.

In Boston the bone of contention has been the admission of another proscribed class — women — to equal participation in the doings of the Convention.

I was glad to hear thou hadst received letters from Wm. Lloyd Garrison, introducing thee to Anti-Slavery friends in England. Whether or not there is one to Harriet Martineau, I hope thou wilt call on her, if thou hast opportunity; as far as the tendering of our affectionate regard may serve as an introduction, avail thyself of it. Assure her of the satisfaction we have had in the perusal of her late works, and the desire we feel that her pen will not cease to be employed in aid of personal and political freedom until every vestige of slavery shall be effaced from our land.

In warm affection, thy mother,

L. MOTT.

The story of the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, only three days after its dedication "to Liberty and the Rights of Man," has been told too often to need more than a brief mention here. It was destroyed by a mob of Southern medical students, and their Northern pro-slavery tools and sympathizers. The last meeting held in it was the Anti-Slavery Convention of American women, presided over by Mary S. Parker, of Boston. It was a company of calm, dignified, and earnest women, who prosecuted the business for which they were assembled until the usual hour for adjournment, unmoved by the mob which crowded around the building all day, threw stones through the windows, hooted and yelled at the doors, and at times even threatened forcible entrance. When they left the hall, the streets near by were almost impassable, and, not many hours after, the sky was reddened by the flames that consumed the noble building. But these women, intrepid and determined, responded to Angelina Grimke Weld's fer-



vent appeals, and to Lucretia Mott's exhortations to be "steadfast and solemn," by reassembling the next day in a schoolhouse occupied by Sarah Pugh, — who "regarded the security of private property as of less importance than the defense of a great moral principle," — and closing their session by renewed pledges of labor and devotion.

Dr. Channing said, when speaking of this great outrage, the burning of Pennsylvania Hall: "In that crowd was Lucretia Mott, that beautiful example of womanhood. Who, that has heard the tones of her voice, and looked on the mild radiance of her benign and intelligent countenance, can endure the thought that such a woman was driven by a mob from the spot to which she had gone, as she religiously believed, on a mission of Christian sympathy?"

This was not the only mob through which her courage carried her unhurt. The spirit of persecution was abroad. It showed itself under many disguises: in private detraction, public abuse, and sometimes in actual physical violence; but she was as fearless, surrounded by a surging crowd of madmen, as if sitting by her own fireside. Her thoughts and fears were not for herself. This is strikingly shown by an occurrence, a little more than a year after the Philadelphia riot, during her religious visit to Delaware. She was accompanied by a highly esteemed Friend, Daniel Neall,<sup>1</sup> and his wife. Her meetings in various parts of the State were satisfactory, until they arrived at Smyrna, whither reports of their being "abolitionists" and "dangerous and incendiary characters" had preceded them. Here,

<sup>1</sup> A well-known Abolitionist, and President of the Pennsylvania Hall Association.

also, she was listened to quietly ; although she did not hesitate to declare her views on the forbidden subject. On the way back, however, to the friend's house where they were lodging, stones were thrown at the carriage, and after tea, as they were all sitting, talking together, a man came to the door asking to see Daniel Neall, and saying that he was wanted to "answer for his disorganizing doctrines." On Friend Neall's refusing to go with him, other men appeared, who compelled him to accompany them. Fearing violence and personal injury, the others followed as soon as possible in a carriage, and overtook the mob, with whom Lucretia Mott remonstrated on the injustice of maltreating an innocent person, when she was the real offender. Her appeals seemed in vain, for they hurried the gentle old man off in the dark ; but, after a very moderate tarring and feathering, they allowed him to rejoin his friends without further persecution. No violence was offered to his brave champion, who accomplished her further journey without molestation.

On another memorable occasion, several years later, when the annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in New York was broken up by rowdies, some of the speakers, as they left the hall, were roughly handled by the crowd. Perceiving this, Lucretia Mott asked the gentleman who was escorting her, to leave her and help some of the other ladies, who were timid. "But who will take care of you?" said he. "This man," she answered, quietly laying her hand on the arm of one of the roughest of the mob ; "he will see me safe through." Though taken aback for the moment by such unexpected confidence, the man responded by conducting her re-

spectfully through the tumult to a place of safety. The next day she went into a restaurant near by the place of the meeting, and, recognizing the leader of the mob at one of the tables, sat down by him, and entered into conversation with him. When he left the room, he asked a gentleman at the door who that lady was, and on hearing her name, remarked, "Well, she's a good, sensible woman."

The third, and what proved to be the last, Annual Anti-Slavery Convention of Women, was held in the Hall of the Pennsylvania Riding School, on May 1st, 1839. In an early session (I quote from the report), —

"Lucretia Mott informed the meeting that a messenger from the Mayor had just called her out to inquire at what time our Convention would close, as he had some officers in waiting whom he would like to disperse. She had returned answer that she could not tell when our business would be finished, but that we had not asked, and, she presumed, did not wish his aid. She further stated that the Mayor had called upon her a few days before, and inquired where the Convention would be held, — if it would be confined to women, — if to white women, or white and colored, — if our meetings would be held only in the daytime, and how long they would continue; — expressing his determination to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of last year's outrages. He suggested that we should hold our meetings in Clarkson Hall, which was already guarded by his officers; that we should not meet in the evening; should avoid unnecessary walking with colored people; and close our Convention as soon as possible. She replied, that Clarkson Hall would not, probably, be large enough for us; we did not apprehend danger in meeting at the house proposed; she doubted the necessity of such protec-

tion as he contemplated. We should not be likely to have evening meetings, for to the shame of Philadelphia be it spoken, the only building we could procure of sufficient size, had but a barn roof, was without ceiling, and could not therefore easily be lighted for such a meeting; that we had never made a parade, as charged upon us, of walking with colored people, and should do as we had done before, — walk with them as occasion offered; — that she had done so repeatedly within the last month, meeting with no insult on that account; it was a principle with us, which we could not yield, to make no distinction on account of color; that she was expecting delegates from Boston of that complexion, and should probably accompany them to the place of meeting.”

This convention, after a comparatively peaceful session, adjourned to meet in Boston in 1840; but before that time came, some of the abolitionists made the discovery that men and women could do more efficient work together than alone, and that separate organizations were no longer advisable. The following letter from Lydia Maria Child, declining to be present at the convention of 1839, foreshadows the coming advance, and alludes to the hard feeling among the anti-slavery ranks consequent upon the threatened innovation.

NORTHAMPTON, *March 5th*, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your letter was received a few days since, and it gave us great pleasure to hear from you once more. My husband wanted me to write a letter expressing sympathy when we heard of your pecuniary losses last summer.<sup>1</sup> I tried; but I threw it up in despair, saying, “I *cannot* compassionate such souls for the loss of

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the burning of Penn Factory in which James Mott was part owner. The loss was very heavy.

worldly goods. Have they not each other? Have they not inward peace, which the world giveth not, and cannot take away?" I could only feel sorry that they who would give liberally to the Anti-Slavery cause, and other benevolent projects, should have less to give away; but even in this point of view, I could not express condolence; for was not money the least of your *doings*? Could its absence impair your moral influence?

As to your request, I think it more than doubtful whether I can comply with it. There are several obstacles in the way. Besides, as I am growing very scrupulous about exact truth, I will not disguise that I do not want to go to the convention, much as I should like again to visit Philad<sup>a</sup>. I never have entered very earnestly into the plan of female conventions and societies. They always seemed to me like half a pair of scissors. This feeling led me to throw cold water on the project of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society. You will remind me of the great good done by that society. I admit it most cordially. I am thankful there *were* those who could work heartily in that way. To pay my annual subscription, and occasionally make articles for sale, was all I ever could do freely and earnestly. I attended the first convention because I was urged by friends, and I feared I might fail in my duty if I obstinately refused. But I then thought the large sum necessarily expended in getting the delegates together might be otherwise expended with far more profit to the Anti-Slavery cause. This opinion has been confirmed by the two conventions already held. For the freedom of women, they have probably done something; but in every other point of view, I think their influence has been very slight.

I should think an Address to the Women of the U. S. would be somewhat stale, unless written with peculiar originality and piquancy. What think you of a letter to the Women of Great Britain, written by yourself, on the sub-

ject of abstaining from U. S. cotton? A discriminating duty between free and slave labor produce in England would strike a heavier blow to slavery here than anything else in the wide world.

In my opinion, the convention last year, in rejecting Maria Chapman's "Address to the Clergy," threw away a gem "richer than all their tribe." I have long considered Mrs. Chapman as one of the most remarkable women of the age. Her heart is as large and magnanimous as her intellect is clear, vigorous, and brilliant. I am glad Harriet Martineau has done her justice in England, for very few appreciate her here. The Westminster article, though abounding in small mistakes, appears to me discriminating and forcible. I am sorry, however, that it is published. Persecution is much better for the abolitionists than praise. The immortal radiance of the Truths they are commissioned to maintain may be mistaken for a glory around their own brows. Just at this particular time, too, they are not behaving quite well enough to have the gaze of the world fixed upon them. Oh! how my heart is grieved by these dissensions! I wish our dear and much respected friend Garrison would record them more sparingly in his paper; but I suppose he thinks it necessary. In addition to disguised enemies of sound Anti-Slavery, I think there is now a large class of sincere abolitionists, with narrow views of freedom, who require some other paper than the "Liberator." They are frightened, sincerely frightened, at new and bold views. They think the mere utterance of them is in danger of resolving all shapes back to chaos. It requires great faith to trust truth to take care of herself in all encounters.

Great changes have come over my spirit since we last met. There has been a great movement, — whether it be progress or not, I am not certain. A little while ago I rejoiced that I was growing more entirely and universally tolerant. Now, I cannot abide the proud, self-sufficient



word. What right have I, or any other fallible mortal, to be *tolerant*?<sup>1</sup>

My dear husband unites with me in kind and grateful remembrance to your husband, yourself, and children. Farewell. Yours very truly, L. M. CHILD.

In the year 1839, the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society of London called a General Conference, "to commence on the 12<sup>th</sup> of June, 1840, in order to deliberate on the best means of promoting the interests of the slave, of obtaining his immediate and unconditional freedom; and by every pacific measure to hasten the utter extinction of the slave-trade. To this conference they earnestly invite the friends of the slave of every nation and of every clime." The Massachusetts and Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Societies responded to this invitation by sending both male and female delegates to the Convention. They chose their best representatives, whether men or women. They had discovered, not without bitterness and division in the ranks, "that, as concert of action between men and women was important to success, so mutual counsel and discussion in their business meetings were convenient and profitable;" and had therefore admitted women to equal membership with men. Those who were opposed to this measure, and thought that its advocacy would ruin the Anti-Slavery cause, formed what was called the "New Organization." In this unhappy difference between those who professed to be working toward the same end, — the overthrow of the slave power, — James and Lucretia Mott, together with most of their Pennsylvania associates, sympathized

<sup>1</sup> Lucretia Mott very often quoted this sentence both in public and in private.

entirely with Mr. Garrison. With him they were delegates to the World's Convention, and with him shared the difficulties and annoyances with which this "New Organization" contrived to harass them while in England. Mr. Garrison alludes, in the letter that follows, to the trouble that was evidently brewing, and which culminated in the Annual Convention of 1840.

FROM WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Boston, *April 28th*, 1840.

ESTEEMED FRIEND, — It is the sentiment of my heart, that, among all the friends and benefactors of the human race with whom it has been my privilege to become acquainted on this side of the Atlantic and in England, no one has impressed me more deeply, or filled me with greater admiration, on the score of intellectual vigor, moral worth, and disinterested benevolence, than yourself. I make this avowal with the more freedom, inasmuch as it is no part of my character to play the flatterer; and, particularly, on account of my delinquencies as a correspondent.

When I reflect upon the many kindnesses which have been manifested toward me by yourself and your estimable husband, running through a period of ten years, and then remember how few have been the expressions of gratitude on my part, and how seldom I have written to either of you, I am filled with surprise and regret. Believe me, however, that, though my epistles have been "few and far between," — though I have not been voluble in the expression of my gratitude, — I have felt more than words could express, and shall ever retain a lively sense of your goodness. Well do I know that you neither ask nor desire a profusion of acknowledgments for anything that you have done, and therefore I have abstained from dealing in "words, words, words," even though those words would have been spoken in all sincerity.

For the tracts recently put forth by "Friends," on the subject of slavery, which you have kindly forwarded to me, be pleased also to accept my thanks. These tracts all contain excellent sentiments; and yet in nearly all of them something is wanting. The phraseology of Friends' documents is generally peculiar, and sometimes obscure. The duty of immediate emancipation, they do not set forth in explicit terms; and the plunderers of God's poor are addressed in a style far different from that used by Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel. For example in "an Address to a portion of our Southern Brethren," etc., which is written in admirable temper of mind, there seems to be something like an attempt to propitiate the spirit of these cruel and ungodly oppressors, in a way which I do not like. The second paragraph commences — "We are aware of the peculiar and trying situation wherein you are placed, in relation to slavery. You have been reared from the tenderest infancy, as in its lap," etc. I do not regard this as either a philosophical, or the Christian method to bring such men to repentance. It really looks like hunting up excuses for their nefarious conduct! At least, they will not be slow to regard them as palliatives for defacing the image of God, and transforming human beings into cattle and creeping things. God, in calling individuals and nations to repentance, never tells them, *in limine*, how unfortunate they have been, and how trying is their situation; but He always takes it for granted that they are without excuse, and calls upon them to break off their sins by righteousness without delay. The "Address" speaks of the circumstances thrown around the Southern man-thief (*you* will pardon me for using "plain language," though I am not a member of the Society of Friends), as "leading them to believe it lawful and *right* to hold their fellow-creatures in unconditional bondage." They believe no such thing; they never did, they never can believe it! What! talk of those who "hold these truths to be SELF-EVIDENT; that all men are

created EQUAL ; that they are endowed BY THEIR CREATOR with certain INALIENABLE RIGHTS ; that among these are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness ; ” talk of such believing it “ lawful and right ” to trade in slaves, and souls of men, to keep back the hire of the laborer by fraud, to hold their fellow-beings in chains and slavery !! It is all moonshine, and can *never* melt ice.

My dear friend, Edward Needles, is somewhat disturbed by a resolution, which was lately adopted by the Anti-Slavery Society at Lynn, severely censuring the Friends, as a body in the United States, for their timidity and indifference in relation to the Anti-Slavery cause. The Lord forbid that I should accuse them of what they are not guilty ; but, while I am willing to make many honorable exceptions, I am nevertheless constrained to rank them among the corrupt sects of the age.

I have scarcely left room to say how delighted I am to learn that you and James are soon to embark for England, in order to be at the “ World’s Convention.” My heart leaped at the intelligence ; for I could not be reconciled to the thought that you were to remain behind. I have only to regret that I shall not be able to go over in the same packet with you both ; but duty requires me to be at the annual meeting of the Parent Society, which is pregnant with good or evil to our sacred cause. It will be a trying occasion, but I think the right will prevail. A most afflictive change has come over the views and feelings of some of our old friends and co-workers : especially in regard to myself personally ; whom they seem now to hate and despise, more than they once apparently loved and honored. My peace and happiness, however, are derived from God, in whom I live and shall rejoice evermore : therefore, it is, it will ever be, in my estimation, a small thing to be judged of man’s judgment.

It is somewhat uncertain, whether I shall go to England, because it is impossible to foresee what may transpire at

the New York m<sup>s</sup>, but it is my intention to go, if practicable.

My best regards to James, and to all your children — in which my dear wife cordially unites.

Heaven bless and preserve you!

Your grateful friend, WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

The health of Lucretia Mott at this time was much broken, and her condition at times so critical, that it seemed as if life could not be continued much longer. It was hoped that the sea-voyage might prove beneficial. She had naturally a strong constitution, but was careless of herself, and continually overtaxed her strength; sometimes it seemed as if the frail body could not keep pace with her amazing mental activity and enthusiasm; but it was seen afterwards that this spiritual vitality was the sustaining influence of her long life. To her indomitable spirit, each fresh field of labor called her imperatively to renewed exertion, and she welcomed the mission to England accordingly. No mere trip for health would have tempted her to leave home. Owing to severe pecuniary losses, it might have been difficult for her and her husband to bear the expense of this journey, had not a kind friend, and distant relative, sent them the generous gift of a sum of money, with the following cordial note. This thoughtful attention was the more gratefully valued, because of the sympathy and appreciation it evinced, at a time when friends were growing fewer and fewer, and the difficult way was being made more difficult, by studied neglect and unkindness.

DEAR FRIEND, LUCRETIA MOTT, — Understanding thou hast an appointment to attend the World's Convention, if



it suits thy views, and thou feels it thy duty to go, I am aware many necessities must be provided for thy comfort on shipboard, and elsewhere, and being desirous of contributing thereto, the annexed is offered for thy use ; and I hope thou wilt feel no hesitation in appropriating it, excusing the liberty I have taken. The undertaking may appear formidable, but in performing an act of duty, I have no doubt hard things will be made easy. And if anything can possibly be done to ameliorate the condition of the poor suffering slaves, it cannot fail of yielding peace and consolation to every feeling mind.

My time is limited to a very short space, or I would not send thee such a sad looking scrip.

With love and good wishes, thy very affectionate cousin,  
ELIZABETH RODMAN.

From the answer I quote only that part in direct acknowledgment, the rest not being pertinent.

. . . I feel regret for the delay in acknowledging the letter containing thy generous offer, and hope thou wilt not attribute it to any indifference on our part, for we are sensibly impressed by thy kindness. I am far from feeling that my almost worn-out efforts are worthy thy estimate of them ; — and yet I would not undervalue any power bestowed for the advocacy of human freedom ; and while life and strength enable, my ardent nature prompts me to work on, well rewarded in the evidence that the labor is not in vain. . . .

Many at the present day may wonder, that it was possible thus to receive assistance without feeling under too heavy an obligation ; but customs and circumstances then were very different from ours now ; and perhaps, in the absorbed and devoted life of an abolitionist, there was small chance for fictitious pride. Reformers were used to helping, and being



helped ; and although it seldom came to the lot of my grandparents to be helped, they had that true humility of spirit which could receive, as well as give. It was very likely easier in this case, from the fact that they belonged to a Society, in which it was not an unusual proceeding to furnish means to enable Friends to accomplish their religious journeys ; indeed, the Discipline provides that “ when the concern of a Friend for the performance of a religious visit . . . is united with, . . . that the monthly meeting do carefully examine and see that the service may not be impeded, or the individual improperly burthened, for want of requisite means to defray the expenses of such a journey.”

Another friend, Joseph Warner, of Philadelphia, also contributed liberally toward this journey. About a year afterwards, James Mott, feeling better satisfied to consider his contribution a loan, returned the amount ; but the next day it was sent back, with this note : “ J. W. considers the money was well expended, and does not feel easy to receive it.”

In addition to their credentials as regular delegates from the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, they were given a certificate from the “ Association of Friends for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery,” signed by many prominent members, and a “ minute ” from the Monthly Meeting to which they belonged. This was given voluntarily by the meeting, without their “ opening their prospect ” as a religious concern. It showed their standing in the Society of Friends, and stated that Lucretia Mott was an approved minister ; but it was not expected, whatever might be their *status* at home, that any certificate from their meeting would give them place with the

Orthodox Friends in England. Care was promptly taken by the Orthodox party in Philadelphia to notify Friends in England of the proposed visit, with the information that James and Lucretia Mott were not in unity with them. This was a wholly unnecessary trouble, for no attempt to obtrude themselves, or to pass for other than they were, was contemplated. Nevertheless, during their sojourn in Great Britain, some Friends felt very uneasy, — and, as will be seen in Lucretia Mott's diary, given in the next chapter, — embraced every opportunity to express disunity with the "heretics," and to warn the "true fold" of their erring sinfulness. This duty once performed, however, there was a general disposition to show civility to the strangers. Indeed, their company was so much sought after, and the attentions they received from many sources were so absorbing, that they had no regrets or disappointments to feel because of any social omissions, or the neglect of that sectarian recognition to which they had laid no claim.

While in England, Lucretia Mott, for the first and only time, kept a diary ; probably with the intention of writing out in full at some future time the incidents of so interesting a visit. In her busy life that time never came, and the diary remains the brief, disjointed account it was originally. While in some parts we wish for further detail, and in others might be satisfied with less, as a whole it is so characteristic of the writer, that it is given here, with very few omissions.

## CHAPTER VII.

### DIARY.

WE sailed from New York, 5<sup>th</sup> mo. 7<sup>th</sup>, 1840, in the fine packet ship Roscoe, Capt. Huttleston, a quiet commander, and very kind. Our company was Henry and Mary Grew, Sarah Pugh, Abby Kimber, Eliz<sup>th</sup> J. Neall, Isaac Winslow and daughter Emily, Abby Southwick, and George Bradburn. Among the thirty-two cabin passengers, Henry Morley of London, Arthur Biggs of York, and Frederick A. Whitewell of Boston, were most companionable. Much time was passed in the round-house, and on the sides of the ship, watching the billowy deep, and looking afar for sails. Much interesting conversation on slavery with West Indians, particularly a Dr. M'Knaught; on theology, with sectarians; and on politics, with tories and haters of O'Connell. No conversions; "bread cast upon the waters." Isaac Winslow, beloved of all, in his abundant kindness, distributed freely from his supplies of oranges, lemons, soda, and other comforts and luxuries. E. Neall, the life of our company, and favorite of the Captain. Meeting on First-day. Father Grew read and preached. Some additional remarks well received.<sup>1</sup>

5<sup>th</sup> mo. 28<sup>th</sup>. — Landed at Liverpool, and went to the Adelphi Hotel. Lodging rooms nice, with curtained beds, and night-caps provided for gentlemen. Many things different from what we had seen before. Tea always made at table, with urn of water generally, or else a small tea-kettle in the fire-place, with a heater in it; dry toast always

<sup>1</sup> Undoubtedly made by herself. It is noticeable that she mentions herself throughout the diary in this obscure way.

in a rack. Walked out, and admired all but the brick buildings, which, rough and black, are inferior to ours. Police officers at every turn, always civil and ready to direct strangers. William Rathbone and wife called, and engaged us to tea. E. Wilson also invited us to his country place, which kindness we had not time to accept. James Martineau and J. Townsend also called. In going from Liverpool to Chester, when crossing the Mersey in the ferry-boat, a man inquired if that "*old lady*" had crossed the Atlantic! . . . Top of coach to Chester. . . . Outside seats to Manchester, passing fine country seats, and extensive artificial forests.

*First-day, 31<sup>st</sup>.* — Went to Friends' Meeting; silent; a handsome house with nice benches, all cushioned. Friends wearing high bonnets, and veils. Afternoon at the Sunday School at Isaac Crewdson's church, where the children are instructed in the importance of baptism, and supper, and orthodox faith. Accepted invitation to tea with John Cockburn and wife, and went with them to evening meeting; Isaac Crewdson, pastor, with two assistants. After a short silence and prayer, a chapter was read from Luke, followed by a sermon by Isaac Crewdson; then silence, prayer, and benediction. The house is built after the manner of Friends, but more ornamented, having maple benches with green cushions and footstools, and the floor carpeted with coarse India matting, as in most meeting houses we saw. The gallery is small, designed for only five or six, to the exclusion of women. Some Friends in England are also of the opinion that women would not be called to that office, if men were faithful to their vocation; and these claim to be the legitimate descendants of George Fox and his noble and worthy cotemporaries! Isaac Crewdson invited us to go home and sup with him; gave us books explanatory of their tenets, and treated us kindly and charitably. We respected their zeal and sincerity, while we mourned such a declension from the simplicity of the faith of the Society of Friends.

6<sup>th</sup> mo. 1<sup>st</sup>, *Second-day*. — William Nield called, and provided a guide to the cotton factories, where the women and children looked better than we expected to find them. Women earn 9s. a week; girls from 3s. to 6s.; men, 16s. Visited some of their homes, which seemed quite comfortable. . . .

We learned that Mary S. Lloyd was going to Wales, and would not be at the Convention, which is a disappointment, as she was the first to suggest the formation of Female Anti-Slavery societies in America. William Harrold called; was kind and polite in giving us directions how to proceed on our journey. . . .

2<sup>nd</sup>, *Third-day*. — Coach to Warwick, twenty miles. Visited the Hospital of the Twelve Brethren; a bequest of long standing, originally for soldiers, but now for tradesmen, uniformed, dressed up like gentlemen, living in idleness on the labor of others; miscalled charity. A pleasant kitchen, where I sat some time admiring the old furniture like Grandfather Folger's; three-cornered chairs, large andirons, jack for roasting, large bellows, pipe box, iron and brass candlesticks, &c. . . .

3<sup>rd</sup>, *Fourth-day*. — To Warwick Castle. . . . Rode to Kenilworth; ruins indeed! more interesting to the girls than to us. In my view, a "catch-penny." . . . Post-chaise to Woodstock, passing through a beautiful country. . . .

4<sup>th</sup>, *Fifth-day*. — Posted from Woodstock to Oxford to breakfast. Colleges and churches galore. . . . Oxford to Slough Railroad on top of coach; rail to Windsor, where a stranger recommended us to the "Crown" inn, clean, but not gratifying to pride. . . . Eton boys celebrating George III's birthday, a fête they are unwilling to give up. In the evening we saw beautiful fire-works on the Thames, thousands witnessing the scene.

5<sup>th</sup>, *Sixth-day*. — To the Castle, and through the magnificent apartments; thence to the chapel during morning ser-

vice. I could not understand the indistinct speaker; the boys' responses and chauntings, with banners waving over their heads, bordered on the ridiculous. It was war and the church united. . . . The cenotaph of the Princess Charlotte is most moving — most melancholy! . . . From Windsor to London, twenty miles, top of coach, our coachman communicative, and as we generally found them, more intelligent than ours in America. They are well-dressed, would-be gentlemen, seldom leaving their seats, and giving no assistance in changing horses.

We saw gypsies' carts, and a few of the "vagabond and useless tribe." Women in the fields weeding; others, with small children, gathering manure in their aprons and selling it in small quantities. The road was swept and scraped like our streets, and the walking so good that women may well walk five or six miles in the country without dread or fatigue. As we drew near London, we passed through places familiar to us by name, Brentford, Hounslow Heath, Kingsbridge, Piccadilly, Hyde Park, Charing Cross, Strand, Temple Bar, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's, Cheapside, gazing and admiring, till our coachman turned into Friday Lane, and up a dark court, where we dismounted in the rain at the "Saracen's Head," and were ushered into a dismal, dark, back room, — "and this," we exclaimed, "is London!" We did not rest until we found a more comfortable lodging, at Mark Moore's, No. 6 Queen St. Place, Southwark Bridge, Cheapside, where we met with many abolitionists, among whom a number from America, James G. Birney, H. B. Stanton and his niece Elizabeth, E. Galusha, Nathan<sup>1</sup> Colver, Wm. Knibb and W. Clark from Jamaica, two colored men, Barrett, and Beckford, and Samuel Prescod from Barbadoes.

*Seventh-day, 6<sup>th</sup>.* Joseph Sturge breakfasted with us, and begged our submission to the London Committee, acknowledging that he had received letters from America on the subject, and reading one from Thomas Clarkson. He



invited us to tea at the A. S. rooms, with such of the delegates as had arrived. We endeavored to show him the inconsistency of excluding women delegates, but we soon found he had prejudged, and made up his mind to act with our New-Organization, therefore all reasoning was lost upon him and our appeals made in vain. Elizabeth Pease<sup>1</sup> called, a fine, noble-looking young woman. The evening visit to the A. S. rooms was pleasant and interesting. It is a common practice in England when committees meet, to have a simple tea and invite company to join them, after which they appoint a chairman, and make the conversation general. Wm. A. Crewdson was chairman. Conversation on the expediency of continuing such conventions; inquired if their, as well as our, recent efforts were based on the duty of "immediate emancipation;" on being answered affirmatively, gave them to understand that this idea having originated with E. Heyrick, a woman, when the convention should be held in America, we should not contemplate the exclusion of women. Many spoke kindly to us, some responded "hear hear!" all were pleasant. Elizabeth Pease was the only female member present beside ourselves.

*First-day, 6<sup>th</sup> mo., 7<sup>th</sup>.* — Went to Grace Church St. meeting; no preaching; two hours' formal silence; none spoke to us. In the afternoon to St. Paul's; a pretty good sermon, but the service formal. It is a mockery for sensible, intelligent people to employ children to chant and make responses. . . . The Morgans of Birmingham and C. E. Lester called. . . .

*Second-day, 6<sup>th</sup> mo., 8<sup>th</sup>.* — Breakfasted at Joseph Pease's lodgings, in company with Professor Adam. Many callers. Tea at the A. S. rooms, where we were introduced to many whom we had not before met, Jonathan Backhouse, Josiah Forster and his brother Robert, Wm. Smeal, Wm. Ball, Anne Knight, George Alexander, George Thompson and others. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards wife of Dr. Nichol, the astronomer.

9<sup>th</sup>, *Third-day*. — George Thompson and Rob't. Douglass to breakfast. Wendell Phillips and wife called, and Cousin Starbuck. Dined at Jacob Post's. Evening party at Mark Moore's. W. D. Crewdson and Wm. Ball came with official information that women were to be rejected. . . .

*Fourth-day*, 10<sup>th</sup>. — Joseph Sturge, and Scales, called to endeavor to reconcile us to our fate. We called a meeting of women to protest, joined by Wm. Adam, Geo. Thompson, and Wendell Phillips. Tea again at A. S. rooms. Wm. Edward Forster very kind and attentive. The subjects of conversation were more diversified than usual, colonization, British India, etc. When free produce was introduced, some called on me to speak; replied, that we had been asked why we could not get the gentlemen to say for us all we wished, so now I would request Henry Grew or James Mott to speak for me; they insisted on my going on, so I gave some rubs on our proposed exclusion; cries of "hear! hear!" Offended C., who told me I should have been called to order if I had not been a woman.

*Fifth-day*, 11<sup>th</sup>. — Wm. Boulton and Wm. Edward Forster breakfasted with us. Met again about our exclusion, and agreed on the following protest: —

"The American Women Delegates from Penn<sup>a</sup> to the World's Convention, would present to the Com. of the British and Foreign A. S. Society their grateful acknowledgments for the kind attentions received by them since their arrival in London. But while as individuals they return thanks for these favors, as delegates from the bodies appointing them, they deeply regret to learn by a series of resolutions passed at a meeting of the Committee, bearing reference to credentials from the Massachusetts Society, that it is contemplated to exclude women from a seat in the Convention, as co-equals in the advocacy of Universal Liberty. The Delegates will duly communicate to their con-

stituents, the intimation which these resolutions convey ; in the mean time, they stand prepared to coöperate to any extent and in any form, consistent with their instructions, in promoting the just objects of the Convention, to whom it is presumed will belong the power of determining the validity of any claim to a seat in that body.

“On behalf of the Delegation,

“Very respectfully,

“6<sup>th</sup> mo. 11<sup>th</sup>, 1840.

“SARAH PUGH.”

*Sixth-day, 6<sup>th</sup> mo., 12<sup>th</sup>.* — The World’s Convention, alias the “Conference of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society,” assembled, with such guests as they chose to invite. We were kindly admitted behind the bar, politely conducted to our seats, and introduced to many whom we had not before met ; Dr. Bowring, William Ashurst, and a Mrs. Thompson, grand-daughter of Lady Middleton, who first suggested to Wilberforce some action in Parliament on slavery. I introduced William Forster to Sarah Pugh, as orthodox ; he begged there might be no allusion to differences between us, saying, “Thou touches me in a tender spot ; I remember thee with much affection in Baltimore in 1820.” The meeting was opened in a dignified manner, in silence, those who wished prayer being informed that the next room was appropriated to them. Thomas Clarkson’s entrance was deeply interesting, accompanied by his daughter-in-law, and her little son, his only remaining representative. He was received standing, and in silence ; when he had taken the chair, all resumed their seats, and a solemn pause of some minutes followed. Joseph Sturge then introduced him, briefly, but impressively.<sup>1</sup> . . . Most

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Clarkson, in his opening address, said : —

“I stand before you as a humble individual, whose life has been most intimately connected with the subject which you are met this day to consider. I was formerly, under Providence, the originator, and am now unhappily the only surviving member of the committee, which was first instituted in this country, in the year 1787, for the abolition of the slave-trade. My dear friend and fellow-laborer, Mr. Wilberforce, who was one

of the speeches being reported in the papers, renders it unnecessary to record any part here. . . .

The Friends present were nearly all opposed to women's admission. We were told that the secret of it was, that our coming had been announced in London Yearly Meeting, and that they were put on their guard against us, as not of their faith. . . .

*Seventh-day, 13<sup>th</sup>.*—Sat with the family during their worship, as was our practice, when not otherwise engaged. E. Galusha led the exercises, and in his prayer was rather personal, praying *at* us, rather than *for* us. He was replied to according to his deserts. These occasions sometimes furnished opportunity for explaining sentiments that had been misrepresented. Our host, Mark Moore, offered his services to get the use of a room belonging to their congregation ( Baptist ) for us to have a religious meeting in. He succeeded so far as to have some notice given, when some Friends, hearing of it, came forward and represented us in such manner as to induce them to withdraw the grant. The Unitarians then offered theirs, which we gladly accepted, and for which we were more than ever denounced. Dr. Hutton, of Carter Lane, kindly called to see us from Wm. Adam's recommendation. Jonathan Backhouse called to invite the orthodox part of our company to Samuel Gurney's the next day; would ask the others, but where there were young people present, they were afraid of our principles! . . . Meeting very interest-

of them, is, as you know, dead, and here I may say of him, that there never was a man, either dead or living, to whom your cause was more indebted, than to him. . . .

"My dear friends, I was invited, many months ago, to be at this meeting; but old age and infirmities, being lame and nearly blind, besides being otherwise seriously afflicted at other times, gave me no hope of attending. But I have been permitted to come among you, and I rejoice in it. . . . I can say with truth, that though my body is fast going to decay, my heart beats as warmly in this sacred cause, now in the eighty-first year of my age, as it did at the age of twenty-four, when I first took it up. And I can say further, with truth, that if I had another life given me to live, I would devote it to the same subject." . . .

ing; roll called, and titles given to the worthy and the unworthy. J. C. Fuller answered to his, "I'm no *squire*."

*First-day, 14<sup>th</sup>.* — Went to Devonshire House meeting. Rec<sup>d</sup> a note from Thomas Clarkson, addressed to the "American Ladies": —

MY DEAR FRIENDS, — Being very much indisposed to-day, and on that account obliged to leave London to-morrow for the country for a few days, where I can get a little ease and quiet, I should not like to take my departure without paying my personal respects to you, and acknowledging the obligations which our sacred cause owes to you for having so warmly taken it up, and protected it on your side of the water, against the attacks of its adversaries; and this in times of threatened persecution. We owe you also a debt of gratitude for having made the sacrifice of leaving your families and encountering the dangers of the ocean to serve it. If you will permit me, I will call upon you for half an hour for this purpose, and bring with me my daughter and little grandson.

I am, ladies, with the most cordial esteem and gratitude,  
your sincere friend, THOMAS CLARKSON.

Much preparation for him. He came attended by Joseph Sams, Anne Knight, and others. He made touching speeches to several; and when Elizabeth Neall was introduced as the grand-daughter of Warner Mifflin, he exclaimed with emotion, "Dear child! he was the first man who liberated his slaves unconditionally." A short address to him from the oldest delegate. J. Sams invited James and self to go home with them and sup with our venerable friend, but a previous engagement at Dr. Hutton's prevented. Calls from E. Reid and Julia Smith, friends of H. Martineau. . . .

*Second-day, 15<sup>th</sup>.* — Sir Eardly Wilmot introduced; first in parliament to oppose the apprenticeship, and the Hill



Cooley oppression. O'Connell, excellent and amusing, came to us ; thanked him for pleading our cause, but rejected complimentary speeches in lieu of robbed rights. . . . Dined at E. Reid's, with Julia Smith and Eliza Ashurst ; everything very nice. E. Reid manifested much sympathy with us in our exclusion. . . . Tea at Irish Friends' lodgings, Richard and Hannah Webb. Much interesting conversation. R. Webb and R. Allen walked home with us, two miles.

*Third-day, 16<sup>th</sup>.* — O'Connell made us another visit ; said he was not satisfied with the decision of the convention respecting us, whereupon he received a note asking for his sentiments, which he readily sent us.<sup>1</sup> Anne Knight introduced Wm. Martin, of Cork, who first influenced Father Matthew in the Temperance cause. It is gratifying that this important subject has begun to awaken wine-drinking England. Lunch at eating-house · large company. Tea at E. Reid's in company with Joshua Marriage, Anne Knight, John Keep, and William Dawes. Cabs and omnibuses a great convenience in this widely-extended city.

*Fourth-day, 17<sup>th</sup>.* — Heard that Garrison, Rogers, Remond, and Adams had arrived. Left the convention at two o'clock to go to a meeting of the Prison Society at Westminster ; house full of aristocracy and nobility, but not specially interesting, as we were losing that which was to us more so, at the convention. Elizabeth Fry gave an account of her

<sup>1</sup> TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P., — The rejected delegates from America to the "General Anti-Slavery Conference" are desirous to have the opinion of one of the most distinguished advocates of universal liberty, as to the reasons urged by the majority for their rejection, viz.: that the admission of women, being contrary to English usage, would subject them to ridicule, and that such recognition of their acknowledged principles would prejudice the cause of human freedom.

Permit me, then, on behalf of the delegation, to ask of Daniel O'Connell the favor of his sentiment, as incidentally expressed in the meeting on the morning of the 13th inst. It will oblige his sincere friend,

LUCRETIA MOTT.

LONDON, Sixth mo., 17th, 1840.

For O'Connell's reply, see Appendix, p. 471.



labors on the continent. She was unassuming, meek, and modest, but nothing very striking. She has done immense good to the poor prisoner. . . . At our lodgings met Wm. L. Garrison and party, "with joy and sorrow too." They had resolved not to enter the convention where we were excluded. We reasoned with them on the subject, but found them fixed. . . .

*Fifth-day, 18<sup>th</sup>.* — Present of flowers from Eliza A. Ashurst, and strawberries from Anne Knight. . . . Lady Byron at the meeting. I handed her my letter of introduction from George Combe. . . . Several went up to welcome Garrison and party, and some tried to introduce them to our new-organized meeting, but were hushed. Wendell Phillips tried to read their credentials, but was put down with a kind of promise that he should have a hearing the next day.

*Sixth-day, 19<sup>th</sup>.* — Wendell Phillips again tried to introduce Garrison and company, without success; some angry debate. We all felt discouraged. Joseph Sturge came to us, — doubted whether the ladies could have a meeting; it was feared other subjects would be introduced, and he partook of that fear. We are much disappointed to find so little independent action on the part of women. . . .

*Seventh-day, 20<sup>th</sup>.* — Amelia Opie stopped us to speak as we went into the meeting, and said, "You are held in high estimation, and have raised yourselves by coming." Lady Byron sat upstairs with Garrison and Remond, conversing freely with the latter. . . . The convention was not disposed to entertain the British India question, though many had something to say on it. Colver made a speech betraying his want of confidence in moral power, depending too much on appeals to avarice, and holding, that with the slaveholder, all else would be powerless. Many were unsound on abstinence from slave produce. J. Crewdson used to be particular, until he considered that if all should do so, the Manchester mills must stop, and the people starve;

so forthwith he let fall his testimony, and now aids in perpetuating our slavery, lest his own countrymen should have to seek other business. I. Price, of Wales, once so zealous as to have the cotton linings taken out of his vests, and to deny himself of many sweets, etc., all at once found he might be carried too far, so he sagely concluded to immerse his conscience to the full in slave-gotten goods. Then N. Colver told how tender he *once* was on the subject; how he had gathered his little ones about him, and explained to them the cruelty and wickedness of such participancy, and such was the effect of his fatherly labors that those children could n't have been hired to touch a sugar-plum or a cake! when he too discovered self-denial was not easy, and gave it up, leaving his children full latitude in the gain of oppression. Geo. Bradburn too, from whom we might have expected better things, added his arguments to the wrong side; and all the comfort we had, was in beholding how weak they all were. Plainly as all this sophistry might have been exposed, the weak and flimsy arguments were suffered to pass almost unanswered. Henry Grew was not in the meeting at this time. Chas. Stuart's mind was swallowed up in the littleness of putting down woman; James Mott, discouraged, took little interest in the proceedings of the convention. Nathaniel Colver then for the first time sallied forth to our bar, saying, "Now, if the spirit moves you to speak on this subject, say on, — you will be *allowed* to say what you wish." Out of the abundance of a full heart, and an indignant spirit, here might words have been uttered! But if the Psalmist withheld his mouth even from good when the wicked were before him, even so now! . . . Our Free Produce Society will have to double their diligence, and do their own work; and so must American abolitionists generally, and especially *women*. George Bradburn afterwards confessed that he said what he did, more to bring out others than in full persuasion of the truth of his arguments, expecting a glare of light to be thrown on the subject by several present.

Dined at J. and A. Braithwait's lodgings in company with Garrison, Rogers, whom I like better and better, and others. The Braithwaits, though not in full unity with the measures of the British and Foreign Society, were very open and kind, and more liberal to us than we expected. Returning to the meeting, met Lady Byron in the entry; she had called on us and left her address. Wm. Boulton's speech was good, as principle was dwelt upon rather than expediency; "the highest expediency is to act from principle." H. B. S. not so strong in confidence in moral power as desirable. Elizabeth Stanton gaining daily in our affections. . . .

*First-day, 6<sup>th</sup> mo., 21<sup>st</sup>.* — Went to meeting with Susan Hutton, who called for us, and heard her husband preach very well. Went in two cabs to William Ashurst's to dine; met there Jas. and Elizabeth Pease, Harriet Martineau's mother and brother, Dr. Epps, homœopathic, and very liberal, and William and Mary Howitt; a visit full of interest and delight. . . .

*Second-day, 22<sup>nd</sup>.* — Could no longer have the use of Free Mason's Hall. Met in Friends' Meeting-House, Grace Church St. Front seat upstairs appropriated to "rejected delegates;" did n't like being so shut out from the members.

In the evening at our lodgings there was much discussion on the protest.<sup>1</sup> J. Scoble acknowledged that he brought the word from America about the appointment of women; much said and felt. Wendell Phillips took an active part, as did his whole-souled wife. Wm. Edward Forster suggested alterations, aside; a noble young man; I like him very much. He often comes to our lodgings.<sup>2</sup>

*Third-day, 23<sup>rd</sup>.* — Last day of the Convention. Some

<sup>1</sup> A "protest against certain proceedings of the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and of the Convention," read on the last day of the Convention by Wendell Phillips, and signed by William Adam, Wendell Phillips, Jonathan P. Miller, Charles Edwards Lester, James Mott, George Bradburn, and Isaac Winslow.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Right Hon. W. E. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland.

excitement about the protest. We were honored with seats down stairs, so that we could hold conference with those who chose to come to us. Dined at Joseph Pease's with Wm. Boulton, who said he was on good terms with all on theological points, as he never asked their opinions, and never told his own. . . . Protest offered. Colver boldly and impudently moved that it be laid on the table. Wm. Scales made excellent closing remarks, that although on some subjects they had had conflicting sentiments, dividing them "distinct as the billows," yet he believed there was unity enough in our common cause to make us again "one as the sea;" and so the Convention closed!

*Fourth-day, 24<sup>th</sup>.* — Exeter Hall meeting under the direction of British and Foreign Soc<sup>y</sup>. Com. Women delegates excluded from this too, altho' a seat of honor was provided; Duke of Sussex in the chair. Joseph Sturge announced him; "did n't wish to prevent the usual expression for his Royal Highness," but when Thomas Clarkson entered, begged they would not receive him in that way. E. Fry and Duchess of Sutherland were introduced with much clapping, and taken to front seats on the platform, which seemed rather inconsistent, after their repudiating "such exposure of ladies." Elizabeth Fry afterwards apologized for her conspicuous seat. I told her it was just the seat she ought to occupy in a *Prison Meeting*, and there was no objection to it in this one, only as showing the inconsistency of our opponents. Very interesting meeting. Guizot, the French ambassador, translated by Dr. Bowring, very good.

Tea at Crown and Anchor; the closing scene of abolitionists! We were informed on entrance, that it was a more liberal meeting than any we had had, under the management of the abolitionists of England, Ireland, and Scotland united. The company was very large, the preparations simple, as these soirées are generally understood to be for moral and intellectual purposes, or political, as

the case may be. I was pleased that there was not much catering to the animal appetite. After tea, cups, etc., are removed, a chairman is appointed, the company all keeping their seats, and a subject being proposed, speakers are called on one by one, or if any one has any remarks to make, liberty is readily granted by the chair. Here were about four hundred present, at three tables running the length of the room, the fourth across the "top," in the centre of which, Wm. D. Crewdson sat as chairman. The speakers were J. G. Birney, H. B. Stanton, Wm. L. Garrison, C. L. Remond, Campbell, Gov. of Sierra Leone, and G. Thompson. A paper was sent up saying, "L. M. is confidently expected to make the next speech." She was therefore called on. The president announced her, when J. Scoble, who had a choice in her not thus "exposing" herself, stood and requested to make some explanation of Gov. Campbell's speech, as "*that was of importance.*" His request was drowned by cries of, "No! no! Mrs. Mott!" so she had to inform them that she would endeavor to occupy but little time. She was patiently heard; and no further explanation was then begged by friend S.<sup>1</sup> Many introductions were made; and the Crown and Anchor soir  e ended satisfactorily.

Received a letter from Harriet Martineau, in which she thus writes : —

<sup>1</sup> My wife embraced the opportunity to give her views on the subject of the use of the produce of slavery, which were listened to with attention, and apparently well received. In the course of her remarks, she mentioned the example and faithfulness of some members of the Society of Friends in this respect, without mentioning any names. Josiah Forster could not allow this allusion to pass unnoticed; and when she closed, he began to speak, by saying that he "felt conscientiously bound to inform the company, and he did so with no other than feelings of kindness, that Lucretia Mott," — when he had proceeded so far, it was perceived that he was about to disclaim religious fellowship with her, and a general burst of disapprobation was manifested by cries of "down! down! order! order! shame!" but he finished his avowal amidst the confusion, though very few heard what he said. As soon as he had made his speech, he left the room. — JAMES MOTT.



MY DEAR FRIEND, — I cannot be satisfied without sending you one line of sympathy and love. I think much of you amidst your present trials, and much indeed have I thought of you and your cause since we parted.<sup>1</sup> May God strengthen and comfort you! It is a comfort to me in my absence, that two of my best friends, Mrs. Reid and Julia Smith, are there to look upon you with eyes of love. I hear of you from them; for, busy as they are, they remember me from day to day, and make me a partaker in your proceedings. If you and Mr. Mott *should* be coming near this way, how joyful it would make me to see you! I am too unwell to offer more than a few hours a day of intercourse with any one, but love from my heart I do offer you. Dear friend, it is doubtless a disappointment to us both that we have not met; but if we cannot do so, we can, I hope, bear it cheerfully. Though ill, I suffer little. I should suffer greatly if I thought my friends were uneasy for me. Yet I cannot but grieve for you in the heart sickness which you must have experienced this last week. We must trust that the spirit of Christ will in time enlarge the hearts of those who claim his name; that the whites as well as the blacks, will in time be free. With kindest regards to Mr. Mott, and remembrances to Miss Pugh, I am yours affectionately, HARRIET MARTINEAU.

*Fifth day, 25<sup>th</sup>.* — Visited the Borough Road School, by invitation of Robert Forster, who was there to receive and explain to us. The boys are well instructed, but the girls too much confined to sewing. . . . Went to Tottenham to tea at William Ball's with a large company: Elizabeth Fry, Countess of Brunswick, Amelia Opie, Isaac and Ann Braithwait and daughter, William Allen, George Stacey, Jonathan Backhouse, Elizabeth Pease, Anne Knight, and many more beside all our company. Everything was in style, with servants in livery. Tea was handed.

<sup>1</sup> In Philadelphia, several years before.



After much conversation and a short reading of Scripture, way was opened by William Ball for any one to speak who had a wish to. Elizabeth Fry asked if that included women, whereon G. Stacey essayed to limit the license given, but William replied, "No, I cannot do it." He had been remarkably kind during the Convention, and when he invited us to his house, said, "I wish you to understand that tho' we differ materially on what I consider very important points, yet my heart goes out towards you in much affection." He gave a short address, then William L. Garrison spoke at length, very well; and Elizabeth Fry followed in prayer, that our mission might be blessed in breaking the fetters of the poor captive, but above all blessed in bringing us to the unsearchable riches of Christ. . . .

*Sixth day, 26<sup>th</sup>.* — British Museum. There is so much to see that the eye is wearied, nor could we keep together. I slept while the others looked. . . .

*Seventh, 27<sup>th</sup>.* Stayed at home and wrote. Rec<sup>d</sup>. books and a note from Lady Byron. Call from Samuel Gurney to make arrangements for a visit to them. . . .

A stiff company of Anti-Slavery ladies at our lodgings, a poor affair. We find little confidence in woman's action either separately or conjointly with men, except as drudges. . . .

*Second day, 29<sup>th</sup>.* — Two hours at Haydon's.<sup>1</sup> . . .

Called on Lady Byron, and talked with her of our views of woman, as we had been misrepresented. She told us we were to have the company of the Duchess of Suther-

<sup>1</sup> B. R. Haydon, the celebrated historical painter, was employed by some members of the Convention to "make a sketch" of the scene of the opening day, and for that purpose, had sittings from various persons. It is amusing to read in his autobiography the following mention of this particular sitter.

"29<sup>th</sup>. — Lucretia Mott, the leader of the delegate women from America, sat. I found her out to have infidel notions, and resolved at once, narrow minded or not, not to give her the prominent place I first intended. I will reserve that for a beautiful believer in the Divinity of Christ." He afterward painted a portrait of her for the Duchess of Sutherland.

land and daughter that day at Samuel Gurney's, and she hoped we would talk with the daughter, as she was an uncommon girl, only sixteen. . . . At two o'clock seven carriages were sent to take all our American company to Samuel Gurney's, a pleasant ride of five or six miles. It is called Ham House, and has a beautiful park, with grass soft as velvet, where a tent was erected in case the house should overflow. T. F. Buxton, wife and children were there, E. Fry and husband and son, the Braithwaits, Forsters, and many more, including the Duchess of Sutherland and daughter, and Lord Morpeth; much fuss when they arrived in a coach and four grays, with outriders, and six servants in livery. Samuel Gurney introduced the daughter,<sup>1</sup> and proposed her walking with L. Mott. After all were coupled and arranged, we paraded about the lawn awhile, then stood in a group, and heard S. Gurney read a letter from the Marquis of Westminster, on the Convention, British India, the cotton trade, etc., which elicited some remarks that were listened to with attention, though startling in the beginning. . . . Fifty sat down to the table, a cold collation, except the fish and soup and vegetables. E. Fry asked a blessing. Conversation was free and pleasant during the meal, after which S. Gurney made a short speech expressive of his satisfaction at having so many American guests, followed by Wm. L. G., J. G. B., H. B. S., T. F. Buxton, and others. Made me the offer; declined. I was honored with a seat at his right hand, Ann Braithwait at the left. He invited the young people to help themselves to wine; gently reproved for it; bore it well. Many more joined at tea, which was served in the drawing-room, as is the invariable custom in England. Everything went off very well, and we shall long remember the visit. Had some talk with Josiah Forster, relative to the difference of views between London Yearly Meeting

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards the Duchess of Argyle, and mother of twelve children, the oldest one of whom, the Marquis of Lorne, married the Princess Louise.

Friends and those of us in America who had not suffered ourselves to be led about with diverse and strange doctrines. Breakfasted that morning with James Haughton and two daughters, from Dublin. His father was disowned for countenancing Hannah Barnard.<sup>1</sup> I like to meet with those who have suffered for their liberal views of Christianity.

*Third-day, 30<sup>th</sup>.* — Letter from William Howitt,<sup>2</sup> expressive of his dissatisfaction at the decision of the Convention on the woman question, and his admiration of the noble course pursued by Garrison. Calls from Robert Owen, R. R. Moore, Turnbull, and Dr. Madden; Meeting at Carter Lane; reporter employed, to our sorrow. Went afterward to Dr. Beattie's, where we found a large company of abolitionists and intellectual persons, among whom a French gentleman of distinction.

On returning to our lodgings found a note from Thomas Clarkson's daughter-in-law, enclosing his autograph for each of our company, and alluding to the evening of their call on the "American Ladies" with much feeling. She says, "That evening I shall never forget; and bowed down as I was in my *inmost* spirit by the recollection of the missing link between grandfather and grandson, and by a glimpse of the uncertain future as it regarded my precious boy, I could not but catch the warmth of the enthusiasm around me, and felt that if wisdom and strength were given to me from above, my greatest earthly solace would be to train the dear child of him who was dearer to me than my own existence, in the upward path, which, though oftentime toilsome, leads through Infinite mercy to eternal glory."

*Fourth-day, 7<sup>th</sup> mo. 1<sup>st</sup>.* — Dined at E. Reid's with Lady Byron. Wm. L. Garrison, N. P. Rogers, Remond, Dr. Hutton and wife, and many others to tea. Much conversation on housekeeping, neglect of families, and woman's

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, p. 477.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, p. 474.

proper sphere ; a very pleasant visit. Invited by Lady Byron to visit her school. . . .

*Fifth-day, 2<sup>nd</sup>.* — Went to Lady Byron's according to appointment, and saw Lady Lovelace and her three sweet children ; then went with her to her school, five miles out of London. On the way we had much talk about Unitarians. She expressed herself as not quite satisfied with any sect, but had often thought Quaker and Unitarian would suit her, and that an advantage would arise from visits to other places of worship. Her remarks were sensible, and showed dignity of character and Christian simplicity. Her school is to try the experiment of manual labor, and is answering well. Addressed the children ; teacher expressed unity. On our way home, we called to see Mrs. Jamieson, and talked of slavery and other subjects. Lady Byron left me at Amelia Opie's, where I found a large company, Countess of Brunswick, William Ball, R. Robbins and L. Rand, E. Pease, Anne Knight, and a host of Americans. . . .

*Sixth-day, 3<sup>rd</sup>.* — Breakfasted at Dr. Bowring's in the house of Mills the historian, overlooking Milton's garden, and the house of Jeremy Bentham ; several rooms lined with books and curiosities. Much talk on war in general. He has a sensible wife and nine children, the eldest daughter very clever. Thence to Haydon's to finish the picture. Thence to Chelsea to visit Thomas Carlyle, with whom the conversation was not very satisfactory. He was anti-abolition, or rather, his sympathies were absorbed in the poor at home, their own poverty and slavery. Disappointed in him.<sup>1</sup> . . .

*Seventh-day, 4<sup>th</sup>.* — Note from Lady Byron, asking us to take an engraving to Dr. Channing, which she wished to send as a mark of her "grateful regard," adding, "I say *grateful*, because his writings have done good to more than one of those whom I love best."

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Carlyle subsequently told George Bradburn that her husband "was much pleased with the Quaker lady — Mrs. Mott — whose quiet manner had a soothing effect on him." — *Memorial of George Bradburn*, p. 104.

*First-day, 5<sup>th</sup>.*—Meeting; good sermon; dined at Muswell Hill, William Ashurst's home, with R. Owen, Wm. L. G., N. P. Rogers, Dr. Epps, and others. Talk, of paying priests' demands, and military fines; not quite satisfied with Wm. L. G.'s views. William Ashurst gave an interesting account of his efforts to establish the penny postage law. He has enlarged views. . . .

*Second-day, 6<sup>th</sup>.*—British India meeting, not so large as we hoped. Sir Charles Forbes in the chair. Wendell Phillips made his best speech. Met Lady Byron for the last time; parting expressions not soon forgotten. Left at four o'clock to go three or four miles out of London to dine at Cousin Starbuck's. . . .

*Third-day, 7<sup>th</sup>.*— . . . Parted with several of our company, who went to Paris. . . . Meeting in the evening at Carter Lane. . . .

*Fourth-day, 8<sup>th</sup>.*—Walked three miles to Dr. Hutton's to breakfast, and thence went to an infant school, taught by Pestalozzi with an owl; children very attentive. . . .

*Fifth-day, 9<sup>th</sup>.*—E. Pease, George Thompson, Col. Miller, Dr. Hutton, and others called. . . . Tea at Dr. Bowring's, where we met Villiers, liberal member of House of Commons; also Dyer, author of popular hymns, old and blind, but very cheerful, and his wife whom he married at seventy. The evening passed pleasantly, with talk of Eastern customs. Dr. Bowring is familiar with twenty languages. His speech in the Convention was very interesting, going to show a nice sense of justice and religious principle existing in the East; "When Christianity comes recommended by its benevolence as well as its creeds, it will recommend itself to all." He is well acquainted with George Combe, and respects him much. G. Bradburn and Villiers walked home with us, two miles, and tried to persuade us to go to France. . . .

*Sixth-day, 10<sup>th</sup>.*—George Thompson to breakfast. Interview with C. E. Lester, Prof. Adam, Robert Forster, Eliz-



abeth Pease, and others. J. Scoble called about the protest, and spake unadvisedly with his lips to Garrison. Tea at William Ashurst's, Muswell Hill. Met Mrs. Saxton and Fanny Wade. A delightful evening; went into their nice kitchen and buttery.

*Seventh-day, 11<sup>th</sup>.* — Dr. Hutton called to take leave, bringing us letters of introduction to his parents and friends in Dublin. Calls also from Elizabeth Pease, Robert Forster, George Bradburn, and others. . . .

Railroad to Birmingham, where we were met by William Boulton, and McDonald, the Catholic priest, who was introduced to us in London. He now went with us to our kind friend Boulton's, and renewed his offer of the use of a room for a meeting. William Morgan called. . . .

*First-day, 12<sup>th</sup> of 7<sup>th</sup> mo.* — William Boulton called on Hugh Hutton, and introduced us and our mission; cordially received. Went to Catholic meeting and heard McDonald deliver a good practical discourse, with nonsensical forms, — low mass or high mass, — and sacrament. When we called on him afterwards, found him eating breakfast, he having fasted all the morning. In the evening heard George Harris, of Glasgow, by Hugh Hutton's invitation. He was good, but in manner not so easy as McDonald, who preaches extempore.

*Second-day, 13<sup>th</sup>.* — Rose at four o'clock, to write home. Joseph Sturge and sister called to invite us to breakfast. Dined at home with McDonald and H. Hutton; wine on table, which led to much talk. Went to a soirée under a new chapel, built by working men. Some four hundred present; simple tea of sandwiches, etc. George Harris gave an excellent discourse, followed by McDonald, Wm. Boulton, and others. Resolutions were then offered by Hugh Hutton, welcoming us, and inviting us to take part. Separated at eleven, all delighted. Walked with Hugh Hutton, a congenial mind.

*Third-day, 14<sup>th</sup> of 7<sup>th</sup> mo.* — Breakfasted at Morgan's.



William Boulton waited on us to a Unitarian Charity School for girls, designed to make good servants; a nice, well-ventilated house, in neat order, but the girls too much confined to sewing, and not taught enough beyond reading, writing, and a little figuring. Thence to the new Cathedral, where we met the priest, Abbott, an intelligent man, but no reformer like McDonald. He likes old forms, would be quiet as to abuses, and submit to the "powers that be." Opposed him; disliked their rearing such costly edifices, which he, in turn, defended. A stranger present, listening, united "with all the lady said," and would like to know her name, and where from. Went to Town Hall, and heard an excellent lecture from George Harris on capital punishment, High Bailiff presiding. Our friend Morgan united with him, and L. M. asked to offer resolutions thanking him, which being declined, she made a few remarks; cheered; so much for English usage. . . .

During the rapid journey that followed, through Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Belfast, and Glasgow, the diary is merely a skeleton record, too disjointed for reproduction. But there is frequent and grateful mention of the "generous hospitality extended" by Irish friends. Only a few extracts can be made.

*Dublin, Fifth-day, 23<sup>rd</sup>.* — James Haughton's daughters called in their car, and took us to Joseph Hutton's, father of Dr. Hutton, of London. He was not at home, but his wife, a fine old lady, received us kindly. We walked around their beautiful garden, and feasted on gooseberries. Afterwards had lunch of bread and butter, baked apples (last year's), milk and cream, and buttermilk, all in antique style, and with real Irish hospitality. . . .

*First-day, 26<sup>th</sup> of 7<sup>th</sup> mo.* — Went to Friends' Meeting. A large house, with high galleries; only two men and one woman in the upper gallery. Broke their silence, after

sitting more than an hour, and was listened to quietly ; <sup>1</sup> followed by a prayer from a woman, the only minister of that meeting, that they might be preserved from a state of lukewarmness. . . . Rode three miles out of town in an outside car to Greenmount, James Webb's residence, a large house, in good taste, with a fine garden, where we dined in company with Wm. Dawes, Rich<sup>d</sup> Webb and wife, Thomas and Mary Webb, Rich<sup>d</sup> and Ann Allen, James Haughton, and Charles Corkran.

*Second-day, 27<sup>th</sup>.* — Visited Thomas Irwin's school, formerly National, but as the Catholics would not have the Bible introduced, another was established. Commented on girls' education, as contrasted with boys', — the latter forward in arithmetic, while girls are kept at sampler work, stitching, and other nonsense; no blackboard drawings or problems for them. The rod is dispensed with, and they are trying to give up all punishments since our talk at Richard Webb's. From there to the large National school; same objections as in others, as respects girls. R. Allen took us in his car to the Mendicity. . . .

*Third-day, 28<sup>th</sup>.* — Rode with J. Haughton's daughters around the beautiful Park. Dined at Joseph Hutton's with Dr. Drummond and others. . . .

*Fourth-day, 29<sup>th</sup>.* — Wm. L. Garrison and N. P. Rogers arrived; walked a mile along the quay to meet them, and passed the morning delightfully with them at Richard Webb's. . . . Took leave of all our dear friends.

*Fifth-day, 30<sup>th</sup>.* — Left Dublin, on top of coach, for Belfast; very rapid driving. Passed miserable huts, and poor villages, with wretched looking people, mostly barefoot.

*Sixth-day, 31<sup>st</sup>.* — Breakfast at Wm. Bell's, editor of the "Irish Friend." Dined at Wm. Webb's. Took steamboat to Glasgow. . . .

*Seventh-day, 8<sup>th</sup> mo. 1<sup>st</sup>.* — Arrived in Glasgow at twelve

<sup>1</sup> A Friend afterward told James Mott that "he expected every minute Lucretia would be requested to sit down."

o'c., and stopped at McFarlane's Temperance House, Argyle St. Lodged across the street, "3 stairs up," as is the common direction at the entrance of the court; lower floor used for shops. Fewer omnibuses and more people walking than in any city we have yet been in. Barefoot women drawing hand-barrows heavily laden, or carrying heavy burdens on their backs.

*First-day, 8<sup>th</sup> mo. 2<sup>nd</sup>.* — Attended Friends' Meeting; quite small. Some strangers there, from England; one, in supplication; the other, tedious and dry, dwelling on the system of the schools of Divinity, which is now so completely interwoven with Quaker faith, as to divest it of its original simplicity and beauty. Mourned their degeneracy, while they lamented our heresy. William Smeal and sister spoke kindly to us. We took tea with them and were introduced to a Friend named White, who was active in the Anti-Slavery cause, and would like to pay us attention, but was afraid of our principles. Wm. deprecated the treatment of G. Harris and other Unitarians by the Orthodox.

*Second-day, 3<sup>rd</sup>.* — Went to Edinboro', on top of coach, to meet Sarah Pugh and Abby Kimber, who had joined H. B. Stanton and wife, in a visit to Paris. The country different from Ireland; fine roads, and neat cottages; farms looking like ours in Chester County; but licensed dram-houses thick on the road. . . .

Accompanied by their attentive friend George Thompson, they left Edinburgh and returned to Glasgow by some of the lakes, and over the Highlands of Scotland, by post-coach most of the way.

*Glasgow, Sixth-day, 7<sup>th</sup>.* — Went to A. S. meeting in the evening; women voted down. George Thompson gave notice of a meeting for me, and was censured for it. Rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from George Harris, kindly offering the use of his house and pulpit, he being absent. In it he says, "I am happy in offering you the use of my chapel pulpit, either

on Sunday evening, or any evening of the following week you may choose, to address the people on slavery, education, or our common faith in God and man and our Saviour. The committee of our chapel likewise unanimously offer you the place of worship for these purposes." This we accepted for First-day eve<sup>g</sup>.

*Seventh-day, 8<sup>th</sup>.* — Visited Paisley. . . . By steamboat on the Clyde to our friend, J. Murray's, to dine. His son, a fine lad, read Burns in broad Scotch for our amusement. . . .

*First-day, 9<sup>th</sup> of 8<sup>th</sup> mo.* — James went to Friends' Meeting; small. Their afternoon meeting put off till six o'clock, near the hour for which ours was appointed. . . . Met at quarter past six; the house very full; all very attentive; we had abundant reason to believe that the opportunity was satisfactory to those present.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From the London *Christian Pioneer*, Sept. 1840: —

In our last number, we noticed the character and labors of Mrs. Mott, of Philadelphia. Her respected husband, with herself, were invited to attend the Annual Meeting of the Glasgow Emancipation Society on the 1st of August. . . . They came, and meetings of the so-called Emancipation Society were held; but no places were appointed on the platform for Mr. and Mrs. Mott, — no invitation was given them to address the assembly! And no wonder. That assembly was held in the chapel of Dr. Wardlaw, — the Directors of the Society were Quakers and Calvinists, and the American Friends bore about them the taint of heresy. This was sufficient to warrant neglect and insult to individuals who had periled life and property in vindication of the rights of humanity. Dr. Wardlaw, in the face of the assembly, could shake hands with a colored American as a friend and brother, but averted looks were deemed the proper reception for those who had dared to think for themselves in theology.

Mr. Harris having been fully prepared for this exhibition of intolerance, had invited Mrs. Mott to occupy his pulpit on Sunday, or any other evening she chose to honor him, and the Unitarian congregation, by its acceptance. On Sunday evening, Aug. 9th, the chapel was crowded to hear her. Mr. Mott first addressed the meeting, stating who they were, their object in visiting this country, their difference in religious views from Great Britain, and reading, in corroboration of his statements, certificates from the Monthly Meeting of Friends in Philadelphia, and of Abolition Societies. Mrs. Mott then spoke, and for nearly two hours held a delighted audience in breathless attention. She began by saying that she was glad of the opportunity which the generous offer of that pulpit had given

*Second-day, 10<sup>th</sup>.*—Went to the Cemetery; the Jewish enclosure particularly interesting; touching inscriptions on gateposts and gate:—

“Oh where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet,  
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet!  
And Judah's melody once more rejoice  
The hearts that leap before its Heavenly voice.

her to address them; that she had been denied a hearing elsewhere because she was a woman, and by her own body in this country because she differed from them in her views of religion; that the body of Friends with whom they were connected were looked upon with the same dislike by the other party, as the Unitarians were by those calling themselves Orthodox; she regretted this bigotry, as she wished the enlarged and beautiful and exalted views which she and the Unitarian brethren entertained could be embraced and felt by all; and she was happy in believing that such views were spreading, and would continue to spread, till all mankind, from their holy influence, would become like one large family, living in love and harmony together as the children of one common Father. Mrs. Mott called on the Unitarians to exert themselves to the utmost to bring about this happy state of things; to let no fear of man, or any worldly motive, deter them from openly avowing their convictions, and acting up to them; that there were too many mammon-worshippers in the world, and she feared a great lack of moral courage also. She said her address might be thought desultory, but as it was the only opportunity she should have of speaking to them, she felt it necessary to direct their attention to many topics worthy of thoughtful contemplation. She defended, on Scriptural grounds, the right of woman to speak in public; spoke of the imperfect education which women too commonly received, which consequently debarred them from occupying their proper places in society; called upon her sisters to look to this, and embrace every opportunity of gaining knowledge on every subject; not to be content with a little reading, a little writing, and a little sewing; to brush away the silken fetters that had so long bound them; no longer to be content with being the mere toy or plaything of man's leisure hours, but to fit themselves for assuming their proper position, in being the rational companions, the friends, the instructors of their race. Better views, she rejoiced to know, were beginning to be entertained on this and kindred subjects. War, too, was looked on in a different light from formerly. Slavery also was calling forth those efforts for its extermination, which it behooved humanity and Christian principle to make; and deliverance to the captives of every clime would be the result. Having depicted in glowing colors the evils and abominations of slavery as it existed in America, and roused the best and holiest feeling of her audience to sympathy with the wrongs of the oppressed, and in resolutions for their extinction, Mrs. Mott burst forth into a beautiful and fervent prayer, and concluded.



“Oh weep for those who wept by Babel’s stream!  
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land, a dream.  
Weep for the harp of Judah’s broken shell!  
Mourn, where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell.

“Tribes of the wandering feet, and weary breast,  
We roam the earth around, yet find no rest.  
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,  
Mankind their country — Israel, but a grave!”

On the way home we called at the High School taught by D’Orsey, to whom George Combe had given us a letter of introduction; were pleased with his mode of instruction. Went in the rain to the adjourned meeting of the Emancipation Society. The chartists took the meeting into their own hands, and would not let George Thompson speak. A socialist, and a chartist, had the floor, and made good speeches; I was not sorry that they could be heard to plead the cause of their own poor.

*Third-day, 11<sup>th</sup> of 8<sup>th</sup> mo.* — Left Glasgow for Edinboro’ by way of Lanark, passing falls of Stone Byre, and falls of Corra Linn. Three chained prisoners in the coach, to be transported for stealing sheep, their wives and children crying piteously. My heart ached for them! Arrived at Edinboro’ at dusk. As we passed Gorgie Cottage, George Combe was standing at the end of the lane to welcome us. He and Cecilia had written to us at Glasgow inviting us to be their guests while in Edinboro’.

*Fourth-day, 12<sup>th</sup>.* — George Combe sent carriages for us to go to Gorgie Cottage; a delightful visit! Andrew Combe and his niece, Miss Cox, dined there with us; some friends called, and we all walked in the garden and ate gooseberries. Passed a delightful evening, sitting in the bright moonlight without other light, talking, till ten o’c., when George Combe, with his characteristic punctuality, proposed retiring to rest.

*Fifth-day, 13<sup>th</sup>.* — Rose at seven; wrote till eight. George Combe was at his writing before breakfast. When we were called down, a good fire was a pleasant sight. . . .



Rode in to Dr. Andrew Combe's to dine, found there a German physician, Dr. Hirschfeld, and wife. Tea was handed in the drawing-room. We parted from them all with mingled emotions, for we were increasingly attached to them, and they expressed much for us. It is sad that we shall probably meet them no more!

*Sixth-day, 9<sup>th</sup> mo. 14<sup>th</sup>.* — Top of coach to Melrose. A Georgia planter in company tried to convince us, that the slave was better off than the workingman of England and Ireland, but not succeeding, begged off, as he did not want the pleasure of his day's ride destroyed, as it was in Ireland, by talking on that subject. He seemed to like our company, and asked us to join their party to Abbotsford. . . . Rode to Abbotsford; the guide hurried us through, as another party was waiting; but fortunately, we accidentally met with the widow of Scott's trusty servant, Tom Purdie, who was very communicative, and invited us into her cottage on the premises, where she gave us some of her newly-baked bread, and water from a silver cup presented by Scott's son, the present Sir Walter. Some six-pences dropped into it, where upon shewas loud in praise of Americans, and told us all that the time would admit of. Our Georgia companion was very grateful to me for going back to find him, to introduce him to her. Thence to Dryburg Abbey, in two carriages. Crossed the Tweed in a small boat, rowed by our Georgia friend, who was glad to do what he could to bring us over to the *other side*. We laughed at him for having such a company of abolitionists under his charge. It was a long walk after getting over. I lagged behind to eat of the abundant cherries in the enclosure, while the girls were hastening to sentimentalize, and gather flowers from Scott's grave. The ivy climbing over the ruined windows was beautiful. We went down to the Crypt, or Chapter House, full of busts and broken things, wisely kept for such a place. . . . Melrose by moonlight was exquisite; so pale and bright. All were

called into the churchyard to see the shadow of a *sprite*; returned late to a supper of oatmeal porridge and milk.

*Seventh-day, 15<sup>th</sup>.* — Coach to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Sorry to leave our Georgian behind. . . .

*First-day, 16<sup>th</sup>.* — Rode to Tyne-Mouth by rail, then walked a mile to the sea-side. Found Harriet Martineau in comfortable lodgings, seated at a window overlooking the sea. She received us cordially, entered into pleasant conversation, and two or three hours passed almost before we were aware of it. Many subjects were touched upon; the Furnesses of Phil<sup>a</sup>., a favorite theme; the loss of so many friends, a painful one. Returned at two o'clock, parting with her, never expecting to meet again, as she is afflicted with a disease which she thinks will prove fatal. . . .

*Fourth-day, 19<sup>th</sup>.* — Arrived in London early in the morning, and enjoyed the ride through the streets, all clean and quiet, before the stores and houses were open. . . .

*First-day, 23<sup>rd</sup>.* — Parted with all our friends with affection, and said farewell to London, with a feeling of sadness. . . . Arrived in Liverpool at seven o'clock, and stopped at 15 Bold St., Miss Knibbs' . . . Not until our arrival here, did we see this communication, which the small handful of Friends in Glasgow had caused to be published in one or more of their public papers.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE GLASGOW ARGUS.

RESPECTED FRIEND, — Intimation having been given on the 8<sup>th</sup> current, by means of placards extensively posted throughout the city, that "on Sabbath first, the 9<sup>th</sup> inst., Mrs. Lucretia Mott, a minister of the Society of Friends, Philadelphia, would hold a meeting in the Christian Unitarian Chapel," — and that meeting having, we understand, been numerously attended by our fellow-citizens, we deem it right, on behalf of the Society of Friends residing in Glasgow, to inform the public, that we hold no religious fellowship with Lucretia Mott, nor with the body in the

United States (called Hicksites), to which she belongs: they not being recognized by the Society of Friends in the United Kingdom, nor by those Friends with whom we are in connection in America; and that we do not wish to be in any way identified with, or considered responsible for, any sentiments that Lucretia Mott may have uttered at the meeting above referred to.

We are respectfully thy friends,

WILLIAM SMEAL.

JOHN MAXWELL.

WILLIAM WHITE.

JAMES SMEAL.

EDWARD WHITE.

GLASGOW, 12th of Eighth mo., 1840.

In answer to this, James addressed the following letter to William Smeal, the only one of the signers whom we knew. He had shown us much kindness both in London and Glasgow, assuring us that in Scotland they would not approve of excluding women from the Convention; but he was mistaken, for nowhere did we meet with more bigotry and prejudice, than in Glasgow.

LIVERPOOL, 8th mo. 24th, 1840.

WILLIAM SMEAL :

RESPECTED FRIEND, — After reaching London, a few days since, I first heard of a publication in the “Glasgow Argus,” signed by thyself and four others, respecting my wife, and the notice of a meeting she had in the Unitarian Chapel, but which publication I did not see until this day. Had either of you been at the meeting, it is probable you would not have thought such a disavowal necessary; as I distinctly stated to the audience that a division in the Society of Friends had taken place in the United States, about twelve years since; that we belonged to that portion of the division which was not recognized as Friends by those of this country; that we claimed, however, to be Friends, and were members of the largest portion of the division in Pennsylvania (reading a certificate our Monthly

Meeting had furnished us), our number being about twenty thousand, and the other side about eight thousand; and the whole number in the United States on our side, about eighty thousand; that I mentioned these things in order that it might be understood who we were, that no one might be deceived, for we did not wish to pass for anything different from what we were. I doubt not but all of the large audience fully and clearly understood our position, and could say, on seeing your disclaimer, "You might have saved yourself the trouble and exposure, for Mr. Mott informed us they were not in connection with you."

Now, those who are ignorant of the facts may suppose, from your disclaimer, that we wanted to be considered as Friends connected with you, and attempted to pass ourselves off as such; which we should be quite as unwilling to do, as you would be to be identified with us. I also should be as unwilling to be responsible for sentiments I *heard* in your meeting, as you seem to be for sentiments you did *not hear* in the Chapel.

One difference between us is this: You call yourselves Friends, and claim to be such; whatever our opinion may be as to the fact, we do not deny or question your right to call yourselves by this name. We also call ourselves Friends, and claim to be such; but *you deny us* the right to the name, and reproachfully apply the epithet of Hicksites, which we disclaim, it having been used by our opposers in derision.

You may say that you lament our declension, or departure from what you consider and believe to be the doctrines of the Society of Friends. We, also, as sincerely lament your departure from what we consider and believe to be the doctrines and practices of the Society; so that in this respect we stand on equal grounds. Of one thing I have had such evidence, as fully satisfies me of the fact, that Friends in this country are deplorably ignorant of the causes of the division in America, and of the relative cir-

cumstances of the two parties then, or at the present time ; and that they cherish a spirit of prejudice and bigotry toward us, incompatible with the benign religion of Jesus. Of this, however, we do not complain, as you are the sufferers ; but we deplore the unchristian conduct this leads many into. I am satisfied a difference in opinion on doctrine does exist between you and us, but this does not settle the question as to which is right, and which, wrong. I suppose you believe yourselves right, and holding doctrines in accordance with Fox, Penn, and Barclay. I fully believe that we do, and can bring as much evidence to support our views as you can.

What is the ground of warnings given in your Yearly Meeting, your verbal and newspaper disclaimers ? Are you afraid of being robbed of your good name ? or are your doctrines of such an evanescent character, that they are in danger of vanishing before the sunshine of truth ? Does it not show a want of confidence in your principles, and in the solidity and durability of your position ? It is a small matter to us to be judged of man, or to have our religious faith called in question, or to be charged with worshipping the God of our Fathers after the manner called heresy ; all this moves us not. But I grieve at the manifestation of a spirit that will deliver a brother up to death, as far as the law and customs of the country will allow ; it is the same, which, a few years ago, imprisoned, burned, and hanged those who held opinions on religious subjects, different from those who then possessed the legal power. We do not find any charge of immoral conduct brought against those martyrs, but holding opinions dangerous to the peace and unity of the Church ; or, more correctly, not holding opinions that were deemed essential to salvation. It is easy to be very liberal and charitable towards those who believe more than we do ; but those who believe less, we are ready enough to denounce as heretical, dangerous innovators, not to be countenanced. When will men respect properly the

right of public opinion ! Not until they learn that religion consists, not in the assent of the mind to any dogma, nor yet in the belief of any mysterious proposition of faith ; but in visiting the widow and the fatherless, and keeping ourselves unspotted from the world. “ I am sick of opinions, I am weary to hear them, my soul loathes their frothy food : give me solid, substantial religion, — give me an honest, devoted lover of God and man.” “ It is time Christians were judged by their likeness to Christ, rather than by their notions of Christ.” It appears to me you take the latter ground of judgment ; I greatly prefer the former.

I had intended to say something about the objects of our crossing the Atlantic, but my paper is full, and I must subscribe, thy friend,

JAMES MOTT.

Notwithstanding this, and other manifestations of a disposition to disavow religious fellowship with us, the kindness and courtesy that was abundantly extended to us by some Friends, as well as by many others not of that name, will long be remembered with pleasure. George Harris, and other Unitarians at Glasgow, received us very kindly. My love of approbation was gratified, and the cause of Truth maintained, I trust. If it be bigotry to believe the sublime Truths of the Gospel “ as we have learned them in the school of Christ,” I rejoice in such bigotry, or heresy. . . . Received a letter from Harriet Martineau, expressive of satisfaction in our late visit : —

“ I felt hardly as if I knew what I was about that morning, but I was very happy, and I find I remember every look and word. I did not make all the use I might of the opportunity, but when are we ever wise enough to do so ? I do not think we shall meet again in this world, and I believe that was in your mind when you said farewell. I find that I have derived somewhat, from my intercourse with you, that will never die, and I am thankful that we



have been permitted to meet. You will tell the Furnesses where and how you found me. Tell them of my cheerful room, and fine view of down and sea. I wish my friends would suffer for me no more than I do for myself. I hope you have yet many years of activity and enjoyment before you. My heart will ever be in your cause, and my love with yourself. God bless you ! ”

Received a letter from Richard D. Webb, of Dublin : —

“ We have enjoyed with unabated relish the company of Sarah Pugh and Abby Kimber, and are glad that we have had such opportunity of becoming acquainted with so many delightful people of the right stamp, from the abolition ranks. Before the Convention, and for years past, there was no class of individuals anywhere, with whom I so much desired to be acquainted. My expectations were consequently high, and I am glad to say that they have not been disappointed. I am not aware, that my intercourse with you has unsettled any previous opinions which I held upon religious matters, but it has surely confirmed my views respecting the unimportance of dogmas, in comparison with the ‘ weightier matters of the law.’ I look on creeds and professions, with increasing indifference ; and on real, substantial, fruitful action to a good purpose, with additional respect. But I did not mean to trouble you with my confession of faith.

“ I am glad you have met with some in this country who ‘ agree to differ ’ with you, whilst they rejoice to have met with you for your own sakes, and the pleasure they have enjoyed in your enlightened society, as well as for what you have done, and sacrificed, for the poor colored man and the slave. Any *abolition* friends of yours will always be welcome to us. I say *abolition* friends, for tho’ I consider toleration an important attainment, which I preach up on all occasions, I have not yet acquired such a measure of it as to look with complacency on any American, who has ar-

rived at years of discretion without having acquired correct opinions on this most important subject of slavery.

"I would be most anxious to know more about C. C. Burleigh, of whom I heard so much and so favorably from you. He appears to me to be one of a thousand, — a man among men. And I will take it as a favor conferred, if you will recommend any such person as he, (in case he should come to Ireland,) to come first to us in confidence of a hearty welcome, so long as we have a house over our heads, and the means to support it.

"Let us forget the points on which our respective sects differ, and be thankful that there are so many more in which we can most cordially agree. Hoping you will write to me on your return, and afterwards,

"I remain, etc."

Also received the following from Elizabeth Pease: —

"I shall, I believe, look back through life with pleasure to the hours we have recently passed together. It has never appeared to me, that a difference in religious faith ought to prevent a cordial coöperation in works of benevolence, quite the reverse; and I cannot help regretting that some have thought and acted otherwise. But, my dear friend, we must strive to make allowance for natural disposition, the influences of early education, etc., and forgive (as I well know it is thy desire to do) the errors, or unkindness, into which they may betray, remembering for our consolation, that to our own Master we must all stand or fall. Remember me kindly to thy husband, and to thy son and daughter Davis. Please accept thyself, and hand to Sarah and Abby the assurance of my affectionate remembrance, and most sincere wishes for the best welfare and happiness of you all, and for your continued usefulness in the cause of the slave."

*Fourth-day, 26<sup>th</sup>.* — The last day we passed in England.

Our friends, Joseph and Elizabeth Pease, breakfasted with us, and James Webb called. After writing divers notes, and making sundry last arrangements, and some few purchases, we once more took leave of our loved friends with full hearts, and rode down to the packet ship, Patrick Henry, Captain Delano. We had twelve cabin, and one hundred and forty steerage passengers, (one born on the passage.) Many of these were respectable, intelligent persons, coming to the United States to settle. A fair passage; not as sick as on the way out. Some slave-holders were on board, who did n't relish the discussion of the subject. Meetings were held on deck, on First-days. Sail in sight every day, and one night much alarm, a ship coming in close contact, and carrying away our jib-boom. Captain Delano always cheerful and kind, and remarkably active. He had a large, and excellent library on board. . . .

To which James Mott adds : —

After a passage of twenty-nine days, we arrived at New York, glad once more to reach our native land, and far better satisfied with its customs, conditions, institutions, and laws, slavery excepted, than with those of the mother country. Our blue sky, bright shining sun, and clear atmosphere, are in striking contrast with the clouds, mists, and frequent rains of the British Isles, and we felt no desire to change our residence; yet we were well compensated for the journey, in the opportunity it afforded to observe the manners and usages of other nations, and above all, in the restoration to health of my wife, the hope of which was one object of the journey.

Neither James nor Lucretia Mott made any record of an interesting incident of their voyage home to America, which was amusingly illustrative of the latter's tact and skill in carrying out her own intentions, while at the same time disarming the criticism of those inclined to oppose her. It was told to a

friend by the commanding officer of the vessel in which they sailed, Captain Delano, upon whom it made an indelible impression. This friend<sup>1</sup> relates it, as follows: "A large number of Irish emigrants were on board in the steerage. On the voyage, Mrs. Mott was moved to hold a religious meeting among them. But, the matter being broached to them, their Catholic prejudices objected. They would not hear a woman preach, for women-priests were not allowed in their Church. But the spirit that was pressing on this 'woman-preacher' for utterance, was not to be prevented from delivering its message, without a more strenuous effort to remove the obstacle. She asked that the emigrants might be invited to come together, to consider with her whether they would have a meeting. This was but fair and right, and they came. She then explained how different her idea of a "meeting" was, from the church service to which they were accustomed; that she had no thought of saying anything derogatory of that service, nor of the priests who ministered to them; that her heart had been drawn to them in sympathy, as they were leaving their old homes for new ones in America; and that she had wanted to address them as to their habits and aims in their every-day life, in such a way as to help them in the land of strangers to which they were going. And then, asking if they would listen, (and they were already listening, because her gracious voice and words so entranced them they could not help it,) she said she would give an outline of what she had wanted to say at the meeting. And so she was drawn on by the silent sympathy she had secured, until the spirit's message was

<sup>1</sup> William J. Potter, of New Bedford.

delivered ; and only the keenest-witted of her Catholic hearers waked up to the fact, as they were going out, that they had ‘got the preachment from the woman-priest, after all.’ ”

## CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, who went to London with her husband, — one of the New York delegates to the World's Convention, — met James and Lucretia Mott there for the first time. A life-long friendship was the result. The following extracts from her reminiscences add some graphic touches to the picture already given by the foregoing diary: —

. . . “In June, 1840, I met Mrs. Mott for the first time, in London. Crossing the Atlantic in company with James G. Birney, then the Liberty Party candidate for President, soon after the bitter schism in the Anti-Slavery ranks, he described to me as we walked the deck, day after day, the women who had fanned the flames of dissension, and had completely demoralized the Anti-Slavery ranks. As my first view of Mrs. Mott was through his prejudices, no prepossessions in her favor biased my judgment. When first introduced to her at our hotel in Great Queen Street, with the other ladies from Boston and Philadelphia, who were delegates to the World's Convention, I felt somewhat embarrassed, as I was the only lady present who represented the ‘Birney faction,’ though I really knew nothing of the merits of the division, having been outside the world of reforms. Still, as my husband, and my cousin Gerrit Smith, were on that side, I supposed they would all have a feeling of hostility toward me. However, Mrs. Mott, in her sweet, gentle way, received me with great cordiality and courtesy, and I was seated by her side at dinner.

“No sooner were the viands fairly dispensed, than sev-



eral Baptist ministers began to rally the ladies on having set the abolitionists by the ears in America, and now proposing to do the same thing in England. I soon found that the pending battle was on woman's rights, and that, unwittingly, I was by marriage on the wrong side. As I had thought much on this question in regard to the laws, church action, and social usages, I found myself in full accord with the other ladies, combating most of the gentlemen at the table. . . . Calmly and skillfully Mrs. Mott parried all their attacks, now by her quiet humor turning the laugh on them, and then by her earnestness and dignity silencing their ridicule and sneers. I shall never forget the look of recognition she gave me when she saw, by my remarks, that I comprehended the problem of woman's rights and wrongs. How beautiful she looked to me that day!

. . . "Mrs. Mott was to me an entirely new revelation of womanhood. I sought every opportunity to be at her side, and continually plied her with questions, and I shall never cease to be grateful for the patience and seeming pleasure, with which she fed my hungry soul. On one occasion, with a large party, we visited the British Museum, where it is supposed all people go to see the wonders of the world. On entering, Mrs. Mott and myself sat down near the door to rest for a few moments, telling the party to go on, that we would follow. They accordingly explored all the departments of curiosities, supposing we were slowly following at a distance; but when they returned, there we sat in the same spot, having seen nothing but each other, wholly absorbed in questions of theology and social life. She had told me of the doctrines and divisions among 'Friends;' of the inward light; of Mary Wollstonecraft, her social theories, and her demands of equality for women. I had been reading Combe's 'Constitution of Man,' and 'Moral Philosophy,' Channing's works, and Mary Wollstonecraft, though all tabooed by orthodox teachers; but I had never heard a woman talk what, as a Scotch Presbyterian, I had scarcely dared to think.

“On the following Sunday I went to hear Mrs. Mott preach in a Unitarian church. Though I had never heard a woman speak, yet I had long believed she had the right to do so, and had often expressed the idea in private circles; but when at last I saw a woman rise up in the pulpit and preach earnestly and impressively, as Mrs. Mott always did, it seemed to me like the realization of an oft-repeated, happy dream. The day we visited the Zoölogical Gardens, as we were admiring the gorgeous plumage of some beautiful birds, one of our gentlemen opponents remarked, ‘You see, Mrs. Mott, our Heavenly Father believes in bright colors. How much it would take from our pleasure, if all the birds were dressed in drab.’ ‘Yes,’ said she, ‘but immortal beings do not depend on their feathers for their attraction. With the infinite variety of the human face and form, of thought, feeling, and affection, we do not need gorgeous apparel to distinguish us. Moreover, if it is fitting that woman should dress in every color of the rainbow, why not man also? Clergymen, with their black clothes and white cravats, are quite as monotonous as Quakers.’ . . .

“I found in this new friend a woman emancipated from all faith in man-made creeds, from all fear of his denunciations. Nothing was too sacred for her to question, as to its rightfulness in principle and practice. ‘Truth for authority, not authority for truth,’ was not only the motto of her life, but it was the fixed mental habit in which she most rigidly held herself. . . . When I confessed to her my great enjoyment in works of fiction, dramatic performances, and dancing, and feared that from underneath that Quaker bonnet would come some platitudes on the demoralizing influence of such frivolities, she smiled, and said, ‘I regard dancing a very harmless amusement;’ and added, ‘the Evangelical Alliance, that so readily passed a resolution declaring dancing a sin for a church member, tabled a resolution declaring slavery a sin for a bishop.’

“Sitting alone one day, as we were about to separate in London, I expressed to her my great satisfaction in our acquaintance, and thanked her for the many religious doubts and fears she had banished from my mind. She said, ‘There is a broad distinction between religion and theology. The one is a natural, human experience, common to all well-organized minds. The other is a system of speculations about the unseen, and unknowable, which the human mind has no power to grasp, or explain; and these speculations vary with every sect, age, and type of civilization. No one knows any more of what lies beyond our sphere of action, than thou and I; and we know nothing.’”

It is also interesting, in this connection, to read an account of the World’s Convention, written by Richard D. Webb, of Dublin, and published in the “*Dublin Weekly Herald*” in the early autumn of 1840. Before this year, Mr. Webb had no personal acquaintance with James and Lucretia Mott, although each knew the other by reputation. Their friendship, shown in the letters that follow in later chapters, dated from their meeting in London, and continued throughout their lives.

“Freemason’s Hall, Great Queen st., Drury Lane, where the Convention held its first and most interesting sittings, is a noble room, and one of the largest in London. The delegates occupied the body of the hall, with the exception of one portion of the end opposite to the entrance, which was appropriated to those ladies who were admitted as visitors. They attended in considerable numbers, and materially contributed, by their presence, to relieve the sombre and solemn air of the assembly; for the Convention was largely made up of dissenting ministers and plain Quakers, who, whatever may be the case elsewhere, form a large proportion of the ‘pledged philanthropy’ of England. . . .

“The middle of the front seat of the ladies’ own portion

of the hall, was the usual seat of *one* who was certainly one of the most remarkable women in the whole assembly. Opinions differed materially as to whether Clarkson, Buxton, O'Connell, Garrison, Thompson, Sturge, or Birney were the greatest men, but nobody doubted that Lucretia Mott was the *lioness* of the Convention. She is a thin, *petite*, dark-complexioned woman, about fifty years of age. She has striking intellectual features, and bright vivacious eyes. This lady has the enviable celebrity of being one of the most undaunted, consistent, able, and indefatigable friends of the slave; being paramount even amongst the female abolitionists of America. Harriet Martineau, in one of her thrilling essays on American Slavery, notices her as 'a woman of an intellect as sound and comprehensive, as her heart is noble;' and from what we have seen and heard of her, we believe the compliment to be no more than just.

"Although one of the delegates from the American Anti-Slavery Society to the Convention, she was prevented from taking her place in that character, by a vote passed in the very first sitting; which decided that *gentlemen* only were intended to be summoned by the London Convention, through whom the assembly was convoked. Some have thought that, although the ladies were defeated by a large majority of votes, the weight of argument was much in their favor. We shall not discuss the question here, as to whether it is right for women to take an active and prominent part with their brethren in promoting philanthropic objects; but we shall take the liberty to express our wish, that half the temper, fullness of mind, warmth of heart, distinctness of utterance, facility of elucidation, and vivacity of manners, which distinguish Lucretia Mott, had been the gift of nine tenths of the gentlemen who raised their voices in the Convention on behalf of the slave, and for our edification. We have learned, (and we think it but fair to give the cause of woman's rights the benefit of the

fact,) that the domestic economy of Lucretia Mott's household is admirable. In the language of one of our informants, 'everything goes on like clock-work.' She is an early riser, a diligent housewife, and thus *makes* time to attend to the many objects of her care and attention. She is a proof, that it is possible for woman to widen her sphere without deserting it, or neglecting the duties which appropriately devolve upon her at home. . . .

"She is a Minister of the Society of Friends, and is one of the most distinguished and eloquent preachers in Philadelphia. She dresses with the utmost degree of Quaker simplicity known in these islands; yet we heard that in some points she would have been looked upon as rather '*gay*' for a very plain Friend in America, which is almost past our comprehension. Yet she is no precisian herself, and is more zealous in recommending that rational simplicity which results from humility and Christian principle, than the adoption of any system of external uniformity.

"One of her favorite themes is the importance of encouraging the use of free labor produce, and of abstaining as far as possible from all the fruits of slavery. She considers that those who protest against slave-holders, yet make no scruple of purchasing the fruits of their oppression and injustice, are about as consistent as the man who would exclaim against a thief, and then turn round and purchase from him his ill-gotten booty. She unites with many of her friends in Philadelphia, who are similarly concerned in procuring (although at an increased expense,) as much free labor cotton as suffices for their consumption, and that of their families; thus holding forth a consistent example in their own persons, while pleading in behalf of the slave. We have even heard that where the choice lies between their own convenience, and abstinence from the blood-stained produce, they freely prefer the latter alternative, if abstinence be practicable.

"The day we left London after the conclusion of the



Convention, we met Lucretia Mott in the Egyptian saloon of the British Museum, where her slender figure, animated features, and simple attire, contrasted strangely with the cold and solemn relics of primeval times, by which she was surrounded. We heard her remark on that occasion, that it was hardly reasonable to wonder so much at the idolatry of the Egyptians, seeing that the prostration of mind which prevails in the present day, if not so revolting in its manifestations, is at least as profound.

“The next time we met with her, was on the platform of the usual meeting at the Royal Exchange, Dublin, which she was invited to attend, by one of the gentlemen who had become acquainted with her at the Convention. Being requested by the chairman to address the assembly, her speech delighted the audience exceedingly. Great numbers of workingmen and their wives and daughters were present; the meeting was much crowded, but the utmost silence, attention, and decorum were observed. Her remarks were discursive; the Anti-Slavery enterprise, moral reform, temperance, and the promotion of peace, were all touched upon, not forgetting another of her favorite themes, the exaltation of the moral and social condition of woman. Her clear voice and simple language, and the beauty and benevolence of her sentiments, sent her thoughts home to the hearts of her hearers, who listened with deep attention, and greeted her conclusion with tokens of the most cordial approbation.

“Her husband, James Mott, a highly respectable Philadelphia merchant, was also a delegate to the Convention. He is a staunch abolitionist, and we are mistaken if beneath his somewhat reserved manners we did not discover much goodness of heart, sound sense, and worth of character. His home has long been the resort of the hunted slave; there the insulted man of color, too, is treated as free and equal, and every friend of humanity is sure of a kind reception. Indeed, we believe there is hardly a dis-



tinguished abolitionist in America, to whom James and Lucretia Mott are not intimately, or favorably known. At the great public meeting held shortly after the Convention in Glasgow, for the purpose of giving a reception to the American delegates, Garrison concluded his speech by saying that 'he could not forego the opportunity of saying a few words in reference to Lucretia Mott. She was the first woman who gave him the right hand of fellowship when he came out of prison, and she stood by him in many perils and dangers. He was deeply indebted to her, under God, for the measure of perseverance he had been enabled to bring to bear on the cause.'"

The first letter that Lucretia Mott wrote after her return to America was to her new friend, Richard D. Webb. This, with one addressed to Elizabeth Pease, forms a natural sequel to the Diary; they are therefore introduced here, rather than among the letters of the succeeding chapters: —

PHILA., 10th mo. 12th, 1840.

DEAR RICHARD AND HANNAH WEBB, — What can I write that will be worth sending across the Atlantic? Here we are at home again, and entering into our every day avocations, just as if we had not been made *somebodies* in our Fatherland. I mean *out* of the Convention! But with all our fault-finding of that august assemblage, it was a most interesting two weeks that we were admitted spectators of its doings. I really think I appreciate its proceedings and productions more fully now, than while we were with you, and while the wrong done to dear Wm. L. Garrison and others, was uppermost with us. We shall send you our Report to the Female Society here. It was written by Mary Grew.

Our voyage home was pleasant — twenty-nine 'days' passage. We were not much sick after the third day out. We found our family in good health, and all things gone on well

in our absence. Our son-in-law, Edward M. Davis, we passed on the ocean, and knew it not till our arrival in N. Y., when we were told that he had gone to France on business. How I wish he could see some of those noble souls in Dublin, whom we love so well! Abby Kimber and Sarah Pugh remained a day or so in N. Y., so we came home without them. Abby is now in the city and is coming here this evening to meet a bridal party, in honor of J. Miller McKim, agent of our Anti-Slavery office. He has lately married one of the finest Quaker girls of Chester Co., and is well-nigh a Quaker himself — of the right sort, I mean. He came to the city in 1833 to attend the memorable A. S. Convention, and was one of the youngest signers of the notable Declaration. He was then preparing himself for the pulpit in the Presbyterian Society — the religion of his education. We frequently conversed together, touching the doctrines or dogmas of that Society; and on his return home, he read some of Dr. Channing's works, and some goodly Friends' books we furnished him, and the result was an entire change of views. He wrote an "Address to the Wilmington Presbytery," avowing his change, which I should like to send you; I think your young friend Charles Corkran would like to read it. He now rejoices in his spiritual liberty, and I doubt not even you would admit that he is every whit as good, as when groping in the midnight darkness of sectarian theology. How sorry I am that you — I mean Friends in England, Scotland, and Ireland — have engrafted so much of this creed-religion on your simple Quaker stock. Most heartily did I respond to the remarks in Richard's letter to us, on the comparative unimportance of creeds and professions.

Have you seen the Glasgow Friends' disclaimer, signed by Wm. Smeal (honestly?); and James Mott's reply to it? Garrison has copied it into the *Liberator*; subjecting himself to another charge of bringing in "foreign topics." If some of our dear Friends on your side of the Atlantic

could only have a correct statement of the causes of the separation in our Society, and of our real situation here, it seems to me that there would be some among you with sufficient moral courage to make a stand against the "Church and State" influence, that is crushing the minds of so many in your midst. But I forbear. With you we will rejoice that there are so many points on which we can agree.

I close with the warmest affection toward you all. When may we hope to see some of you in our city, and return a part of the many kindnesses we received at your hands? You were often, very often, the subject on our voyage home. Let us hear from you directly as often as you can.

Ever yours,

L. MOTT.

PHILA., 2nd mo. 18th, 1841.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH PEASE, — . . . Joseph Adshead called on us two days since. I regretted much that we could not have more of his company. It does my heart good to meet any one from England, since our most delightful visit in that far-famed land, and especially to greet one so closely united with thy father and thyself. . . . How we rejoice in thy allegiance to William Lloyd Garrison and the right! . . . We have had lately some most pleasant meetings of our English company, or rather, our ship's company. Our beloved Isaac Winslow is here, and we have been from house to house in social parties, when we have talked over many of the scenes through which we passed so pleasantly together. The high-handed measures to which some of us were subjected were placed in the far-distant background, as well as the petty indulgence of the spirit of sectarianism; while very near to our view, as well as to our hearts' best feelings, were the great kindness and attention of our many dear friends. It ever affords a delightful retrospect. That three months' travel and sojourn came up to my fondest anticipations. . . . My husband has been with me to the Legislatures of Delaware, New Jersey, and our own State, where a patient and respectful audience

was granted while I plead the cause of the oppressed. I have also attended five of our Quarterly Meetings since our return home, and have some more in prospect.

With kind regards to thy parents, and the love of us all in large measure to thyself,

I am thine with a sister's freedom,

LUCRETIA MOTT.

In the course of the following winter, James Mott published a small book entitled, "Three Months in Great Britain," in which he gives his impressions of English civilization, and narrates in full some personal experiences, to which his wife only alludes in her diary. His observations are quaintly different from those of the ordinary sight-seer.

"Windsor Castle is one of the many monuments of the extravagance and folly of the English nobility and aristocracy, which oppresses the laborer by taking from him in the shape of impost and taxes, so much of his earnings, as to leave but a scanty subsistence for himself. . . . We met with scarcely any, who appeared to see the effect of the large parks and palaces on the population. They seem to think it a kind of charity in the legal owners to employ hundreds of persons in beautifying these places, forgetting that their labor produces nothing that ministers to the real wants and comforts of life; and that the wages thus paid are first taken from the producing laborer without compensation, enabling the few to live in idleness, luxury, and extravagance, at the expense of the many. . . .

"During our stay in London we visited many places of interest and curiosity, and contrasted the residences of the lords and nobles, their splendid equipage and retinue, with the wretched abodes of thousands, who were contriving ways to obtain a few pennies wherewith to lengthen out a miserable existence. The difference of condition is very striking to any observant American, and should be a warning to us

to adhere to such institutions in our country as will secure and perpetuate a truly democratic form of government, in which the greatest good to the greatest number is the object, instead of the good of the few at the expense of the many.

“Persons were beginning to assemble for the purpose of attending the approaching Anti-Slavery Convention. In order that they might have an opportunity to become acquainted with each other, especially those from foreign countries, the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society gave general invitations to tea at their rooms. It had not been usual for women to be invited, but as several had crossed the Atlantic, to manifest their interest in the cause of the slave, and to give their aid to such measures as would promote his liberation, it was concluded by the committee to deviate from their custom on this occasion. On the first evening, only one woman<sup>1</sup> was present beside those from our country; on the second, a number more attended; and on the third, nearly as many as of the other sex.

“Soon after getting there, on the second evening, I was told that some persons wished to see me in a back room; following my informant, I found two Friends in waiting, neither of whom I had seen before. They shook hands with me, and one said, ‘I am Josiah Forster, and this is Jacob Post;’ to which I replied, that having a letter for Jacob Post, I was glad of this opportunity to deliver it; and I was also pleased to meet with Josiah Forster, having read with interest some years ago a correspondence between him and my grandfather. After some conversation, which the mention of this circumstance led into, J. Forster remarked, they had understood that on the previous evening myself, or wife, had made use of some expressions as if we were members of the Society of Friends, and they had received information from the United States, that we were

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Pease.

not. To which I answered, that I did not know what information they had received, but that we were members of the Society of Friends, and had a certificate of the fact from the Monthly Meeting to which we belonged, at the same time handing it to them to read, which they did, with the remark that there were a good many names to it, and with some objection to its address; but they could not recognize us as Friends. This I told them we were fully aware of, and we wished to pass for just what we were, and our position to be fairly understood, but that their unwillingness to acknowledge us did not alter the fact of our being members of the Society of Friends; and while we claimed so to be, we had no disposition to impose upon them, and no alarm need be felt on that account. J. Forster said he hoped we should have a pleasant visit, and be treated with kindness, but we must not expect to receive much attention from Friends, particularly from such as had young people about them, fearing the dangerous tendency of our doctrines. This first open exhibition of prejudice and bigotry made me feel somewhat sad for a time, but we soon saw so much of it, that my sadness was turned to pity.

“In the course of the same evening my wife was requested to give an account of the mob at Smyrna, that obliged Daniel Neall to walk two miles through the mud. In narrating the circumstance, she mentioned that they were traveling with a minute in the usual order of Friends, adding, ‘I suppose it is understood here that when I speak of our Friends, I do not allude to those in connection with Friends in this country.’ As soon as she had finished a detail of the occurrence, J. Forster said, that altho’ Lucretia Mott had kindly stated that she was not in connection with those acknowledged by them as Friends in America, yet he felt conscientiously bound to inform those present, that she was not a member of the Society of Friends, and could not be recognized by them as such. To this I rejoined that we



considered ourselves as belonging to that religious body in America, and that I had a certificate in my pocket from the Monthly Meeting to which we were attached, which I would read if any one desired; and that it was probably known to those interested, that a division had taken place in the Society in the United States; but as our object in being there was not necessarily connected with any sectarian views, we had no wish to intrude the subject; still we were prepared to meet it then, or at any other time. Several disapproved of Josiah's remarks, and rebuked him for them, as being improper and out of place.

"The subject of admitting women as delegates to the Convention was much talked of in social circles. The English committee, having conferred with some members of the executive committee in New York, and influenced by their representations, seemed alarmed at the idea of such an innovation on their customs and usages. The circumstance, they alleged, would be mentioned in the newspapers, and the Convention might be the subject of ridicule. On such flimsy reasons and excuses, the right was assumed to exclude women as delegates, and only admit them as visitors; but even this was a small advance in the path of freedom, they never before having been admitted to any business meetings.

"The subject of the admission of women was brought up on the first day of the Convention by Wendell Phillips, whose wife had been delegated by the Massachusetts Society. An animated and somewhat excited discussion ensued, which continued several hours, when it was decided in the negative by a pretty large majority. Wm. Ashurst pointed them to the inconsistency of 'calling a *World's* Convention to abolish slavery, and at its threshold depriving half the world of their liberty.'

"The female delegation, finding themselves thus excluded, requested they might have an opportunity to confer with their sisters in England on the subject of slavery, by

having a meeting with them alone. A few manifested a reluctance to granting this reasonable request, but others appeared favorable. But their sectarian fears so overcame their Anti-Slavery feeling that they were unwilling to trust the women of England to meet half a dozen from America, on account of the religious opinions of the latter ; and I am not alone in believing that this had some influence in the decision of the Convention ; but we were unable to see what our opinions on doctrines had to do in preventing our pleading the cause of down-trodden humanity.

“ Great credit, however, is due to English abolitionists for their devotion, industry, and perseverance in doing what they could to break the chains of slavery, and for the liberality they have manifested, in raising large sums of money to carry on this work of justice and benevolence, and for the kindness and courtesy extended towards those from foreign lands, who were drawn together on that occasion. . . .

“ The opportunities I had for observation, though limited, satisfied me that a great portion of the Society of Friends in England, particularly among the young and middle-aged, know very little about the circumstances of the division in the Society in the United States, or that it was caused by that domineering spirit of intolerance, which now has its iron grasp upon many of them.

“ Friends in England, from their habits of industry and economy, have become rich ; and from this cause, added to their kindness of disposition and active benevolence, have obtained great influence in neighborhoods where they reside, and in the nation at large. They have received a full share of attention and praise from those who are called the higher classes, the gentry, nobility, and clergy. Pleased with the flattery bestowed on them, they have been gradually sliding from the simple doctrine of obedience to the “ light within ” as the ground of salvation, into the belief, that assent to the dogmas of school divinity is

essential ; so that many have come to the conclusion that the letter of the Scriptures is the paramount rule of action. A considerable number have joined other denominations. I apprehend that, unless Friends in England return to the simple doctrine of Quakerism, as believed in and inculcated by George Fox and his contemporaries, instead of placing so much importance on an assent to particular opinions, they will be in danger of being swallowed up with the unintelligible dogmas of Church and State theology, while they may retain their identity in forms and peculiarity of dress, and address. Although I have, perhaps, expressed myself strongly in reference to what I consider the declension of the Society of Friends in England, it is with no feelings of unkindness toward them as a body, or to any individually, but for the purpose of showing what appeared to me to be their present situation, and that with our Friends they can have no unity or religious fellowship."

## CHAPTER IX.

DURING the months of the absence of James and Lucretia Mott from the United States, and indeed, for some time previous to their going away, the condition of the Society of Friends at home was becoming more and more unsettled. The popular opposition to the Anti-Slavery cause was growing more bitter and more widely extended, and the zeal and earnestness of the abolition party was increasing in even greater ratio. The South, daily more violent, combined with the large cities of the North, where the mercantile interest preponderated, to demand that the abolitionists should be crushed at any cost. This feeling found large sympathy among Friends in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Much indignation was shown that any member of the Society — and especially a woman, an approved minister — should be an active co-worker with those who were constantly agitating the question of slavery; a question which threatened the peace of the whole country, and endangered the fortunes of those engaged in the cotton business; but the zeal of Lucretia Mott was only increased by this insensibility to the enormity of the transcendant evil among the members of her own religious communion. She was not a frequent preacher. In meetings for worship she was careful to give precedence to strangers, never seeming to forget that she was not the only

one who had the right to speak. She ever bore in mind the injunction of the Apostle: "Let the prophets speak, two or three, and let the others judge. If anything be revealed to another that sitteth by, let the first hold his peace. For ye may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn, and all may be comforted."

But when she did speak, she would have considered herself faithless, and disobedient to the voice of God in her own soul, had she not borne her testimony against the great sin of human slavery.

Among those who were active in the cause of abolition were many who held no connection with any religious sect; men and women of blameless lives, "who had been careful to maintain good works." Toward such, the conservative members of the Society of Friends entertained an undisguised aversion. On the contrary, Lucretia Mott regarded them with sympathetic interest, while they, in turn, were especially attracted by her liberal sentiments and enlarged charity. In addition to these, her company was often sought by persons of superior endowments, who were members of other sects, and held orthodox opinions. Her interviews with such are to be remembered as seasons of touching interest; she not only effectively discussed with them the question of slavery in its moral and religious aspects, but, when it seemed called for, was ever ready to give a reason for the faith that was in her.

Notwithstanding her faithfulness in upholding by precept and example the vital testimonies of the Society of Friends, during all this active association with "world's people," it was becoming matter of offense to many of the prominent members to have

one of their own anointed "mingling with others" in a work so unpopular and distasteful as Abolition. The disaffection towards her was greatly augmented by ministers and others of some position in the Society, openly opposing her in meetings for discipline; and especially was this hostility developed in the Select Meeting of Ministers and Elders. Such were the occurrences in these meetings, so wholly were they at variance with Christian charity and dignity, that she became convinced that the purposes for which they were instituted were lost sight of, and that their continued existence would be productive of more harm than good. It would have been a relief to her, could she have withdrawn from them altogether; but this would have constituted her an "offender," and have rendered her liable to be "dealt with" and deposed as an acknowledged minister. She was careful to give her opponents no legitimate cause of action against her, for she greatly desired to remain not only in the Society, but as an "approved minister" in it. Not only was this a matter of justice to herself; it was also because she loved her Society, its traditions, its inheritance, and its principles. Efforts were not wanting to bring her case before the Select Meeting, and at one time they were well-nigh successful; but owing to her thorough and familiar acquaintance with the provisions of the Discipline, and her experience in their administration, conjoined with her sagacity in their proper application, she was enabled to ward off the attacks, to the chagrin and disappointment of those who would have been gratified with her expulsion. One of the members confessed to another that "many difficulties would be removed, if Lucretia would only



resign." It is pleasant to remember, that throughout this bitter season of hostility, she had the sympathy of many of the younger members of the Society, who, though uninfluential, and unable to check the tide of persecution, gave her a moral support which was always a source of strength and encouragement to her.

The opposition which she encountered was greatly increased by the superserviceable activity of ministers from other Yearly Meetings, who came with "minutes" to attend that held in Philadelphia. Some of these went to meetings in different sections of the country within the compass of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and "held forth" against those who had taken an active part in the anti-slavery struggle. In all this some members of the New York Monthly Meeting were very prominent. Not satisfied with having disowned three of their own Friends, they sent letters to Philadelphia, making complaint against Lucretia Mott, in the hope that she might be "dealt with," deposed from the ministry, and possibly deprived of her right of membership. It was not their fault that they were not successful.

Among those most active against her was George F. White, of New York. He had been separated from membership for some years, but had been received again into the Society and had become one of its most popular preachers. It was his assumed mission to attack reforms and reformers in vituperative language. He was a man possessed of greater intellectual endowments than most of his fellow-preachers, and being gifted with a talent for a particular species of declamatory eloquence, he readily secured large audiences. In his frequent visits to

Philadelphia, he found many hearers who sympathized with his views, while others were led by curiosity to listen to his denunciations. He was eminently successful, for a season, in holding those who were engaged in the anti-slavery cause up to ridicule and odium; and there were not a few who found it easy to tread in his footsteps.

It is certainly no pleasant task to recall the occurrences which took place in the Society during these years of the anti-slavery struggle. Quaker traditions, testimonies, principles, were not proof against the pro-slavery spirit that had corrupted the nation, and the Society of that period has left us an inheritance of shame which we would gladly forget. But this memoir would be one-sided, and would fail to exhibit the strength and depth of the characters of James and Lucretia Mott, should this part of their life's history be omitted. Never were patience, forbearance, courage, and faith, more severely tried; never more surely and conspicuously rewarded. The time came when the crown of thorns, worn for so many years by the brave band of abolitionists, changed to a crown of laurel. In that hour of triumph, how many claimed to share its glory! The sweet, forgiving charity of these two overlooked the inconsistency in the congratulations showered upon them; but to others, less magnanimous, it was amazing to witness the felicitations they received from former opponents, who, clothed in complacent self-delusion, seemed entirely forgetful of their own discreditable record.

Lucretia Mott wrote few letters addressed to persons not connected with her own family. Those furnished in this and the following chapter were written to valued friends of whose sympathy she was assured.

TO NATHANIEL AND ELIZA BARNEY, OF NANTUCKET.

PHILA., 11th mo. 8th, 1839.

MY MUCH LOVED N. AND E. BARNEY, — I fondly hoped to meet you at the anniversary in Boston, and with regret learned by Nathaniel's acceptable letter, that sickness was one cause of his absence. Do be careful in the observance of the laws of health, for I can't learn resignation to the good and the useful not living out half their days.

I can assure you the word of encouragement never reached me when more needed, than at the time of the reception of that letter. Our New York friends took umbrage at my going to a non-resistance meeting, and talked themselves into an idea that it was almost a wicked step.

G. F. White made the subject of war his theme the First-day following, and after admitting that no consistent Christian could take arms, he added, that he could believe the warrior with his weapon in hand, ready to destroy his brother, might yet be nearer the kingdom of Heaven, than a member of a non-resistance society. So he might have said of a member of a Quaker Soc<sup>y</sup>. We all know that simple membership does not confer a testimony. Else might he have a cleaner one against slavery. Not satisfied with that opportunity, he came here, had the members of our three mg<sup>s</sup> collected at the Cherry St. house, with many others not of our fold. His text was "He who will resist God, will resist man." He went on to show how the "hirelings" of the day were resisting God, as that class ever had done; how preposterous then for such to profess the principles of non-resistance. He warned the young people against being caught in their snares; their "vine was as the vine of Sodom, and their grapes bitter;" that some were well-nigh hugged to death by them. What did woman want in the name of rights, but liberty to roam over the country from Dan to Beersheba, spurning the protection of man; to traverse the streets and lanes of the city; to travel

in stages and steamboats, by day lines and night lines without a male protector? For himself, before he would submit to the dictation of an imperious woman, he would traverse the earth while there was a foot of ground to tread upon, and swim the rivers while there was water to swim in; that an Elder in the Soc<sup>y</sup> had said at his table, that she did not intend to marry until she found a man to whose judgment she could surrender her own. These were the sentiments that would win the hearts of men; to such as these a man would bring his treasures, and pour "into her lap and kneel at her feet," etc.

All this in the name of the Gospel of Jesus Christ!! This is nearly verbatim. Similar denunciations of anti-slavery and non-resistance soc<sup>es</sup> were repeated at the Western and Caln Quarterly Mg<sup>s</sup>, which he attended with a minute of unity from his Mo. M<sup>e</sup>. Benj. Ferris accompanied him, and in a letter to Rich<sup>d</sup> Price reported what he said, as setting in a true and clear light the delusion of modern abolitionism; exposing those who had been led away by it.

I should not give you these particulars, but that these meetings have produced some excitement among us, and party spirit is in danger of having the ascendancy. And with the hope that you may exercise the holy office of peace-makers, I want you to be apprised early of the state we are in. Some of our dear young people are much puzzled to understand how Stephen Treadwell and G. F. White can both be right, and their messages diametrically opposite. A young man from the Western Quarter thus writes to me; . . . "I write to try to dispel the burden that is resting upon me. It is distressing to honest minds to see two or more 'public Friends' traveling around, both professing to be led by the unerring light, and yet their doctrine diverging to the widest extremes. The attack upon non-resistants was most unexpected. I almost shuddered as he heaped his denunciations upon them. Instantly my mind glanced over the names of a Chapman, Garrison,

May, Capron, Burleigh, and Quincy, and my spirit sank with despondency, and yet with something of indignation, when I recollected that he was an accredited Minister of the Soc<sup>y</sup> of Friends. Shame on such professors! a few such will scatter our Society to the winds, and Quakerism will no longer have an organized form! Oh, how different were his doctrines from that which inculcates an every-day religion which a man can carry with him on all occasions, and practically apply in all cases." . . .

Now, this is a young man who, a few years ago, when but a stripling, took a stand alone against intemperance, when not a society was in existence in his neighborhood; but having a brother who had fallen a victim to that dire sin, he was awakened to the subject. His faithfulness in this prepared his mind for the reception of other subjects of moral reform, and he became an active abolitionist, and made sacrifices of gain and health by lecturing on the subject. He has also done much among his associates to improve their taste in literature, by establishing a library of useful works; and as a Friend, though not in the sectarian exterior, is without reproach. How desirable that such efforts should meet with every encouragement! It may appear strange to you that I should thus write; and if I could detect in myself any germ of unkind feeling toward G. F. W., I should hesitate. But I have been so cast down in view of what awaits the Society if this spirit of judging and condemning is not arrested, that I have sought relief by expression in this way. As to replying from the gallery, my fervent prayer is to "answer not again," but having done well, and suffering for it, to take it patiently. . . .

Affect<sup>ly</sup>

L. MOTT.

TO RICHARD D. WEBB, OF DUBLIN.

PHILA., 4th mo. 2nd, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, RICHARD AND HANNAH WEBB, —  
How little I can write of interest, after the long letter of



my husband; as to theology, I am sick of disputes on that subject; though I cannot say just as my husband has — that he “does n’t care a fig about it” — for I do want those I love to see their way out of the darkness and error with which they are surrounded. Moreover, I think there is so much harm done by teaching the doctrine of human depravity and dependence on a vicarious atonement, that I feel constrained to call on all, everywhere, to yield such a mistaken and paralyzing dogma. Richard is greatly mistaken in saying our Friends are “declaredly Unitarian.” They would be horror-struck at the idea of it!

George F. White, the notable “Hicksite Priest,” who “in season and out of season” assails abolitionists, non-resistants, and temperance men, has lately been in the city, warning our Meeting against “modern Unitarianism.” What man of straw he has been building for himself with that cognomen, I know not; but we perceive that some are searching Elias Hicks’ writings, and remembering his sayings, in proof that he was as much opposed to Unitarians, as to any other sect. He was, nevertheless, unitarian in sentiment, whether they know it or not; and so were William Penn, and some other of our early Friends. But they, as well as some of our modern Friends, threw a veil of mysticism and obscure expression around them — reserving to themselves an understanding of “Christ, the Light,” which many of their readers fail to perceive. This practice strikes me as not quite honest; and yet when questions are put, to see how we may be caught in our words, we have high authority for parrying a little, at least so far as to say, “I will also ask you.” George Combe’s “Notes on the U. S. A., during a Phrenological visit,” is just out, in which he represents our Friends as Unitarians. Many of our members are sorely aggrieved by this statement, as well as by his saying that we left the Society, instead of the fact, that they left us and the original doctrines of Friends. It troubles me not at all; for our sta-



bility and usefulness as a Society, depend, not so much on the opinions of us, as on our strict adherence to our cardinal doctrine of the sufficiency of the "light within," and righteousness without. We hoped to send you some books by this opportunity, but the bearer of our letters cannot take parcels. Now I'll have done with theology.

Your letter, with Cha<sup>s</sup> L. Corkran's addition, was most acceptable. I feel great affection for all the dear friends with whom we so delightfully mingled in Dublin, and shall long have yearnings of heart towards them; but specially for your C. C. were my interests enlisted. I cherish the hope of seeing him comfortably settled here at no distant day. His honesty in the avowal of sentiments that, however correct, have little countenance with your benighted sectarians; his moral courage in acting in accordance with convictions, when it might affect his living; and the devotion of his time to the moral improvement of his degraded and oppressed fellow-beings; his kind attentions to us, and his interest in the company and conversation of that noble man, Wm. L. Garrison; as well as his ready perception of the right, and willing acknowledgment of a change of views, on woman, non-resistance, etc.; all these traits of character render him an important personage in our estimation. I have read his addition to your letter many times, and have only one amendment to propose, viz. when he says, "I am now quite of opinion that any woman who possesses the talent for publicly helping to advance and improve the human race should be allowed to exercise it;" I move that the words "be allowed," be omitted. Our "freedom has so long been by suff'rance, and at will of a superior," that we cannot expect a ready recognition of independent judgment. The servitude of woman is by so many of her kind "kept and guarded as a sacred thing," that we need not look for her mental fetters to be soon broken. I wish we could send him some of our papers and periodicals, without subjecting him to postage.

How near it makes us feel to you, to read your comments on such recent transactions as are recorded in the "Liberator." I fear the Sabbath, Church, and Ministry Convention will not effect much, the time is so occupied by St. Clair, Phelps, Torrey, Colver, and other bigots. It may set the people of priest-ridden New England to thinking for themselves, and ultimately do good.

I was glad you had an opportunity to see and admire Elizabeth Cady Stanton. We had never seen her till we met in England, and I love her now as one belonging to us. I never could regard her husband quite as a New-Organizationist. He, and Whittier, and Birney ought to leave that clan, and return to their first love. They all seem to be retiring from the Anti-Slavery field.

But I must not fill up my paper without telling you how shamefully our Hicksite-Orthodox Friends in New York, are treating Isaac T. Hopper and his son-in-law, James S. Gibbons. George F. White's pro-slavery friends, — overseers of N. Y. Monthly M<sup>s</sup>, — have brought them before the Meeting as offenders, on the charge of aiding in circulating a paper which promotes discord among Friends. Geo. F. White has been preaching from the gallery for two years past, that which has sowed more discord than we shall soon be able to root out and destroy. He has been encouraged in his denunciations, by those who are now active in passing Church censure on I. T. H. and J. S. G. Some of us look forward to troublous times in our Church on account of the opposing sentiment and action on the subject of abolition. Cherry St. m<sup>s</sup> has not yet anything unpleasant to disturb the harmony. They bear with me and my wanderings, wonderfully well. But when our Yearly M<sup>s</sup> comes together, we may meet with some opposition. Our Yearly M<sup>s</sup>'s committee on slavery has published a good tract since our return.

We do not cease to regret that our E. M. Davis did not take the time to go over to Dublin and see you all. His

countenance is as open, and his heart as generous, as is Eliz<sup>th</sup> Stanton's. He came home late in the fall.

I have not left room to write of the love I feel for you all.  
L. MOTT.

Allusions are made in these letters to the "disownment" by the Monthly Meeting of New York, of Charles Marriott, Isaac T. Hopper, and James S. Gibbons, a case which is without a parallel in the history of the Society of Friends.

The charge upon which they were arraigned was the "being concerned in the support and publication of a paper, which has a tendency to excite discord and disunity among us." The ground of the charge was, that they were members of the Executive Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society, which issued the "Anti-Slavery Standard," — a paper, which for purity of morals, excellence of taste, and intellectual ability, was not exceeded, and, perhaps, scarcely equaled, by any periodical of the day. Among its contributors were Lydia Maria Child, Edmund Quincy, James Russell Lowell, and J. Miller McKim. It was supported by a subscription list composed of the names of many of the most exemplary, and enlightened men and women in the country, among whom were members of the Society of Friends of both divisions.

Such was the bitterness and want of honesty and fairness with which the prosecution was conducted, that Meetings and individuals in other parts of the country issued disclaimers, expressing in no measured terms their disapproval and regret. Charles Marriott, a man of great gentleness and sensitiveness, survived the unhallowed decree but for a short time.

Isaac T. Hopper lived for about ten years longer,

in active, earnest, and philanthropic work. The Monthly Meeting of New York had disowned him, but he never disowned the Society of Friends. The Friend<sup>1</sup> who acted as clerk of the Yearly Meeting at the time, one who was for many years the most prominent individual in that body, distinguished alike for his benevolence and his attachment to the Society, in speaking lately of this disownment, remarked, "O, that sad affair! I have repented, repented, repented!" Upon which it was said, "But thou didst not appear to take an active part in the proceeding;" and he replied, "Yes, I held their clothes while they stoned him; it was all a mistake, — all wrong."

TO NATHANIEL BARNEY, OF NANTUCKET.

PHILA., 4th mo. 11th, 1841.

MY DEAR NATHANIEL, — Thy welcome letter was just received, and if I wrote all that is in my heart in view of the impending storm over our Society, a volume would not contain the half. But I forbear. I have hesitated lately whether to take the pen on these truly painful subjects, even to commune with our beloved P. P. Willis. It has been so desirable that our Society should harmonize, and not again be rent in twain, that I have vainly hoped, by patiently bearing denunciation and abuse, we might eventually overcome evil with good.

The recent proceedings of those blind guides in New York give evidence of their state. Isaac T. Hopper writes to his children on the subject, as a Christian should.

George F. White was at our m<sup>g</sup> this morning. He went on in his usual strain; telling the people that man might live, as the Apostle Paul did, more than forty years in the commission of wrong acts, and still not be accountable to God. I am interrupted by company, and must close abruptly.

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Willets.

13<sup>th</sup>. — I resume my pen, but do not now feel like saying more of the wrong doings in New York, and the effort by some of their members to produce similar action here. We are, however, at peace in our several meetings, and no disposition is manifested to check the course of abolition. I felt badly on First-day last; but we are now trying not to fret ourselves because of evil doers. What a fine school to learn non-resistance in! “What glory is it, if, when ye are buffeted for your faults, ye take it patiently, but if ye do well, etc.” . . .

We should like to have thy sentiments as to the proposed discontinuance of the organ of the National Soc<sup>y</sup>. My name stands as one of the Ex. Com., and though merely nominal, I would not withdraw it at this crisis, lest it might appear yielding somewhat to the spirit of persecution, and deserting Isaac T. Hopper in his fiery trial; still, when there is such a disposition to watch how they may catch us in our words, I confess I prefer not to incur the responsibility of that which I have no opportunity of seeing and altering. What does thy Eliza say? Dear Maria Chapman is so anxious that it should be well supported, that I should be sorry to oppose it without good reason. It is extremely difficult to collect the money. We are all poor. Now, is it prudent to go on with expenditures?

We should be very glad to see you at our house.

With much love, ever

L. MOTT.

J. M. TO NATHANIEL BARNEY.

PHILA., 3rd mo. 6th, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Thy letter of 2<sup>nd</sup> mo. 24<sup>th</sup>, I received yesterday. . . . The balance of funds will be handed over to the Female A. S. Soc<sup>y</sup> as requested. This little band (for few they are in number, and small in means,) still persevere in their efforts to aid in undoing the heavy burdens of the oppressed slave, and are encouraged to do

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so in the faith that their work is not in vain, or their labor for naught, notwithstanding the violent and unsparing denunciations heaped upon them by the pro-slavery portion of our citizens, among whom are some who call themselves Friends; and I fear the number of this class is increased by the preaching of some accredited ministers amongst us. In the city of New York, nearly all the Friends of that Mo. M<sup>s</sup> have followed their leader and gone over to the enemy; the few who remain steadfast are excluded from the use of m<sup>s</sup> houses for their anti-slavery m<sup>s</sup>. In this city we also have some who have been carried away by the preaching of George F. White. But the influence is yet too strong on the right side for his admirers to undertake any such measures as they have taken in N. Y. However, the busy tongue of "tale-bearing and detraction" is not idle, and what may be the result of its poisonous influence upon our Soc<sup>y</sup>, if it shall continue to be indulged, it is impossible to say; but we must hope for the best, and trust that right action will in the end produce good fruit, whatever may be the effect upon the actor.

Lucretia's health is now good. She has not been idle the past winter, having visited the seats of government of Del., Penn<sup>a</sup>, and New Jersey, and held meetings, at which most of the members of each Legislature were present; all of which were quiet and satisfactory. At Smyrna, where Dan<sup>l</sup> Neall was mobbed, we were at m<sup>s</sup> on First-day morn<sup>g</sup>, notice having been given. When we rode into the village, the piazza of the only tavern in the place was full of people; many of them followed us to the m<sup>s</sup> house, a short distance, and attended the m<sup>s</sup>, all being quiet and orderly, except that one man, the leader of the mob before, went out when L. began to touch on the subject of slavery. Truth reigned, and some "who came to scoff, remained to pray."

After m<sup>s</sup> we found that one of the lynch-pins had been



taken out of the carriage, which, however, was soon replaced, and we went to the tavern, where the people were again collected, and calling for the landlord, asked if he would give us dinner and feed our horses; he replied, that there was much excitement, and he sh<sup>d</sup> be much obliged to us to excuse him from doing so. This we were willing to do, and drove away; the people around, to the number of fifty or more, were quiet, and I have no doubt those of them who had been at the m<sup>g</sup>, were far more mortified at our being denied a dinner that we were willing to pay for, than we were. Tho<sup>s</sup> Garrett, and wife, of Wilmington, were with us in their carriage. We rode thirteen miles to a friend's house, to put up for the night. . . .

With much affection, thy friend,

J. MOTT.

L. M. TO THE SAME.

PHILA., 5th mo. 21st, 1841.

MY DEAR NATHANIEL, — How greatly disappointed we were that Eliza and thyself did not come to our Yearly M<sup>g</sup>! We could not give it up till the week was more than half gone. We thought you might wish to be at the anniversary of the Am. A. S. Soc<sup>y</sup>., and w<sup>d</sup> come here afterward. Some one of our family went to the boat several days to meet you. Now that the time is past, and you were not here, can you make amends better than to pay us a visit after your Yearly?

There are many things we should like to say, that we cannot well put on paper. Thy letter was exceedingly interesting to us. In view of the divisions among our Friends, I don't wonder that thou should think of a conference on the subject. Still I have such hope that the present storm may blow over, as to lead me to desire that we may bear a great deal, before *we* take any step which would threaten another separation. True, the measures of Friends in Ohio, and in some parts of your Yearly M<sup>g</sup>, lead us more than "partly" to believe that there are "divisions among us."

But if by "quietness and confidence" we can gain any strength, let us longer try to hold our patience. I cannot see that any concessions are called for at our hands; for we are doing no more than is our duty to do.

We were very glad that C. Marriott consented to serve another year on the Ex. Com., both for the good he may render the cause in that way, and the strength to Isaac T. Hopper and J. S. Gibbons, in bearing them company in their persecutions. I hope thou wilt be very faithful with the opposing spirits of N. Y. M<sup>o</sup>. M<sup>s</sup>. Honesty, one with another, is needed in this crisis. There is as much preaching that is pointed and bearing in its tendency, as we ever heard among our Orthodox Friends. If those who are dissatisfied with this, say nothing, save to one another, can we expect other than that the spirit of denunciation will be strengthened? Rachel Hicks has come out in as new a character as some of the gentle spirits did in orthodox days. She said in our "Select M<sup>s</sup>," on Seventh-day, that she had come with her life in her hands, and bound in spirit, to do her Master's bidding; and after much preface of this kind, her message was to denounce "the three popular societies," which she believed she should "be excused naming," as doing more harm, or "a greater obstacle to the progress of Christian or spiritual liberty, than all the gross evils in the world;" and much more of the same character, cautioning Friends against joining them.

In the First-day m<sup>s</sup>, she likened those thus engaged, to the "active Peter and other disciples who would go a fishing, — and how instructive the simile, that it was night — and the Master was not with them, and they toiled all night and caught nothing. When morning came the Master came and directed the net cast on the right side of the ship." Then came the application to those engaged with "creaturely zeal in popular righteousness."

May such things be said year after year over our gallery-rail, with the claim of High Heaven's sanction, and

because no names are mentioned, all pass for an "harmonious labor for truth's honor"?

We rejoiced to hear that your little band on the island was united, and hope it may continue so. It is not needful that all should think favorably of organizations, or even give us countenance in the course we are pursuing. All we ask is, that they will cease to judge us as they have done, and leave us to exercise our individual responsibilities and duties. And we will plead with them, if they cannot be *for* us, not to be *against* us; and if they cannot countenance our measures, to pursue as much better as their best judgments may dictate; and if theirs succeed in undoing the heavy burdens and letting the oppressed go free, they shall have praise of the same.

Is it not encouraging, in these troublous times, that the anniversary m<sup>e</sup> in N. Y. was so good! William Lloyd Garrison is certainly the Reformer of this age. How his opponents sink into insignificance in his presence! . . .

What dost thou think of the conclusion of Michigan Quarterly M<sup>e</sup>., in regard to the "Select Meeting"? I have long noticed that difficulties in our Soc<sup>ty</sup> have had their origin in our Select Meetings, humbling-as is the fact. Perhaps if their power were more limited, one cause of dissensions would be removed. 'Tis true, we often have good meetings together, but what is there that ought to be regarded as secret? I am more and more prepared for their discontinuance. Indeed, I am sometimes almost sick of religious societies; seeing that our nature is to "bark and bite." I am not sorry that Michigan has come to that conclusion.

What an inconsistency to release the Slavery Com., and continue the Indian with an appropriation of \$800! Among the items of expenditure the last year, is a sum paid an agent for procuring signers to petitions to Congress. Bear that in mind, when "hired agents" in the A. S. cause are denounced as "ravenous wolves" by those who make no

complaint when it is for the Indian, who is injured and abased enough truly, but whose oppression and suffering at the hand of the whites has not been a tithe of those of the down-trodden negro. If the wrongs of the Indian are seven-fold, surely those of the negro are seventy and seven.

Thank thee for thy kind invitation to visit you; but we expect to abide in our tents till these "calamities are over-past."

With much love, thy friend, L. MOTT.

TO THE SAME.

PHILA., 11th mo., 22nd, 1841.

MY DEAR NATHANIEL, . . . Thy letter was received a few days before I left home, accompanied by E. M. Davis and Sarah Pugh, to attend the m<sup>s</sup> of the Non-Resistant Soc<sup>y</sup> in Boston. I was much disappointed in not meeting thee there, and could not give up the hope, until after the reception of thy letter by W. L. Garrison, too late to reply before the meeting closed. Of our doings, and many of our sayings, while in Boston, you are apprized. The opposition papers would fain make the people believe, that the speeches of a few ultraists were endorsed by the Society.

Charles Marriott went on with us from N. Y., and expressed satisfaction in such m<sup>gs</sup> of the convention as he attended. He returned home a few days before we did. I suggested to him to ask Friends in N. Y. to give notice of my intention of being at their m<sup>s</sup> on Fourth-day. They refused to do so, on the plea of my having no minute!

What are we to think of G. F. W's offer of his resignation of his right of membership to his Mo. M<sup>s</sup>, only the month previous to his obtaining a minute to go to Indiana? It furnishes satisfactory evidence, that his mind and feelings have been in a morbid state for some time past. I rejoice that thou hast been so faithful in holding up to

Rachel Hicks and others, the danger the Society is in. What a deplorable event it would be, to suffer the ravings of an insane mind to scatter us again to the four winds! I can but hope better things. 'Tis true, a few ministers and others follow in his wake. ——— lately came out in a very improper manner against temperance, abolition, and other societies, "and even phreniology." But he was so manifestly wrong, that it only tended to hurt himself. Our m<sup>gs</sup> have been much less in danger of being carried away by these false brethren, "who have come in to spy out the liberty we have in Christ Jesus," than they were a year ago. Each time we have been visited of late, the veil seems to be removed from the eyes of some.

When wilt thou come and let us talk face to face on subjects of such general concernment? This I think we might do with friendly feelings all around. We had a day of sweet enjoyment on our way home from Boston, with our loved cousins, Henry and Phebe P. Willis, John Ketchum, and others.

Griffith M. Cooper is now in the city on his return from Washington. He is not afraid to speak his mind of the doings in N. Y., and he sees things clearly too. So tell thy dear Eliza not to be discouraged because of a dark and cloudy day; it will but bring forth a refreshing shower, that shall re-animate our spiritual nature and lead us to

"Bud, I hope, and shoot."<sup>1</sup>

I think she will be interested in the perusal of the accompanying discourse by Dr. Channing, when last in our city. He made us several most interesting visits.

I leave home to-morrow morning, for a long journey over the mountains to Centre Quar<sup>ly</sup> M<sup>g</sup> and Fishing Creek M<sup>g</sup>, by appointm<sup>t</sup> of the Yearly M<sup>g</sup>, and with a minute to appoint meetings. Catharine Truman is to bear me company; and Chalkley Gillingham, of N. Jersey, a new Min-

<sup>1</sup> From a quaint effusion by Thomas Elwood.



ister, is also on the appointment. We shall probably be absent six weeks.

Much company and many cares must be my apology for sending such a letter,

Ever thy attached friend, L. MOTT.

L. M. TO HER SISTER, MARTHA C. WRIGHT.

PHILA., 11<sup>th</sup> mo. 23<sup>th</sup>, 1841.

. . . I hope thou wilt be able to get Theodore Parker's sermon. It is a beautiful production ; the sentiments so just, and yet so horrifying to orthodoxy. Ellis brought a review of it, which does Parker injustice, as all such pious notices do, by making him say what he has not said. Thomas Y. had read that, and afterwards one of Bishop Onderdonk's, which, he wrote Ellis, "had strengthened his convictions with reference to Apostolic usage as binding on the present age." He says "In strong contrast, both with the style and arguments of our good bishop, is an ordination sermon preached in Boston by Theodore Parker ; a stranger production professing to be a sermon from a Christian pastor, I never perused. Denying every possible groundwork of Scripture and antiquity, yet full of rich poetic thought and beautiful imagery, it is a lamentable exhibition of the absurdities which the human mind may believe, when it deserts Catholic principles." I should be glad to send thee his letter, a page or more in this strain, very well written, but betraying sentiments in my opinion so much darker than those he is reviewing ; for Parker is full of faith in the true groundwork of religion in all ages on which the truths of Scripture are based ; not on miracles, nor inexplicable creeds. But what lamentable absurdities those are involved in, who bind themselves to church theologies ! We hear nothing like reaction among Unitarians, though Ellis came home from Boston full of the idea. The truth is, that all orthodox sects have modified their faith or their creeds, with the advance of rational



principles of religion ; and now that a large class of Unitarians are moving forward and leaving the fathers of that reformation behind, these in their turn are raising the cry of "heresy," which dying orthodoxy seizes as a straw whereon it may rest its expiring hope.

## CHAPTER X.

THE following letters need no introductory remarks. They follow those of the preceding chapter in chronological order.

PHILA., 2<sup>nd</sup> mo. 25<sup>th</sup>, 1842.

MY DEAR RICHARD AND HANNAH WEBB, and our other dear friends in Dublin, — For when writing to any one of your precious circle, I feel as if I were addressing all, C. Corkran, inclusive, in the yearnings of undiminished affection. As the result of our travel abroad, nothing affords more unmingled pleasure, than the reception of some three or four sheets of Richard's "illegible writing." The very difficulty we have in deciphering seems to heighten the gratification, for we know that when we have puzzled it out, we shall be paid for the effort. I wish Sarah Pugh w<sup>d</sup> copy for you what she wrote at the close of the last year. It was so expressive of my feelings. That the rapid flight of Time was placing our delightful visit in the more distant view — and, so on — a heap of pretty sentiments; just what I felt, but had not the ability to write out.

I should like to send you a copy of some playful lines, written by our daughter Anna for her friend, Sarah A. McKim, as an "acknowledgment" to Friends for her offense in "marrying out of meeting." We can bear with evident satisfaction a little raillery at the expense of other sects, but few can bear to have their own made the subject of satire, or even pleasantry. Our veneration is trained to pay homage to ancient usage, rather than to truth, which is

older than all. Else why church censure on marriages that are not of *us*; on parent's conniving; on our members being present at such, etc.? Oh! how our Discipline needs revising, and stripping of its objectionable features! I know not how far yours may differ from ours; but I know we have far too many disownable offenses. Still, with all our faults, I know of no religious association I would prefer to it. And I would rather hear of R. D. Webb, laboring very faithfully, and in all Christian daring, *in* his Society, than withdrawing from it. I felt so with regard to Wm. Bassett, and hoped that his influence "within the pale," might "turn many to righteousness." I have frequently noticed that persons who were once useful in our Society, after withdrawing from it become rather contracted, and selfish; shut themselves out from society at large, and grow censorious. Their children also, having no rallying point as they grow older, follow their natural inclination for association, and connect themselves with sects far behind the intelligence and light of their parents. These remarks may not apply to all. Wm. Lloyd Garrison never was attached to any sect. Sarah Pugh, from the time of the "separation" among us, never felt her interest enlisted on either side, but I have no fear of her talents rusting for want of use.

It has been gratifying to see James Haughton's name so frequently in public meetings for the good of the people, and the spread of sound principles. His letter received last summer is valued by us, even though we have made no adequate return. I want to send him a heretical sermon, preached by Theodore Parker, in Boston, last year: the "Transient and Permanent in Christianity." It created a great stir in New England, and led some of the old Unitarians to tremble for their reputations as Christians. The Orthodox were out upon them in all quarters; which led some of them to issue their disclaimers. Whereupon, the Evangelicals, catching at a straw, foresaw a strong counter-movement, and were cheered with the belief that "doc-

trines, which of old were held, would begin to reassert their former claims; and Truth, hallowed by time, and revered by Apostolic teaching, and holy, from its conformity to the blessed lessons of the Son of God, would become, and remain, the only standard of the Christian life." Thus wrote my nephew, Thomas C. Yarnall, who is studying in college for the ministry in the Episcopal church. But to my understanding we shall not make much progress as Christians, until we dare read and examine the Jewish Scriptures, as we would any other of the ancient records. By what authority do we set so high a value on every text that may be drawn from this volume? Certainly not by any command therein found. On the contrary, again and again, there is an appeal to the inner sense; "Why even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?" . . .

Parker's remarks on the Bible, in the Discourse above mentioned, I like very much: that its real and proper estimate will not be lessened by breaking through the idolatry which is now paid to it. I read its pages, I mean the Scriptures, over and over again with a keen relish, and encourage our children to do the same; but I cannot do, as we saw Friends in England and Ireland do—make the reading of that book a religious rite in the family, and adopt a peculiar tone and solemn style of pronunciation,—(all the "*ed*" terminations, full.) Let us venerate the good and the true, while we respect not prejudice and superstition.

R. D. Webb thinks I am a humanitarian. I have never given my faith a name. The distinctions among Christian professors are found, on an analysis, to be but hair-breadth, and it is puzzling to bear in mind the distinctive points in their creeds. We give a more orthodox hue to ours, by retaining some expressions which do not convey our real sentiments. I do not wonder that Richard asks, what we mean by our professions. If he should hear some of our preachers, he would understand us better. The hearers

are often told, that they are not called to rest their hopes of salvation on the "sacrifice without the gates of Jerusalem." We never attempt to draw or define the precise relation to the Father. Nor is a Trinity acknowledged in our galleries. We rather urge obedience to "manifested duty," as the means of acceptance with the Searcher of Hearts. This is the old-fashioned Quaker doctrine; "neither is there Salvation in any other."

I have no doubt of the kindness and sincerity of the friend who warned you of the danger of association with some of us. Should she hear Richard say how loosely society attachments rest upon him, she would feel as if there was cause for her concern. He must be careful how he gives utterance to such sentiments. I have often felt the restraints, and seen the evils of which he speaks; but after much consideration, I have come to the conclusion that the advantages of religious associations preponderate. It requires constant watching and care that we yield no principle, but only concede minor points for the sake of unity. If the bearing of a faithful testimony to the Word, subjects us to excommunication, then let us seek another rallying point, for our children's sake, as well as for the preservation of ourselves.

You will see by the "*A. S. Standard*," how the N. York pseudo Quakers are conducting towards Isaac T. Hopper, James S. Gibbons, and Charles Marriott. I bear my testimony against their intolerance in every circle. In our Indian committee of four Yearly M<sup>gs</sup> united, C. Marriott has been a faithful and active member. In a meeting of that com. last week, I expressed the regret I felt, that he should be so unjustly deprived of his right to labor with us in that cause. Some present thought we should be careful how we judged another Monthly M<sup>s</sup>. I told them we did not hesitate, fifteen years ago, to judge of the persecuting spirit of our Orthodox opposers, and I viewed the treatment of these Friends in New York, in the same light. We were

then struggling for freedom of opinion ; we are now claiming the right of practice in accordance with our convictions. I wish you could see a correspondence growing out of my going to Boston last autumn, to attend the Non-Resistance anniversary, and attending New York m<sup>s</sup> en my way home.<sup>1</sup> The Elders and others there, have been quite desirous to make me an offender, for joining with those not in membership with us, and accepting offices in their societies. But our Friends here know full well that such a position is neither contrary to our Discipline, to Scripture, to reason, nor to common sense. I was permitted to answer for myself, and found proof enough in the practice of Friends, from the days of Wm. Penn to the present, of such "mixtures." They failed to bring action against me. . . .

I want to tell you how Anne Knight, in a letter to Margaretta Forten, deploras my "heresy." She says, "Her forbearance of the wrongs encountered in the Fatherland would merit the term Christian, had she not so utterly disowned and insulted her Lord and Saviour. . . . Awfully as I regard this state of deep and hardened revolt, yet I do love Lucretia Mott for her work's sake. It was a joy to me to have the opportunity of offering those attentions which others neglected." . . . I shall write to her soon, and try to convince her that, although I do not interpret the "sacred text" precisely as she does, I am not on that account entitled to all the hard names branded by a self-styled orthodoxy. She expresses a wish to have one of James' books, "Three Months in Great Britain," which I shall take great pleasure in sending her. I intend also to send one to Eliz<sup>th</sup> Pease. She wrote a kind letter to us last summer, which we have not yet acknowledged. I

<sup>1</sup> A complaint was sent from an Elder of New York meeting, to an Elder of Philadelphia meeting, beginning with curious indirectness, "It is informed, that Lucretia Mott," etc. Instead of laying this before the meeting, as was expected by the writer, the one who received it took it direct to Lucretia Mott, who replied in a spirited statement, which her friend used in connection with the complaint.



have little time to write, save a constant correspondence with my absent sister, and a very few others. I am traveling from home so much, that I have to be the more devoted to my family and domestic avocations when here; and until I do, as Richard approves in Sarah Pugh, "break off my attachment to our religious Society," I shall have frequent demands on my time and services in its behalf.

You will see H. B. Stanton's name among the Third Party speakers in Boston. How sorry I am that he has joined them! They might have had Colver, if we could have kept Stanton, and Whittier, and Theodore D. Weld. You will see in the "A. S. Standard" the Washington correspondence of the "New York American," signed R. M. T. H., giving an account of J. Q. Adams' defense. How bravely the veteran is acquitting himself! It is supposed, and with some reason, that Theodore D. Weld is the writer of those letters. Our New-Organization abolitionists are not idle. Let us give them credit for all the good they do.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton is at her father's. She writes to her friend, Eliz<sup>th</sup> J. Neall, that she has lately made her début in public in a temperance speech, and was so eloquent in her appeals as to affect not only her audience, but herself to tears. About one hundred men were present. She infused into her speech a homœopathic dose of Woman's Rights, and does the same in many private conversations. In a letter to me, some time ago, she says, "The more I think on the present condition of woman, the more am I oppressed with the reality of her degradation. The laws of our country, how unjust are they! our customs, how vicious! What God has made sinful, both in man and woman, custom has made sinful in woman alone. In talking with many people, I have been struck with this fact." . . .

I can readily imagine your brother James a fond father, from the little evidence I had of his affection in the conju-

gal relation. I was pleased with his wife, and the addition since made to their family is all that seemed necessary in their beautiful abode to render their bliss complete.

Oh! that delightful day at the sea-side with some of you! The walk up Killiney Hills, the prospect from the top, all, all are remembered with dear delight. When will you come here? I cannot convey by expression how much I want to see you again. These dear familiar letters to Sarah Pugh, Abby Kimber, and ourselves, some of which are lying before me, bind you to our hearts as bosom friends. Another scene I remember, when Hannah walked with me, after one of the sessions of the Convention, and took me through part of Covent Garden Market, which I had so oft read of as a child. Reaching your lodgings, your venerable father sat there, looking so grave, as if he had some misgivings as to the propriety of his juxtaposition with heretics of the Hicksite order. I remember, too, his prudential silence when I ventured a little ultraism; and the "Irish hospitality" with which we were entertained, — each one doing so much to minister to our hungry appetites. Again, when in your own social circle in Dublin, I presumed to read a part of what I had written home of your non-committal course in matters of theology, suggesting, as one reason, the fear of your orthodox leaders, the earnestness and openness of countenance with which your brother Thomas ejaculated, "*I'm not afraid*," gave me a sensation of delight. If I forget these things, my memory will forget its office.

It needs some to be "not afraid," in order to withstand the high-handed measures of the Quaker hierarchy. I doubt whether the domination of any sect is more arbitrary. A handful of the distinct order in Rhode Island Yearly M<sup>s</sup> placed their veto on the opening of m<sup>s</sup> houses for the lectures of the abolitionists, and lo! they are nearly all closed. Here, the young people are kept from the benevolent efforts of the day, as if there would be defilement

in the touch! I do not wonder that Richard Webb feels the evils of these sectarian organizations. Altho' I have written as I have on another page, I agree with him ("in the abstract") that for those who are accustomed to reflect and come to conclusions for themselves, they are unnecessary.

When you have read the controversy between Paul and Amicus, we should like to have your opinion of the work. It was first published in a Wilmington paper. Paul was a Presbyterian minister by the name of Gilbert. Amicus was Benjamin Ferris. He told us that every answer to Paul was written after his family had retired for the night; that frequently, when he went to put his effusions into the post office, it was daylight. He never submitted one of them to the criticism of his friends, and never had any objection made to them. After the controversy was ended, the "Meeting for Sufferings" issued a kind of disclaimer of it — or protest against it — at the suggestion of Jonathan Evans, the Pope of that day, because it had not been submitted to their orthodox tribunal, previously to its publication, "according to the good order" prescribed in the Discipline. This occurred about a year or two before the "separation," say, in 1823. Our Friends did not relish a reproof from that quarter.

Not long after this, Fanny Wright, R. D. Owen, and some others of that school, were in Wilmington, and some of these liberal writers and their children went to hear them lecture on "Knowledge," "Education," etc. This alarmed Benj. Ferris and his party, and they came out with an "Expose of Modern Skepticism." Immediately another paper was issued by Benj. Webb. Whereupon, Dr. Gibbons, B. Ferris, and others entered a complaint to the meeting, of their ultraism; and five or six were disowned. They appealed in vain to our Yearly M<sup>s</sup>; many thinking it were better these should suffer, than that our august body should be in any manner identified with the "infidel Owen-

ites." The children of these persecuted brethren withdrew, and Wilmington meeting has had "Ichabod" on its walls, from that time to the present. These disowned members were among their most active, benevolent citizens, and have continued respected and beloved. Now, such arbitrary measures I detest. My husband and self came near "losing our place," by uttering our indignant protest against their intolerance. These are the evils of religious or sectarian organizations. We cry out against assumption of power and oppression. But no sooner do we successfully resist their influence than the same weapons are wielded by us against those who take one step in advance of ourselves. We can be mighty charitable to the poor weaklings we consider *behind* us; but let some one go on *before*! we are as ready to cry "stop," and to condemn, as were those at whose hands we suffered such abuse. Where is our confidence in the truth, that we are so fearful to meet error, without denunciation? I never felt any special interest in Owen, or his followers, but desired to meet them in a Christian spirit, knowing they would not ultimately prevail, only as they were in the right. Our dear Eliz<sup>th</sup> Pease, and some others, quaked with fear, when Owen called on W. L. Garrison, and the other Americans, in London, lest it might give us a bad name; but I regarded not such fears. How could a common observer of heads and countenances tremble for the influence of such a man! The most successful refutation of his visionary scheme is to suffer him to be his own expositor.

I have not yet told you of the pleasant visit we had from Lord Morpeth. We felt some hesitancy about calling on him, thinking he would not remember us. But in a letter from Dr. Channing to his son, who is passing the winter here, he expressed a hope that we would see him; so we went to his lodgings, card in hand, reducing him to a common man, on our Republican principles. He was not at home. He soon returned the call, made himself very

agreeable, and accepted an invitation the day following, to breakfast with us. He came each time unattended, walking, as any of our citizens would. We are pleased with the ease with which he accommodates himself to our American and Quaker simplicity. We invited Robert Purvis, Miller McKim, and a few other intelligent abolitionists to meet him here, and had a delightful time. He gives general satisfaction in passing through the country. His amiable disposition and manner are pleasing, though he is rather awkward at the graces.

I began this long letter as dated. It is now Third month, 7<sup>th</sup>. I can only write a little each day, having many interruptions. Another lion has just arrived in the city — Charles Dickens. Our children have a strong desire to see him. I, too, have liked the benevolent tendency of his writings, though I have read very little in them. I did not expect to seek an interview, or to invite him here, as he was not quite one of our sort. But just now, there was left at our door, his and his wife's card, with a kind letter from our dear friend, E. J. Reid, London, introducing them, and expressing a strong desire that we would make their acquaintance. There is not a woman in London, whose draft I would more gladly honor. So now we shall call on them, and our daughters are in high glee. I regret that in Boston and New York the people have been so extravagant in their reception of the man.

Our dear Mary Grew has lived too far from us — quite in the lower part of the city — to meet with us often when our friends are with us. But there is a strong, binding tie of affection with all our band of "rejected delegates."

We yesterday attended the funeral of James Forten. You will see an account of his death in the "A. S. Standard," and an obituary written by Mary Grew. It was a real amalgamation funeral; hundreds of white people, and thousands of colored. . . .



But I must close this very long letter. With kindest remembrances to all the loved circle,

I am yours most truly,                      LUCRETIA MOTT.

TO NATHANIEL BARNEY, OF NANTUCKET.

PHILA., 10th mo. 8th, 1842.

MY DEAR NATHANIEL, — We have thy two acceptable letters, with their accompaniments, and hardly know how to make adequate acknowledgment for all thy kindness to us. May a “full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou” hast long trusted! and may we learn beneficence from thy example!

. . . The associations for reform in its various branches, and the opposition they have had to encounter, have awakened more interest and inquiry as to the advantages, or otherwise, of ecclesiastical establishments and church confederacies, than has been elicited since the days of George Fox and his cotemporaries. Early in the Anti-Slavery enterprise it was evident that woman would not rest satisfied in her priestly thralldom. One of the first resolutions of the Women’s Convention<sup>1</sup> was, “that it is time for woman to act in the sphere which Providence had assigned her, and no longer to rest satisfied with the circumscribed limits in which corrupt custom and a perverted application of the Scriptures had encircled her.”

We ought not to marvel that the Washingtonians are so unprepared for intermingling with colored people. When we consider the prejudices under which they have grown up; how little they have heard, or read, to remove those prejudices; and how earnest were the appeals to *us* on this point, before ever our eyes were opened, we should be cautious of driving them too fast. There is yet a difference of sentiment and feeling on this subject, even among abolitionists. Let us plead with such as are holding back, so that this beam may be removed out of our own eye.

<sup>1</sup> The National Convention of Anti-Slavery Women.



To Priests and Levites, let us also be unsparing. How much good the stand thou took, has done! I rejoice that you are so liberal as to give your colored brethren confidence to gather with you and sit where they list. Glad too that S. S. Foster was rec<sup>d</sup> by you, "not now as a fanatic, but as a brother beloved." Perhaps the disaffected, who have left you, may yet return. It has been so in some instances with those who left Wm. H. Furness' meeting, because of his plain preaching on the subject of slavery.

We have no longer the presence of Dr. Channing; though his works will live forever and praise him. What a world's loss his death is! How much in his memory that is precious and blessed! We could seem to see how calmly his sun went down. How many of the great men of earth have been removed by death within a few years! I shall ever rejoice that we had the privilege of friendship and close converse with Dr. Channing. Were you not glad that he came up to the full measure of abolitionism in his last address? Dear H. G. Chapman's sufferings are at an end also! I wrote to Maria two weeks since. We have yet spared to us honorable women not a few, and we have Garrison and many co-adjutors. So let us not despair.

We have no prospect of attending the Non-Resistance Anniversary this year. I am glad thou expects to be there. The Free Produce Meeting will occupy us here. We are also to have a large Indian committee from the four Yearly M<sup>gs</sup>; then comes Baltimore M<sup>g</sup>. I expect to ask for a minute, so as to be at liberty to appoint meetings. James will bear me company. We should be much pleased to have Eliza and thyself come on and go with us. Have you not such a prospect?

I must now close. Perhaps George Truman will write to thee of our going together to Haddonfield Quarterly M<sup>g</sup>, where we found G. F. W.; and how he preached of Onesimus being sent back to Philemon; and how I spake as if such an one were not present! He, however, carried

many with him. He has not been here of latter time. John Comly continues to preach against the reformatory movements of the day, and so does Edward Hicks sometimes. . . .

Wm. H. Furness preached of Dr. Channing to-day. I should have liked much to hear him, but, — sectarian prescription!

My dear love to our cousins, Tho<sup>s</sup> and Eunice Macy.

Very affectionately, L. MOTT.

FROM J. M. TO THE SAME.

PHILA., 11th mo. 25th, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND, N. BARNEY, — Lucretia and self returned to our sweet and pleasant home on Fourth-day, 23<sup>rd</sup>, after an absence of nearly four weeks. Among the letters received while we were away was one from thee. On reading it L. said, "I don't know when I shall find time to write;" so I have concluded to help her, although a very poor substitute, and give you, that is, thee and Eliza, and our other friends on Nantucket, some account of our journey in Maryland and Virginia. You know of our going to attend the Yearly M<sup>s</sup> in Baltimore, which proved to be more satisfactory than we had anticipated. Some friends in that city were fearful of abolition doctrine when they heard of L.'s prospect;<sup>1</sup> but they received us kindly, and when the m<sup>s</sup> was over, their fears were in great measure removed, and their prejudices abated. L. had two appointed m<sup>ss</sup> on First and Sixth-day evenings, both of which were large and quiet, and as far as we know, satisfactory. Some articles were published in the papers approving what was said, and one editor made reports of the

<sup>1</sup> On their arrival in Baltimore, an influential Friend, one from whom kind treatment and sympathetic encouragement might have been expected, said to Lucretia Mott: "Now, Lucretia, let us have no battle array." No reply was spoken, but the tender heart, so brave and resolute before its adversaries, so sensitive to friendly criticism, felt keenly this gratuitous thrust.

sermons, which we saw after our return home. Yet we find a report here that we, or some other abolitionist, paid the editors to insert the laudatory paragraphs! Lucretia having a minute to appoint some m<sup>gs</sup>, we concluded to attend those of Fairfax Quarter, which lie in Virginia. Accompanied by Edwd. Needles, in carriage and horses furnished by his brother John Needles, (at whose house we had been kindly entertained, and who, with his lovely family, manifested sympathy and interest for us,) we left Baltimore and had seventeen m<sup>gs</sup> in eighteen days, besides attending the Quarterly M<sup>s</sup> at Alexandria, and traveling three hundred and fifty miles. Our m<sup>gs</sup> were all well attended, and some of them large; at most, if not all, more or less slaveholders, were present, and heard their "peculiar institution" spoken of plainly, and themselves rebuked for the robbery and wrong they were committing on their fellow-creatures. Our m<sup>gs</sup>, without any exception, were quiet and altogether respectful, and we were treated on all occasions with kindness and attention; giving evidence to us that the fields are already white unto harvest for true Gospel labor.

Some elderly Friends were timid and fearful lest we might cause an excitement, and wanted the subject of slavery should be let alone as much as possible; but the younger class of Friends, and the common people, and even many other professors, heard gladly and acknowledged the truth of what was said. On the whole, our visit has been satisfactory to us, and we believe to most of the visited; and we have abundant cause to be encouraged in the promulgation of truth and sound principles. We had some opportunity of conversation with slaveholders and their apologists, and are still further confirmed in the opinion, that the slaveholder is more open to reason and conviction, than many, who are "as much opposed to slavery as any one, but——." The slaveholders, or many of them, will bear to hear the truth spoken in the love of the

Gospel, and in this love plain things may be said, and will bring an acknowledgment of their truth; of this we had full evidence.

I have thus given you a long account of a short visit, and now leave L. to make such comments on it as she may wish. One other matter I intended to mention. Th Yearly M<sup>g</sup>. issued an address on the subject of slavery much of it good and just; but some of it very objectionable, as respects the associations of anti-slavery people. Against this I bore my testimony in the m<sup>g</sup>, and, with one exception, was the only person who attempted to expose the error and wrong that was done. Afterwards a number expressed to me their dissatisfaction with the document, and unity with what I had said, but they had not had the courage to express it. My remarks called out many voices in favor of the document. I doubt whether any of them knew whereof they affirmed. In relation to the movements and principles of abolitionists, we found even among Friends much ignorance, and more prejudice; a little of which I hope has been abated.

## FROM L. M. TO THE SAME.

2nd mo., 14th, 1843.

Here this letter has lain, nearly three mo<sup>s</sup>, waiting for me to fill and send it, while I have delayed from time to time. My health has not been very good since my return, and writing has been rather a dread to me. Some parts of the above will be old and stale, if indeed it was necessary to be so minute about my little fulfilments of duty. It needs care that we do not magnify our missions of love.

As so much is told, I may as well complete the narrative by informing you that I was not easy to return my minute, without going again to Washington, and seeking an interview with those in power, and the representatives of this boastful nation. We applied for the Hall of Congress, but that being granted on condition of silence on slavery, we

of course could not accept it. The Unitarian house proved a far better place, and was crowded to excess, — many members of Congress present — all quiet and respectful. I have rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Dr. Macaulay, who was present, requesting my views, as there expressed, on woman's duties and responsibilities. I have written him at length. Some other notes and letters have been sent us, expressive of unity. We marveled that the people, both there and in Virginia, were so open to hear the truth on the subject of slavery. We called on Pres. Tyler. I told him "a part of my mission was to interest those in power on the subject of emancipation." He professed some interest in the subject, but thought the blacks should be colonized. James told him that the South could not do without them, and he thought they should be left free to choose their location, as other people were. He asked if we would be willing to have them at the North. I replied, "Yes — as many as incline to come, but most of them would prefer to remain on the plantations, and work for wages." He spoke of the discussions of the subject years ago in Virginia, "but the Missouri question and other agitations had put the cause back." I hoped it was not too late to resume it. He liked the way Friends treated the subject; he had lately read the address from Baltimore, and liked it. I did not, — it was calculated to set the slave-holder's conscience too much at ease, — it made more apology for him, than he could make for himself. He replied, "I should like to hand Mr. Calhoun over to you." On our coming away, he wished me success in my benevolent enterprises.

We called on John Quincy Adams, who seemed much discouraged that anything would be effected this Congress, or the next, on the subject of slavery. The message of the new governor of N. Y. had "made his blood boil with indignation." Our hopes of success must not rest on those in power, but on the common people, whose servants they are. These hear truth gladly, when free access is obtained



to their unprejudiced hearts. I ever have hope of a meeting made up of such.

We seem in rather a tame state in our own Meeting. Nothing very exciting since Rachel Hicks' visit, save some remarks from Nicholas Brown, in the men's M<sup>s</sup>, charging the abolitionists with having been the means of making the situation of the col<sup>d</sup> people worse in Richmond, where he and Marg<sup>t</sup>. had been. He made some false statements, which were corrected by Dan<sup>l</sup>. Neall, Geo. Truman, and others. He was afterwards reproved for his speech by one of our overseers.

I have lately read M. W. Chapman's "Ten Years of Experience," or Ninth Annual Report, with much interest, as I do everything from her pen. I like what she says on associations; for, if properly conducted, they need not destroy individuality. Are our sectarian associations thus conducted? I am more and more persuaded that they encroach far too much on individual rights, and infringe the freedom of the Gospel.

George Truman has been called out lately to defend the abolitionists in public and private. He was a near sympathizer with me during Balt<sup>e</sup> Yearly M<sup>s</sup>; when Friends there were so filled with fears and cautions, that they would have been glad to forbid the subject of slavery.

Have you seen the memorial to the Maryland legislature from the "Balt<sup>e</sup> M<sup>s</sup> for Sufferings"? It seems very much as if it was to redeem their character after that slanderous "document" from their Yearly M<sup>s</sup>. I doubt not it has been drawn from them by abolitionists. There is considerable good anti-slavery feeling in that Yearly M<sup>s</sup>, if they only dare speak out. That "document" was "a lie." There was no exercise in that meeting corresponding with the expressions and assertions contained in it. All that had been expressed was of an anti-slavery character. Samuel Janney had made a good speech, which James says would have graced any of our anti-slavery papers. A *sham* commit-



tee was appointed "to define the position of the Society on the subject." In the committee this "document" was immediately produced, having been prepared two or three weeks before, and, with one reading, passed; some objections were made, which were silenced. We have since heard that it was submitted to John Comly and others, two weeks before the meeting. These things are calculated to sever the bond of union in our Soc<sup>y</sup>, and already this is the case to some extent in Indiana.

I was pleased to find by thy letter some months back, that thy practice and thy preaching were such as to develop the real character of some of your "worshippers"; for, as thou says, "we have but to do right, and let consequences take care of themselves." If there were more of this confidence and less practical infidelity, we should see greater results from our labors than have yet marked them.

With continued affection, thy friend,

L. MOTT.

TO F. W. HOLLAND.

PHILADA., 2nd mo. 18th, 1843.

MY MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND, F. W. HOLLAND, — I ought earlier to have acknowledged thy attention in sending me the sensible extracts from Geo. Ripley's, and Geo. Putnam's sermons. If we would only put in practice the abundance of good we hear spoken, as well as that manifested to our inner sense, we should be instrumental in removing "foul and hideous corruptions of the age." Since enjoying the privilege of social intercourse with thee last summer, I have often desired that thy gentle spirit might be aroused to "preach forcibly and earnestly," and "rebuke faithfully" the crying abominations of this age, and of our country.

The minister of Christ's Gospel must not let the fear of consequences outweigh or blunt his sense of duty. The

path of duty will ever eventually be found to be the highest expediency. Wm. H. Furness was threatened for a time with loss to his church, in consequence of his boldness for truth and the right; but some of the absentees are returning to him, and those who remained are enlightened by his faithfulness.

What would not the world have lost, had Dr. Channing been deterred from "declaring the whole counsel of God," lest the people would not hear it! Now, "although dead, he yet speaketh," and truth, thus spoken, "will draw all men unto it."

I was glad to hear of thy return to Nantucket.

With best wishes, thy friend,

LUCRETIA MOTT.

The following extract from a letter to a friend must not mislead the reader into thinking it a criticism of the Hutchinson family, for James and Lucretia Mott held them in the high esteem they deserved. It is given as an indication of the influence exerted even over independent minds by the traditions of the Society of Friends, in whose Discipline "stage plays, horse races, music, and dancing," are held to be "vain sports and pastimes," unfit for those whose "time passeth swiftly away," and whose "delight is in the law of the Lord:" —

4th mo. 4th, 1843.

. . . The anti-slavery meeting in New York we fear will be small this year, owing to a general scarcity of money. It will be important, as there is a change contemplated in the "Standard." We are sorry to hear that the Hutchinson family of singers is expected to be there.

We have enough of interest in rational appeals at our A. S. Convention, — enough on the high ground of principle, — without descending to mere excitement to carry on

the work. Some of us feel unwilling to give additional cause of censure to our opposing Quakers, and would far rather have music confined to those who wish for its beautiful, harmonious, and evanescent influence. Still, to stay away, or to withdraw on that account, would look like the "New-Organization's" deserting us because of woman's thrusting herself in. So we shall go. . . .

Lucretia Mott was so often obliged by circumstances to contend with those in authority, that in minor points it was a relief to conform as far as possible to the requirements of the Society.

In after days her feeling about music changed, and although she never quite approved of its use in a solemn gathering, as being frivolous, she did not oppose others who wished it, and ceased to regard it as objectionable in itself. During the latter thirty years of her life, her grandchildren's piano stood in her parlor, and none enjoyed more than she, the simple melodies played upon it. Her favorites were "John Brown," "Dixie," and "Old Folks at Home." When we were sometimes moved to smile at her vain attempts to hum one of these, she would notice our amusement, and, sharing it, say, "My mother used to say to me, when I tried to sing, 'Oh, Lucretia, if thee was as far out of town as thee is out of tune, thee would n't get home to-night.'"

The year before she died, when she was obliged to give up her life-long habit of early rising, and to spend weary hours in bed, she used to get a sweet-voiced little great-grandson to sing to her every morning, while he was dressing in the next room. The song was always "Old Folks at Home," over and over again. Then the little fellow would be called to her bedside to receive the penny that she had ready for him under her pillow.

As has been stated before, "Friends" did not approve of Lucretia Mott's participation in Anti-Slavery Fairs. She, however, recognizing in them a means to replenish the continually exhausted treasury of the Anti-Slavery Society, continued to take an active interest in them. They were held annually, just before Christmas time. One year, when the regular donation from Boston and England came too late to be available, she offered her parlors as a place for their sale. This reprehensible innovation gave great offense, and caused much serious consultation among Friends.

Some went so far as to visit her and remonstrate on solight-minded a proceeding; and particularly on the vanity of her having allowed engravings of herself to be included in the sale.

Towards most she maintained a dignified silence as to her reasons; but she wrote the following explanation to a much respected friend, who desired to know the real circumstances of the case.

It tells a curious story of the petty fault-finding of a narrow sectarianism.

PHILADELPHIA, 3rd mo. 13th, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND, CYRUS PIERCE, — In compliance with thy request, I will endeavor to give thee a true statement of the circumstances, which thou says have been reported to my disadvantage. Not that I expect to satisfy those who are disposed to believe otherwise. For years past I have considered time poorly spent in trying to disabuse such minds, and have not taken a step to correct any report which a detracting spirit may have spread. But for *thy* sake I will so far deviate from my wonted course as to say: — as regards the sale of articles at our house, the generous gift of some of our English abolitionists, they did not come to hand until after our annual sale, or Fair, and being sent particularly to me, I concluded best to open

and expose them for sale in our house. An invoice accompanied them, valuing them at \$400. They were principally useful articles of clothing; some beautiful drawings and paintings; and the remainder, fancy articles. Among the latter were some pressed flowers taken from Melrose Abbey, and from the grave of Elizabeth Heyrick, the well known author of "Immediate, not Gradual Abolition." This work indirectly wrought conviction in the British Parliament, which resulted in the emancipation of 800,000 West India bonds-men. These flowers were stitched to a card, on which were inscribed some appropriate lines. They were sold at twenty-five cents each; also, at the same price, some rulers made from a tree, under which George Fox had preached. About six or seven dollars were realized from these things. Our daughters, with one or two of their friends, had charge of them, and attended to the sale, as I was ignorant of their value, and did not feel disposed to attend to it, while I had not the least objection to their doing so. They sold to the amount of about \$150. The remainder of the articles were kept till the next annual Fair.

Of the good that has been accomplished by these and other efforts on behalf of the stricken and suffering slave, let an awakened conscience, a growing public sentiment in favor of emancipation, and the thousands of liberated fugitives in Canada, testify. The effect on the young, of devoting part of their time to such objects, I have seen to be salutary.

As our friend Nathaniel Barney has said, "Some who can employ a leisure, and perhaps otherwise an *idle* hour, are now interested to elaborate some beautiful needlework or otherwise, and in this way their latent feelings are awakened, and I have no doubt this may be a means of exciting inquiry, and finally begetting an abiding interest in the great work of human freedom. I therefore feel it right to do a trifle in aid of it."



Thou mentioned a report of some buttons being sold from a great man's coat. I know of no such sale, and presume none ever took place. When in England, a peculiar kind of button, worn by O'Connell and others, as a badge of a society to which they belonged, was given to two or three of our American friends. I never heard of their selling them, or setting a very high value on them. There has always been special care in our anti-slavery sales not to have an exorbitant price affixed to the goods.

As respects the engraving or likeness, thou may inform thy friends, that I had nothing to do, either with the execution, sale, or profit of it. It was done when I was absent from home. I have never disposed of them in any way, either by present, or sale. Nor was I acquainted with the fact of any being taken into the country to be sold. As far as I was consulted, I tried to discourage the exhibition of them. Still I view it as a harmless indulgence, and cannot pass censure on those who preserve an image of their friends. Thus thou wilt see, "how great a matter a little fire kindleth." If any of thy friends are really desirous of having the above explanation, I hope it may prove satisfactory.

Thornton Walton called on me two or three weeks since, supposing I had heard of his expressing his sentiments rather warmly in reference to the sale alluded to. I had not heard a word of his saying; and after explaining to him, as I have now done in the fore part of this letter, he went away, apparently satisfied, or expressing nothing to the contrary, and I am sure I entertain no other than kind feelings toward him, or any other of our Byberry friends.

To thee and thine, my most affectionate regards,

LUCRETIA MOTT.

While some of this censorship was very annoying, it also had its amusing side; particularly to one who had so keen a sense of the ludicrous as Lucretia Mott. It perhaps might not have been so entertain-



ing to her self-constituted spiritual guardians, as it was to her family, to hear her account of their visits and their criticism; but it was fortunate for her endurance, that she could receive such undesirable attentions with amusement, rather than irritation.

On one occasion, one of the Elders of the meeting, who was quite friendly to her, though not in entire unity, called to see her, and during the conversation, said, "My dear, I was not at meeting last First-day morning, and did not hear thy discourse myself, but I thought it best to come tell thee that Friends are much troubled with some things thou said. I have been told that thou called the Bible 'a blood rusty key.' I am very sorry thou wilt say such things."

Lucretia Mott could scarcely maintain her gravity, but wishing to spare the feelings of her kind-hearted, but ignorant friend, she replied seriously, that she had only quoted some lines from a poem called the "Crisis," written by James Russell Lowell:—

"Nor attempt the future's portals  
With the past's blood-rusted key,"

but had not made any application of them to the Bible.

Soon after this, James Mott writes:—

12th mo. 14th, 1843.

. . . An impulse has been given to the pro-slavery spirit amongst us, that may not be allayed, until some of us are crucified. But we must endeavor to bear all, and hope for the best. Some hard things have been said about one who is dearer to me than life; but she heeds them not, nor turns aside from her onward path of duty and labor. I have felt sad, but not disheartened, trusting that in the end the evil will be overruled by good.

There is neither date nor address to the following

letter. It was written to Nathaniel Barney, of Nantucket, some time in 1843, probably soon after the Yearly Meeting in the Fifth month.

The Friend, Rachel Barker, of whom it speaks, was attending the Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia, in company with a Minister from her own meeting in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. At that time she occupied a conspicuous place in the Society. She was facile in the use of language, and frequently became remarkably eloquent. The deep feeling and pathos that characterized her ministry enlisted the sympathy and commanded the admiration of many hearers.

In the beginning of the agitation concerning the abolition of slavery, she took a zealous and active part in opposition to those Friends who coöperated with the anti-slavery movement. Her zeal in this is shown by Lucretia Mott's account of what occurred in the Yearly Meeting. Later, as the cause of Emancipation advanced, and after the death of some of her most ardent colleagues, her views changed, and she became an active supporter of the very principles she had formerly denounced.

. . . Rachel Barker was very bold in her opposition to the reformatory movements of the day, at our Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia. She again and again called the young people from the "mixtures, the whirlwind, and the storm," but did not in plain terms name abolition, until after I had made some remarks on that subject, when her real meaning was no longer disguised.

Such severity of language I have not heard from *woman*, since Ann Jones so eloquently denounced us at the time of the "Separation." She was united with by very few, and lost ground with many. Some of her advice was incorporated into our Epistles, which gave me another opportunity

to speak, and I felt that I was "set for the defense of the Gospel." I did not spare her, stranger though she was. Every stale objection she urged, such as, "Why don't you go to the South?" I was "favored" to meet, as if I had taken notes. She contrasted the present movements with those of our early Friends. I could refer to the agitation they produced, their voluminous controversial writings, and their appeals to and remonstrances with their government. She asked, "Did *they* go about forming societies?" "Yes," I answered, "the most complete organization, which had been continued to the present time, down to our Preparative m<sup>gs</sup>." She spoke of the premature births in these movements, carrying out her figure, by describing the feebleness and withered growth of such productions. I appealed to the audience whether the child — yea, the strong man Temperance, gave such evidence. Was it not, rather, healthy and vigorous for action? Had we not partaken of its healthful influence? Where were the decanters which a few years ago were found on our side-boards? Where the beer and cider on which we regaled; referring in this connection to the labors of Father Matthew abroad, and to the stirring eloquence of the reformed inebriate at home. Neither was Anti-Slavery the sickly child that had been presented to them. We could not suppose that our friend, who had acknowledged, that after reading one or two of our papers some years ago, she had banished them from her house, could be other than ignorant of the progress of our cause. I endeavored to show how much there was to encourage us to persevere, and that true sympathy for the slave-holder would forbid our relaxing a single effort. She charged us with traducing the character of the slave-holder; this I denied, and returned the charge of traducing those who were pleading for the slave. She compared us to "children in the market-place," adding, "this constant piping and harping has become wearisome." I treated that taunt as an indignant

spirit prompted. The word "down-trodden" in our Epistles was objected to as "hackneyed." I said I would agree to a substitute for the offensive word, if one could be found in the English language strong enough to express the horrible condition of the slave. She denounced the "hired agents," and the repeated cry of "Give, give." As a member of the Indian committee, I could speak with knowledge of the sums raised and expended from year to year in that cause, for the traveling expenses of agents, (Benj. Ferris had presented a long bill,) and of one item of charge for an agent, employed to procure signers to a petition to Congress. Where was the consistency of those who approved of this, and then censured similar action on behalf of a class whose wrongs and cruelties were seven-fold! Again, I pointed to the fact, that we made a collection yearly in the women's m<sup>s</sup>, to supply the wants of those who were traveling to promote truth and righteousness in our Soc<sup>y</sup>. Where was the difference? She made abundant use of Scripture — telling how Saul went forth, and what was David's armor; how Sampson was deprived of his strength, his eyes put out, and he kept grinding in the prison-house, invidiously applying the same. I thought we had suffered enough, in days so recently passed, from an ingenious perversion of Scripture, in order to denounce such as differed in sentiment, and recommended a better use of the volume. She claimed the highest authority; never had a stronger evidence of Divine direction, than in what she was then called to say; she knew not when she left home what her state was, and was ready to inquire why she was sent. This was said with emotion — affecting some of her audience to tears. She could now give her back to the smiter, and was willing to face the cannon's mouth. I said I would be cautious of such assumption, rather preferring that what might be said should carry its evidence; but in reply to that stale inquiry, "Why don't you go to the South?" she might be informed that some of

us had not hesitated to do this when duty bade, and had faced the violence of the mob — yes, and had appeased their wrath, and opened the way for repeated visits, when their legislative body had listened with patience to appeals on behalf of the slave. Objections had been made to the anti-slavery and temperance m<sup>gs</sup> being opened with formal prayer by hireling ministers ; I would inform those who had honest fears lest this testimony should be overlooked, that Friends had stood their ground in this particular, often giving their reasons, and the result was, that these formal openings of our meetings had been mostly discontinued, where Friends formed a part ; and that at a late non-resistance m<sup>g</sup>, which it was my privilege to attend in Puritan New England, oral prayer was not once offered ; giving evidence that the “union with others” which was thus condemned had done more than any labors of Friends in our day, for the spread of our principles and testimonies, the advocacy of which was not confined, I was rejoiced to say, to our religious Society. I concluded by an appeal to the meeting for renewed life and action. We occupied each an hour that morning, and perhaps half an hour each, at different times before. She afterward called at our house and we talked further on the subject, but not any more satisfactorily. Our conversation has been much misrepresented.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

## CHAPTER XI.

ACTIVE disturbers of the comfortable peace of society cannot expect to escape calumny and reproach, nor was Lucretia Mott an exception to this. Harsh criticism and undignified epithets were employed to express disapproval of what was commonly called "going out of woman's sphere," a phrase trite and tiresome, and, in this instance, strikingly misapplied. For, notwithstanding her wide interests, her participation in many philanthropic societies, and her prominent position among Friends, she yet never neglected the duties of domestic life. Could those who were so ready to denounce, have looked into her household, have seen the well-ordered economy, the happy system of coöperation that pervaded its arrangements, derision would have been changed to admiration. She was an early riser and an indefatigable worker, never sparing herself. It was one of her rules to be willing to do herself any work that she required of another. One secret of her accomplishing so much, was her power of discriminating between the necessary and the unnecessary duties of housekeeping. The essentials were always attended to, but the non-essentials — the self-imposed labors under which so many women struggle — were left to look after themselves. She said of herself, "Being fond of reading, I omitted much unnecessary stitching and ornamental work in the sewing for my fam-



ily, so that I might have more time for this indulgence, and for the improvement of the mind. For novels and light reading, I never had much taste. The 'Ladies' Department,' in the periodicals of the day, had no attraction for me." She never could understand what others found to enjoy in "purely imaginary" books; but for the kind that attracted her she saved many a minute by this omission of "unnecessary stitching."

It was before the day of sewing-machines, and seamstresses were a luxury not lightly indulged in, by families of restricted means; the sewing, therefore, devolved mainly on the mothers, with such help as the children could give. Lucretia Mott's daughters were brought up in accordance with Nantucket ideas, and were very early taught their share of the family work and the family sewing. As little girls, each had her "sampler," and her daily stint of overseaming or hemming; advanced to the dignity of ten years, they were allowed the privilege of helping with their father's shirts, or of attempting garments for their own wear; and by the time they had families of their own, they were versed in all the intricacies of cutting and making. It was the day — long passed and almost forgotten — of early dinners and long afternoons, when custom sanctioned sewing in the parlor, and women liked to sit at the front windows, work in hand; when mothers and daughters sat together during these pleasant hours, each busily occupied; when visitors, — very different from that modern interruption, known as callers, — "dropped in" to join the industrious group, bringing their "work" with them; when the family sewing became an occasion for lively social intercourse.

It was the happy day when home life was in fashion. Lucretia Mott, so far from neglecting her private for her public duties, actually led a more domestic life than the majority of women of the present day. From youth to old age, she always cut and made her own clothes, and I believe never varied the style of her dress. It was old fashioned and simple, sweet and becoming. Though she neither advised others to adopt it, nor felt that there was any principle involved in the peculiar cut, beyond that of simplicity and moderation, she preferred to adhere to it, rather than make any modification; but she never carried this feeling so far as to attach much importance to it. On the contrary, her liberality sometimes led her to wear articles presented to her, which she never would have chosen for herself. She was once given a shoulder-shawl of white Canton crape, bordered with a pretty knotted fringe some four inches deep. It was wholly *un-Quakerlike* in its appearance, but, pleased with the kindness of the giver and loth to wound his feelings, she put it on, and wore it for several days, braving the comments it excited. One morning, however, she came down to breakfast with the shawl shorn of its pretty fringe, as far as the last row of knots! This still remained, jagged and uneven, and anything but ornamental, but she said it seemed such a pity to cut the whole off, that she had left one row! She laughed, and we all laughed, but she was content. After this victory of old, inherited prejudice, the shawl was worn without the smallest regard to its mutilated appearance, until finally, after good service, it was given to a grandchild as a keepsake.

As was incumbent on the housekeepers of that

period, she was an excellent cook, and rather prided herself on this accomplishment, the more, perhaps, because she was publicly admired for very different qualifications, and criticised for her supposed failure in the more common feminine avocations. She enjoyed a little display of her culinary powers. In the early autumn of 1841, she noticed in the house-keeper's column of the "United States Gazette," then the leading newspaper in Philadelphia, a receipt for "corn pudding," followed by these satirical remarks; "The half-cooked corn and the melted butter must be glorious stimulants to a dyspeptic stomach." This could not be passed silently—for corn pudding, properly made, was a dish held in high repute by all good people of Nantucket origin, and besides, her receipt was a better one. She therefore wrote this out, and sent it to the editor, Joseph R. Chandler, accompanied by a pudding of her own make. The following answer was returned:—

"Mr. Chandler, in acknowledging the receipt of the corn pudding from Mrs. Lucretia Mott, is compelled to confess his error in regard to the wholesomeness of such a combination of ingredients. Mr. Chandler, as well as many others, has learned that much (moral as well as physical) which seemed repulsive, or at least of doubtful benefit in itself, has, when presented by Mrs. Mott, been found palatable and nutritious. It is the gift of thousands to *collect* with industry and care, but of few, very few indeed, to *combine* with judgment, and present with delicacy and grace."

In view of the frequent aspersions cast on her domestic life, and as it is so little known, compared to her public career, it seems worth while to insert here the following lines, written about this time by her eldest daughter Anna, who, in 1833, had married

Edward Hopper (eldest son of Isaac T. Hopper, of New York), and now, with her husband and little daughter, — the “dear little Lu” of the verses, — made part of the happy family circle. Maria, the second daughter, is not named in them, because she was no longer an inmate of the household, having married Edward M. Davis, in 1836, and gone to housekeeping at a short distance from her parents. It is needless to say that the verses were meant only for private entertainment : —

## TO MY MOTHER;

TO WHOSE EARLY INSTRUCTIONS I OWE THAT KNOWLEDGE OF  
HOUSEWIFERY NOW SO VALUABLE TO ME, THESE LINES ARE  
MOST AFFECTIONATELY AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

## RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Our grandmama shall stately sit,  
And, as it suits her, sew or knit;  
Make her own bed, one for our mother,  
And also one for Tom, our brother;  
And when our aunts and cousins call,  
“Do the agreeable” for all —  
And sundry little matters tell,  
In style that has no parallel.

Our father, daily at his store  
His work shall do, and when 't is o'er,  
Return — behind him casting care;  
And, seated in his rocking chair,  
With slippers on, and lamp in hand,  
Will read the news from every land.  
Then quietly will take a book,  
From which he'll sometimes slyly look,  
And list to what the young folks say,  
Or haply join them in their play.

Our mother's charge (when she's at home)  
Shall be bath, store, and dining-room;  
Morning and night she'll wash the delf,  
And place it neatly on the shelf;

To her own room she will attend,  
And all the stockings she will mend —  
Assist the girls on washing day,  
And put the ironed clothes away ;  
And have a general oversight  
Of things, to see that all goes right.

Twice every week shall Edward go,  
Through sun and rain, through frost and snow,  
And, what the market can afford,  
Bring home to grace our festive board ;  
Shall bring in coal the fire to cover,  
And go to bed when that is over.

Anna the lamps shall daily fill,  
And wash the tumblers, if she will ;  
Shall sweep her room, and make beds two,  
One for herself, and one for Lu' —  
Make starch, and starch the ruffles, caps,  
Collars and shirts, and other traps ;  
Sweep all the entries and the stairs,  
And, added to these trifling cares,  
Shall, as our mother sometimes goes  
On little journeys— so she does —  
Assume her duties, and shall try  
If she cannot her place supply.

Thomas shall close the house at night,  
And see that all is safe and tight :  
When snow falls, paths make in the yard —  
He cannot call that labor hard ;  
Wait on the girls whene'er they go  
To lectures, unless other beau  
Should chance his services to proffer,  
And they should choose t' accept the offer.

Our cousin and our sister Lizzie  
Shall part of every day be busy ;  
Their own room they shall put in trim,  
And keep our brother's neat for him ;  
The parlors they must take in care,  
And keep all things in order there ;  
Must sweep and dust, and wash the glasses,  
But leave for Anne all the brasses ;  
On wash-day set the dinner table,

And help fold clothes where'er they're able ;  
 Shall lend their aid in ironing too,  
 And aught else they incline to do.  
 And then, when they have done their share  
 Of work, if they have time to spare,  
 Assist their cousin A. C. T.,  
 Till she's their cousin A. C. B.

Dear little Lu' shall be the runner.  
 Because our Patty — blessings on her !  
 To boarding-school has gone away,  
 Until bright spring returns, to stay.  
 Her tireless kindness won each heart,  
 And we were grieved with her to part ;  
 But in this thought found ease from pain,  
 That our great loss was her great gain.

Sarah shall in the kitchen be,  
 Preparing breakfast, dinner, tea ;  
 And keeping free from dust the closets,  
 Where flour, etcetera, she deposits.

Anne shall on the table wait,  
 Attend the door, see to the gate,  
 Clean the front steps and pavement too,  
 And many other things she'll do ;  
 That all may in such order be,  
 As each one of us likes to see.  
 Thus all their duty may fulfill ;  
 And, if 't is done with cheerful will,  
 A sure reward to us will come,  
 In sharing a most happy home.

“Sarah” and “Anne” were the two excellent colored servants, who lived many years in the family. Lucretia Mott had learned from her mother how to treat servants so as to insure contentment and faithfulness. Grandmother Coffin used to say, “I make it a rule never to ask them to do what I know they will not do.” Perhaps she, in turn, had profited by the shrewdness of old “black Amy,” who lived so long with her mother, our “Grandmother Folger.”



Black Amy said she "did n't like to be told to do what she was just going to do."

It was my grandmother's habit, not only in these early days, when a large family made assistance in household work necessary, but all through her life, until bodily weakness prevented, to help clear the breakfast-table, and wash the silver, china, and glass belonging in the dining-room. She always liked to do this, and very reluctantly gave it up when she was obliged to. The daughters generally helped; and if guests were staying in the house, as was often the case, they sat near to join in the conversation, and sometimes to help in the work. It was not a disagreeable task; the well-scrubbed little cedar tub, with its steaming water, was placed at one end of the table, and article after article was washed and bur-nished in a systematic manner from which no deviations were permitted. It was a choice time of the day; plans were announced and discussed; letters read and commented on; public events reviewed; and friends of the family were apt to happen in on their way to business to contribute their items of news to the general liveliness.

The "little journeys" mentioned in the preceding verses were sometimes those undertaken in compli-ance with the religious obligation so often experi-enced by Friends; and sometimes for the purpose of attending Anti-Slavery Conventions, or the then new Woman's Rights Conventions; but occasionally they were visits to her sister Martha, married in 1829 to David Wright, of Auburn, N. Y., and settled with him there.

Although there was many years' difference in age between these two sisters, their common interests

united them in a strong bond of intimacy. Martha was no "Friend," — having lost her membership in the Society by her first marriage with Captain Pelham, — and had very little patience with the peculiarities of the Society, although she exemplified its cardinal testimonies in her faithful and excellent life; but she was an ardent abolitionist, and later, a devoted advocate of the woman's rights movement. In these reforms she went hand in hand with her sister, and sometimes in the latter even led the way. Their letters to each other would fill a large volume, if they could be found; but, unfortunately, many are lost, and many were contributions to the kindling box! Our grandmother had very little sentiment in her composition. No matter how good the letter, after it had been shown to every member of the family who could care to see it, and had reposed a reasonable time in the little rack on her writing table, it was twisted up for kindling for her wood fires. In her visits to Auburn, she destroyed — or "*used*" — in like manner all the letters of her own writing that she could find. From those that remain — those of this time — a few extracts are given here. They are chiefly of domestic interest.

TO M. C. W.

8th mo., 1841.

. . . I can fancy mother<sup>1</sup> as plainly as need be, fast marching to the house, and lending a helping hand wherever she can, in order that all may be speedily accomplished, the furniture placed, and the occupants in possession. I have often compared or rather *contrasted* myself with her; especially when our children were breaking up

<sup>1</sup> Grandmother Coffin had gone to Auburn to assist her daughter Martha in moving into her new house.

housekeeping, and going to France. I have so many things to take my attention, that I have been pained sometimes at the little help I could give them. I depend on Anna for everything. How I *could n't* put weights on windows! Has mother told how nicely Anna put new ladders to our blinds?

TO M. C. W.

9<sup>th</sup> mo. 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1843.

. . . I hope M. will recall her resolve to house, or "web herself," next winter. I doubt not she would be better physically, to brave the winter winds more, and mentally, to cultivate the social affections more. It will keep her spirits better for home cares and duties. I find it so, and I am sure I ought to be a judge of *out-goings*. As to the assistance her daughters will render her, I can only hope that their uncle Thomas' wise hints, their own good sense, their having arrived at the responsible age of eighteen, and the necessities of the case, all these combined will impress them with the importance not only of "making straight steps to their feet," but of "laboring with their own hands." We have the work of our family nicely laid out, which Anna has reduced to writing.

. . . I thought I was pretty smart to have the currants squeezed and the jelly made before Meeting on Fourth-day morning.<sup>1</sup>

. . . It is so like our mother not to want any "new-fangled" way of doing that which she is in haste to accomplish. Not that she is opposed to improvements and new inventions; not she! when they do not interfere with her desire to make quick work, and finish as she goes. When we were quilting for Anna and Maria, I wanted a border; but not having another pair of hands (as well as a little ingenuity), I was obliged reluctantly to yield to her importunity, "not to have it forever about;" that "put-offs never

<sup>1</sup> Meeting began at ten o'clock.

accomplish," etc. We do not mean that she shall quilt much for A. C. T., except the new silk petticoat.

TO M. C. W.

1st mo. 2nd, 1844.

It is always my wish to take due notice of thy letters, before any little family incidents fill the sheet. It is true that the dancing part is not exactly "in my line," — though I shall have to be careful what I say, since my daughter and son accept invites to parties where there is dancing, and stay far too late in the morning. Such a succession of parties as they are having now, I fear will be dissipating to the moral sense. And then the reading of such a thick two-volume novel as the "*Mysteries of Paris*" consumes a midnight hour occasionally. I long sometimes to see them more interested in reading that which would minister to their highest good, but I have ceased to force such reading on them. . . . I like such answers as thy workman gave. In advocating our own cause, we are apt to overlook the other side. We need to be reminded to "look upon the things of others" as well as our own.

Theodore Cuyler called several times before returning to Princeton. In allusion to his prospect of becoming an Old School Presbyterian minister, he averred that he by no means meant to have his mind and heart narrowed by theological or sectarian prejudices. I told him that the certain effect of teaching and admitting these creeds as the essentials of salvation, was to narrow the mind and close the heart. When I asked, "Dost thou feel quite satisfied with making such dry theology thy study?" Miller McKim stepped forward and laughed at my "gentle attack," saying it was just as he had been catechised ten years before. The youth did not enter into Miller's history with as much interest as one would who was wavering in his faith. I admire Theodore, though, for all.

After an absence from home attending meetings, she says: —

2nd mo. 22nd.

. . . A fine warm day to celebrate the name of a warrior and a slave-holder. I asked mother not to tell thee I was gone, for it was pleasanter to write that I had been. I never left home with more reluctance than this winter. James went with me for three days, and went for me the last of the week. I attended thirteen or fourteen meetings, and saw many people, — there being a general flocking at Buckingham, New Hope, Doylestown, Newtown, Middletown, Wrightstown, Falls, and Penn's Manor. We had meetings with colored people also.

. . . How glad I was that I stopped at that colored school! I left fifty cents to be divided among the children, about three or four cents each, and the teacher proposed that it be laid out in books for them, which was not just what I intended. Those pious primers! I wanted the little things made happy in the spending of their own, as they listed. . .

During a long absence from home, holding meetings in various places, she visited her sister in Auburn, and wrote thus to her husband: —

AUBURN, N. Y., 6th mo. 9th.

MY BELOVED ONE, AND ALL, — . . . It is so nice to be able to sit here as I list, without care or concern, or callers! How delightful are these long nights too, sleeping and waking so free from care, making up for weeks of disturbed repose! How pleasant it would be to have a loved companion in all these enjoyments! If thou persists in staying at home, will not our brother Thomas come. He ought not devote all his time to "I promise to pay," without considering the social and fraternal nature as under bonds as solemn, as incumbent upon him to liquidate, as are those which minister to his acquisitiveness. A few short years, as thou said, and we shall no longer be together in our earthly moulds, then why not make the best we may of life? . . .

She thus describes her return home : —

I took the six o'clock train from N. Y., and reached this city at noon. James was over at Camden to meet me. He gave the trunk check to a porter, and the weather being cool, we walked up, intending to take the omnibus at Third St., but it was so much pleasanter to walk and talk, that we slowly "footed it." As we approached our house, our grandchildren, Lue and Anna, flew to meet us. Our daughters were seated in the back room, a window being open in the front for them to hear the carriage stop. Our coming in, unperceived by them, was rather "a dip." The children walked in before us, saying, "there's no carriage in sight." "No?" said they, "she'll not come then till the later train." Just then we walked in, and a shout from all "made the welkin ring;" and such confusion of tongues for a few minutes you have rarely heard.

Soon after this, one of the two servants, or "help," employed in the family, had an attack of cholera, and after being nursed through her illness, was sent into the country to recuperate. In this emergency Lucretia Mott writes: "I sent for extra help, but with our large family there is still much to be done; so this morning I have ironed four dozen pieces, made soft custards, attended to stewing blackberries, and potted some Dutch herring, besides doing all the dusting, and receiving several callers. I was more tired when our family of thirteen gathered at dinner, than since I came home."

TO M. C. W.

PHILA., 4th mo. 10th, 1846.

. . . The thirty-fifth anniversary of our marriage, when thou wast four years old, and asked, "Is this a wedding?" I can go over each year, and recall its most striking incidents, and indeed the twelve years antecedent to that, fur-



nish data of interest ; but I have never made a note on paper of the past, save in letters like this. . . . Our family party Seventh-day was pleasant ; fifteen at dinner, and twenty at tea. I worked like a beaver that morning, so as to be ready to sit down with them early ; did my sweeping and dusting, raking the grass plat, etc., made milk biscuit, a plum pudding, and a lemon pudding. Mariana and Martha made cake the day before. . . . I was pleased to hear of thy interest in the abolition of capital punishment ; pleased, too, that thou art becoming such a home missionary. . . . I always feel sorry for strangers to hear G. F. White, smart as he is, and superior in the use of language to most of our preachers, yet there is so much mere nonsense in his attempted explanations of Scripture passages, and so much seeming allowance for slavery, bloodshed, and wine-drinking, that the tendency must be demoralizing. That atonement study is the veriest waste of time and energy. Our Elders don't like that I should come out so plainly on the absurdity of the whole scheme, but truth and reason constrain me. George Truman was not united with yesterday in a prospect of a short journey, which gave evidence of more decided party feeling among us. James made some remarks to that effect, which gave offense. . . .

A letter written about this time by William Lloyd Garrison to his wife gives his impression of the household of his host : —

. . . “ I am enjoying the hospitality of James Mott and family ; in his abode dwells much of the disinterestedness, purity, and peace of heaven. His lady is certainly one of the most remarkable women I ever saw. She is a bold and fearless thinker, in the highest degree conscientious, of most amiable manners, and truly instructive in her conversation. Her husband is worthy of that sacred relation to her which he sustains, being distinguished for his goodness,

benignity, and philanthropy. Such a couple do not make it very difficult to comply with our Lord's admirable injunction, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' "

Although a large family in themselves, and living in the strictest simplicity, they gave hospitable welcome to the many guests who came to them. Sometimes it was a distinguished stranger from across the ocean, bearing letters of introduction; sometimes it was the hard-worked anti-slavery lecturer; or the country Friend, in town for a few days; or perhaps one of the large family circle, all of whom made this house a rallying point. The wretched fugitive from slavery also found safe shelter under their roof, and words of cheer and encouragement from its inmates. Many a poor creature came to them hungry and ragged, and departed clothed, fed, and comforted.

At one time they became interested in an English family, — a mother with seven children, — who had come to this country with letters of introduction from George Thompson. They had expected to settle in the West, but after many disappointments, had decided to return to England, and were in Philadelphia awaiting the sailing of the packet; boarding, though with scarcely money enough to pay their way. Lucretia Mott invited the whole family to stay at their house, — "it would do thee good to see their gratitude," she writes, — and for two weeks she spared no pains to make them comfortable.

Occasionally, — fortunately not very often, — they had visitors of a very different order; self-invited visitors, who descended upon them with bag and baggage. In most instances they quietly submitted to this infliction, preferring to be bored themselves, rather than wound others by making them appear unwelcome.

At their table, black guests and white were treated by them and their family with equal courtesy. This consideration was not always palatable to their friends, but such as did not like it were recommended to stay away. One young man, a frequent visitor, finding himself one day expected to sit next a colored man at dinner, felt so greatly aggrieved that he resolved to go no more to the house. For some time he managed to keep away, in which determination he was "violently let alone;" but the attraction proved too strong; he returned, preferring to be converted rather than forgotten; and afterwards became, not only a son-in-law, but an earnest advocate of the equality that had so outraged him.

In the spring of 1844 a sad blow befel this happy home, in the death of the beloved grandmother, Anna Coffin. Although she had lived to the ripe age of seventy-three, and her children were grown men and women, some of them with children and grandchildren of their own, they could not part without the keenest grief from one to whom they still looked as to a guide, relying on her judgment and valuing her approbation as in their younger days. Hers was the perfect old age, surrounded by loving descendants, who vied with each other in attention to her; upon whose joys and cares she bestowed the sympathy of a heart always young, and the wisdom of a long and varied experience. She shared their anxieties, lessened their sorrows, and increased their happiness. No pleasure was complete without her; no misfortune insupportable, when mitigated by her counsel and encouragement. My own memory of her is indistinct. She seemed, to the little girl I was, to be always sitting up very straight, always

knitting, and generally humming in an undertone to herself. There was nothing I liked better than to take a nap on the floor by her chair, lulled to sleep by the monotonous tap of her feet, the regular click of her knitting-needles, and the slow measure of "Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber." But I remember very well the awe that fell upon us at her death, and the sense of stillness and vacancy in the house.

One of Anna Coffin's grandchildren, writing of her, says: —

"She was a woman of rare common sense, preëminently gifted with 'docity';<sup>1</sup> one of the old type which is fast becoming extinct. She usually sat erect, in a straight-backed chair, and seldom indulged in the luxury of a rocking chair, unless for a little while at twilight. During her latter years, she was an inmate of my father's family, and although she lived to be seventy-three years old, I do not remember ever seeing her lie down in the daytime for a nap, or even recline on the sofa. Sometimes, when overcome with drowsiness, her head would drop forward, her work fall into her lap, and for a few minutes she would 'lose herself,' as she said. She was very industrious, — never idle, — always having knitting on hand for odd moments. Probably she never bought a stocking in her life. She was very observant, with a quick perception of the ludicrous; and was apt in the witty application of old Nantucket sayings to passing events. After she was sixty years old, she went to Nantucket in a sailing vessel, to visit her sisters. After a separation of nearly thirty years, these six sisters, of whom she was the youngest, met together once more, all widows but one."

At the time of her mother's death, Lucretia Mott

<sup>1</sup> A Nantucket word, synonymous with Mrs. Stowe's "faculty."

was just recovering from an attack of pneumonia, and was still too ill to leave her bed ; she insisted, nevertheless, on being carried into her mother's room, and remained there until all was over. This proved too much for her weak condition, and inflammation of the brain set in ; for two weeks she hovered between life and death, and then very slowly regained her health. Once well again, however, she resumed her usual occupations, with no perceptible diminution of energy, going hither and yon to attend religious meetings and reform conventions, sometimes alone, and sometimes accompanied by her husband, when he could be spared from his business. Of the many philanthropic societies of Philadelphia in which she took part, she was often the presiding officer, and always an active member. She also attended with great regularity the First and Fourth-day meetings of Friends, taking especial interest in the latter, because of the large number of school children who attended it. She liked to direct her remarks to them, and was particularly fortunate in holding their attention. A young friend wrote of her in this regard :—

“ When she arose we knew she was not intent on trite platitudes, nor on exhortations to contentment with existing conditions. Her manner was simple and quiet, her voice never rising above the pitch which is agreeable to the ear ; and her statements serious, calm, and moderate. We young folks were conscious of deep pride that we were members of a Christian church in which such great and independent views as hers could find noble expression. I have known her subjected to bitter personal attack without manifesting the least excitement, or making any retaliation whatever. Smitten on one cheek, she unhesitatingly turned



the other ; robbed of her cloak, she serenely made further surrenders of self-interest. But no one ever saw this true standard-bearer make any surrender of righteous principle, by abating one jot or tittle of the testimony to which she was dedicated."

A few years after the death of Anna Coffin, her only son, Thomas M. Coffin, died of cholera, after a very short illness. His sister Lucretia, unmindful of the risk of contagion, went at once to his lodgings, and nursed him till he died, when she had his body taken to her own home, and held the funeral from there. In the excitement and fear of the epidemic, many of her friends thought this imprudent. In writing of it to her sister, she says : "How differently people are constituted and affected ! I loved to be with Thomas all the time, and to do for him afterward all that I could, in laying him out. I helped lift him into his coffin."

Thomas Coffin was about fifty years old when he died. Having never married, and being a warm-hearted man, he had become very fond of his nephews and nieces and their children, and was always a welcome visitor in their homes. Like his father, Captain Coffin, he was an intelligent man, with old-fashioned courtly manners. In his opinions he was more liberal than his somewhat cynical way of talking would lead one to believe. Unlike the other members of his family, he was strikingly homely, and seemed rather to enjoy the peculiarity, often exercising his caustic humor at his own expense. It is told of him, that he was induced in the early days of daguerreotypes to have a picture taken of himself ; but on being asked afterwards to show it, he said, "It was such an excellent likeness that I destroyed it."



It was during his life, and shortly after the death of "Grandmother Coffin," that the memorable "family meetings" were instituted. They began in 1847 and continued for ten years, when the removal from Philadelphia of various members of the family made them no longer possible. These meetings were open to any descendant of "Grandfather Folger," but were composed mainly of female descendants, who met from house to house, in alphabetical order, every Fifth-day during the winter, right after the usual two-o'clock dinner, and stayed until dark, — except occasionally, when especially invited to tea. Each brought her sewing, any letters of general interest that she had received, and whatever news she could muster. These gatherings of the clan formed a sort of domestic "exchange," and afforded opportunity for social intercourse, as well as for consultation on matters requiring deliberation and judgment; and beyond this, they promoted a kindly *esprit de corps* that has lasted to the third generation. For a few winters, as many as twelve different families were included in this privilege.

As a rule, children were not admitted. We often looked longingly through the parlor door at the pleasant groups, and made all possible errands into the room; but being then at the very undesirable age of "little pitchers," we were speedily sent out again. If we sometimes contrived to edge into a demure corner with our little pretense of sewing, one sharp-eyed cousin was sure to discover us! However, when the company was asked to stay to tea, and the various fathers and husbands swelled the ranks, we children were also favored; and nothing was more delightful. Tea was handed, and we were

allowed to pass the dishes. Then came such games as proverbs or anagrams; and sometimes, best of all to us, the reading of original verses of very pointed and personal wit. Who of us — and how few there are now! — can ever forget those “family meetings”! Our grandmother began them, at first merely meaning to try to fill her mother’s place, so sadly vacant; but gradually it grew to be her own place, and she became the centre from which all radiated, towards which all turned. The family circle widened and widened, but under her magic influence it never broke. She drew into its increasing range ever increasing elements of strength and renewal.

This chapter, mainly of domestic interest, may fitly conclude with an extract from a letter of Lucretia Mott to her husband, on the occasion of his sixty-first birthday, he being then away from home.

“Fourth-day, my dear husband’s birthday, — would that we could pass it together! The children all gather and celebrate it by presenting their children to be led about, and ‘kept as the apple of the eye.’ Forty years that we have loved each other with perfect love, though not formally married quite so long. How much longer the felicity is to be ours, who can tell? What the higher joys to be revealed in the spiritual world, no man can utter!”

## CHAPTER XII.

IT will be necessary to go back a few years to take up again the letters of Lucretia Mott, and trace in them the increasing disfavor with which the Society of Friends regarded her. They disapproved of her sentiments, and were "held very uneasy" by her quiet persistence; especially as she never stepped far enough beyond their limitations to enable them to deal with her. This state of things, deplorable as it appears, continued until public opinion had made the anti-slavery cause popular. In place of the tokens of loving appreciation with which her coming into the re-organized society had been greeted, she now received discourtesy, rebuke, and censure, at times amounting to persecution. Through all, she pursued the course which Divine law had written so plainly upon her heart, and never faltered in keeping the covenant of her early days. Courteous and considerate with all, she yet withheld the truth from none.

Before taking up the letters, however, it may not be amiss to introduce the following extracts from the journal of a venerable Friend. In his entry 4<sup>th</sup> mo. 30<sup>th</sup>, 1843, he says:—

"Let me say a few more words respecting that handmaid of the Lord, Lucretia Mott! What else but the Divine arm of power can support her, and enable her to declare unsophistical truth with such boldness, convincing her hearers

of the truths of the Gospel, in all its simplicity, stripped of its forms and ceremonies; she shows it up in its native purity and in the most winning aspect. O faithful servant, favored of the Lord! May thy sun go down in clear serenity, without any clouds, and thy spiritual vision keep clear to the last!"

And again, 1<sup>st</sup> mo. 21<sup>st</sup>, 1844:—

"On sitting down in meeting, it came into my heart to pray for Lucretia Mott, that she might be supported in all her trials and her discouragements. . . . Before I was through my aspirations, she arose with, 'In your patience possess ye your souls,' and gave an edifying discourse."

2<sup>nd</sup> mo., 1845:—

"Next, that precious handmaid of the Lord, Lucretia Mott. Great have been her exercise and devotion for the cause of the slave; may her reward be sure! Thou precious lamb, thou hast known what it is to be in perils through false brethren, and to be persecuted for righteousness' sake, and thine is the kingdom of heaven. Let me here bear my testimony to thy edifying discourses, and be permitted to say that I believe thou art not far from the kingdom."

Once more, 3<sup>rd</sup> mo. 29<sup>th</sup>, 1846:—

"Lucretia Mott occupied most of the meeting with a lively and edifying discourse before about eleven hundred people. Lucretia, thou beloved handmaid of the Lord! Great is thy faith, and great are thy persecutions!"

The first letter in this connection, written at the same time of the foregoing extract, was addressed to Richard D. and Hannah Webb, of Dublin.

PHILA., 3<sup>rd</sup> mo. 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—In attempting to revive a correspondence which has so nearly died out for want of faithfulness on my part, apologies for the neglect would seem a

natural beginning; but never relishing such in letters received, I will not inflict them on you. That part in your last which took our attention most forcibly was that which would naturally be striking, if not shocking, to a traditional Quaker — that both of you have changed your costume somewhat. I have been looking over your letters to us, from time to time since the spring of 1840 — that ever memorable season. There is none directly to us since my illness, two years ago. In these we can trace a gradual non-adherence to sect, as well as to what are regarded orthodox doctrines. I never quite wanted you to cut loose from these, because you would thus lose what influence you might have with Friends, as well as some other of your benighted inhabitants. Although I attach little importance to our peculiar dress or language, and have no wish to see either perpetuated, still I would prefer that the young should not be educated in these peculiarities, rather than that their parents should leave them. This is not meant as any censure of your course. You have probably acted from deliberate conviction. Your dress may be quite as simple in its present form, and that is the testimony after all. I know it is dry work to keep up any form, after the life and power of it have passed away. Our afternoon meetings have long been burdensome to us, and of late we have ceased attending them, generally employing that time in visiting the colored people.

Devoting a few hours occasionally in this way has appeared to us as acceptable worship, as the fast which *our Jews* have chosen. They would say, "This ought ye to have done, and not leave the other undone." But in this, as in some other acts, we have taken the liberty to judge for ourselves. The "Select" order among us has come in for a share of opposition. After nearly thirty years' experience and observation of the results of this establishment, we have come to the conclusion, that nearly all the divisions among us have had their origin in these meetings.

Clothing a few of our equal brethren with power to judge the ministry ; selecting here and there one to ordain for the ministry ; and placing these in elevated positions ; it is no difficult matter for them to regard themselves “the heads of the tribes,” and to act accordingly. There is quite a spirit of “come-outerism” in some parts of our Yearly M<sup>s</sup>, as well as in Western N. Y., and Ohio. The intolerant, proscriptive course of those in power among us has led to this result.

The disownment of such men as I. T. Hopper, C. Marriott, J. A. Dugdale, and his friends of Green Plain, Ohio, has caused great disaffection, and quite a number have meted the same measure, by disowning the Society in their turn. You may have seen some account of the Marlboro’ conference, growing out of the treatment of S. S. Foster, by our Western Quarterly M<sup>s</sup>. The address that conference issued is being presented by them to each of our Quarterly, Monthly, and Preparative M<sup>s</sup>. Committees withdraw to examine it, and of course report against the reading of it. Some few of the Monthly M<sup>s</sup> have read it. Geo. F. White and other opposers are traveling here and there, using their influence on that side. There is a strong effort made by our rulers to check the liberal ministry among us. No reformers are “recommended.” The difficulties seem increasing with those already ordained. Griffith M. Cooper, one of our most radical ministers, has lately been deposed by a small minority — the ruling influence in his meeting — a branch of Genesee Yearly. Others of us meet with little sympathy or unity to travel abroad. It is proposed by some to hold a general conference, in view of another separation and re-organization. But there are so many now who have no unity with religious combinations, that it would be difficult to effect a reform in that way.

The assumed authority of men’s m<sup>s</sup>, and the admitted subordination of women’s, is another cause of complaint. Indeed, an entire radical change in our Discipline would



be the result of another movement or division with us. Some of us were prepared for much greater changes, or advances than we made, eighteen years ago; but we ignobly compromised to preserve our name and standing, and to gain numbers. Those who were gained by such concessions are now our opposers; we having unwisely exalted them above equal brethren, clothing them with office, and giving them power. But enough of this. You, having seen your way further out of the shackles of sect, will take little interest in this Society warfare. You have quarrels enough of your own, too, to occupy you. We should like to hear how the Gurneyites and Wilburites are getting along with you — whether for “the divisions of Reuben there are great searchings of heart.” The Orthodox here are looking with some anxiety to the coming Yearly Meeting. Rhode Island Yearly has quite separated. There is no more love lost between these parties, than between abolitionists and their opposers, or than there was twenty years since, during the Hicksite contest. How unworthily have the London committee conducted themselves towards the anti-slavery part of Indiana Yearly M<sup>s</sup>. But what better could one expect from such bigots. I felt a wish to call and see them when they were in this city, but my husband did not incline to go with me, and I had not the courage to go alone.

When you write again, and let that be very soon, please mention whether the “Jacobites” or “White Quakers” have come to an end; how much of division there is among you; whether your anti-slavery appeals in reference to the use of the meeting-houses produced any effect; and what progress there is in the temperance cause. Geo. F. White prophesies its “speedy downfall — even as abolition is passing away.” And the “still more specious and plausible movement for peace” is “doomed to a similar fate” — “they being all, counterfeits of the true.”

Elihu Burritt is sincerely interested, I believe, in the

peace question, as far as he goes ; and he and his co-adjutors are doing great good. We may hope that they, and other lovers of peace, in this land and yours, will avert the impending danger of a war between these two countries. Our politicians and demagogues may make a great bluster, and your nation may expend much in preparation for battle ; but let the moral power of the friends of peace be exerted and we may hope the sword will be stayed. Adin Ballou is coming out with an exposition of non-resistance, written at the suggestion of our Edward M. Davis, and published at his expense. . . .

Do any of Theodore Parker's writings reach you ? His Installation Sermon, radical though it is, is excellent. Is James Haughton prepared for this advance step on the part of the Unitarians ? It seemed to us that the Dublin believers in that faith were but little beyond their more orthodox worshippers.

Richard Allen's letter in a late "*Liberator*" cheered our hearts. It is pleasant to find that the deceitfulness of riches is not choking the Divine word in him. His hope in the Anti-Corn-Law movement is just what I like to see. Would that we had more faith in the ultimate triumph of great principles ! The free-produce stir, and Joseph Sturge's interest in that question, was good news : though I fully agree with Richard, that "it is by other means that slavery is to be overthrown." This is an act of consistency, however, and will have its weight as far as it goes. A society has lately been formed here among our Orthodox Friends, from which we hope for a better supply of free grown cotton goods. I trust that Joseph Sturge will use his influence for the manufacture of the finer cotton fabrics. How I longed when in England for that question to receive more favor in the Convention, rather than the reasonings of the apostate Colver and that Quaker, — I forget his name.

I have a gauze cap, given me by our hostess in London,

with a hope that I would imitate its tasty form, and silk cord; thus improving, in her eye, my head-gear. She little knew how fearful and jealous<sup>1</sup> our lovers of the peculiar dress are of the slightest innovation. My returning home with my "coal-scoop bonnet" a little more elevated in the crown, and a few additional plaits in it, was regarded as an unworthy imitation of your Friends approximating to the "world and its corrupt customs." I keep that cap, however, in memory of its owner, and like to produce it at times to astonish our natives with its high crown and odd shape.

Who would have thought that six years would pass away before one of our Dublin friends would visit America? We are all growing so old that you ought to lose no time. I had fondly hoped to introduce my dear mother to some of you; but she is gone; alas! Two years have passed since her death, and we still mourn our loss. Our family is changing in other respects. Two of our children have married during the last year.<sup>2</sup> Only one, a daughter, remains with us now.

We have engaged the services of some of our good speakers, to labor in new fields in New Jersey, and parts of this State. Now is a favorable time for anti-slavery action; for the arrival of the slave ship "Pons" at our wharf, and all the horrid details of the wretched captives have created a sensation among our quiet-loving inhabitants. A large anti-slavery meeting was held last First-day on the wharf, in sight of the ship. Several thousand persons listened

<sup>1</sup> Just how "fearful and jealous" the Friends were then of any change in the cut of their peculiar dress, may be inferred from the following incident:—

Shortly after our grandmother's return from England, she attended Friends' Meeting in Wilmington, Delaware, very naturally wearing her new English bonnet. At the close of the meeting, one of the Elders said to her, "I am sorry, my dear, to see that thou hast made a change in thy dress. When I saw thee coming in this morning with *that* bonnet on, I could think of nothing but a soldier's jockey-cap!"

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth married Thomas S. Cavender, of Philadelphia, — and Thomas, his cousin, Mariana Pelham, of Auburn, N. Y.

with thrilling interest to the appeals of Dr. Elder and Thomas Earle.

J. Miller McKim is steadily devoting himself to the interests of the cause at the Anti-Slavery office, and as joint editor with Mary Grew, of the "Penn<sup>a</sup> Freeman."

I must now say farewell, with all the love this can convey to our dear friends in Dublin.

Again farewell,

LUCRETIA MOTT.

PHILA., 4th mo. 28th, 1846.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH PEASE, — More than two years have passed since the receipt of thy truly acceptable letter. During that time I have hardly written to any of our dear English or Irish friends; for after the severe illness which so greatly affected my nervous system, I was advised to avoid much reading or writing. But I must send thee a line now, dear Elizabeth, expressive of the sympathy I feel with thee in thy late bereavement. Thy long continued devotion to thy dear father doubtless renders this stroke doubly trying to thee. In many ways we feel such a loss. The tear will naturally flow at the severance of such a tie; and far be it from me to seek to stay it. I know full well the keenness of the separation between parent and child. My dear mother was taken from us when I could illy bear such a shock. She was companionable in every way; her grandchildren as well as her children delighted in her society. She was vigorous in constitution of both body and mind, and promised a longer life than seventy-three. But we had to yield her, and resignation to the event has been a hard lesson. I therefore feel less able to preach it to others. . . .

The contents of thy last letter may not, after so long a silence on my part in reply, be familiar to thee now. Thou alluded to our intercourse together, in England, and to some little constraint that thou afterward thought existed between us. As to thy fear of engrossing too much of our

time, and thy regarding us as among the "lions of the Convention," the thought, I believe, never occurred to us. On the contrary, we felt truly grateful for thy prompt attention to us, while some, from sectarian bigotry, were standing aloof. As to the "lion" part, we felt much more that we were "counted as sheep for the slaughter." That feeling, added to the knowledge that many among you were greatly shocked at our supposed heresies, did cause a little restraint in our mingling with you. When we met accidentally at meeting, I felt quite a pity for thee, seeing that thou would be brought into a strait after meeting, whether to speak cordially to us, and thus identify thyself with those who were "despised and rejected of men," or to turn from us, and thus do violence to the promptings of thy kind nature. But the more intercourse we had, the more these fears and restraints vanished; and our latter interviews — especially the last, in Liverpool — were all any one could desire. Since that time, our firm adherence to the great cause which first bound us together, and the freedom of correspondence, have knit us together "as the heart of one man," and we can greet one another as very friends. As to being sundered by differences in points of faith, if that be sufficient cause of division, "Oh Lord, who shall stand?" Have not those, who at that time formed a strong and united phalanx of opposition to "Hicksism," now become divided among themselves, on little hair-splitting points of theology? Let us rather look, as the truth-loving Jesus recommended, for the fruits which proceed from a good heart; for about these there is no controversy. There is a response in every heart to the exhibition of justice, mercy, love, peace, and charity, which goes far to prove that God has created man upright; and that the counter doctrine of human depravity has done much to make the heart wicked, and to produce the giant sins that afflict mankind. . . . What dreadful battles on the plains of India! A monstrous sacrifice of human life, by a professedly Christian



nation ! And your poor starved people at home too, over-worked and underpaid until driven to desperation ; what is to be done, in view of all these evils ? The remedy looks at times so hopeless, that I am ready to choose death rather than life, if I must feel as I have done for these classes. There was an extensive strike of the hand-loom weavers in this city, last winter. They were reduced almost to starvation ; but they did not gain the added wages claimed, for “ with the oppressor there is power.” I could but sympathize with them in their demand for a better recompense to their early and late toil. . . . My James desires most affectionate remembrances. Thine, L. MOTT.

The following letter is in reply to one from R. D. Webb, written during the prevalence of the great famine in Ireland : —

PHIL., 2nd mo. 21st, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND, RICHARD D. WEBB, — Thy very acceptable letter was most opportune. Not only was it read and re-read at the several m<sup>gs</sup> referred to, but long extracts from it were published in “ Friends’ Intelligencer,” and thus were well circulated through our Yearly Meeting boundaries. James says the subject was opened by an Elder in our meet<sup>g</sup>. He did not tell you that that Elder was prompted by one of our abolition friends ; for after all, “ men of one idea,” as they are called, if work is to be done in any department of justice, mercy, or benevolence, must take the lead, either openly, or behind the curtain, as the case may require. This “ ball ” for Ireland is so thoroughly set in motion now, that abolitionists may leave it with those who refuse to work with them in *their* cause, the removal of one fruitful source of misery and starvation — personal slavery. Accordingly, we have been interested these two weeks past in an effort to reëstablish the “ True American,” (Cassius M. Clay’s paper,) in Kentucky. John C. Vaughn, a South Carolinian, edited the



paper with ability, after C. M. Clay left it, and indeed mostly after it was moved to Cincinnati. Vaughn has been obliged to suspend it, owing to lack of funds, though he has received very many letters from residents of Kentucky, urging its revival. He has been to New York and Boston to raise funds and has been quite successful; \$3,500 being subscribed. It is a hobby with him, and he has already expended \$1,500, in keeping up the paper as long as he did. He is now aided by influential men in Kentucky, who with help from the North, are determined to carry it on. We have called together our liberal friends, in scores at our house, and heard his letters and statements; he preferred this mode to a more public m<sup>g</sup>. We shall raise more than \$1,000 here. It is attended with greater expense to print and publish at the South.

You will see by our papers how many causes of encouragement there are for persevering labor in the harvest field of freedom. The increasing interest and action in Delaware, and some other slave states; the freedom of discussion in Congress; the editorials in our political newspapers; the acts of our legislatures; lastly, and some will think *leastly*, our success in calling large meetings of women, to confer together, and to petition on this subject; all these inspire us with hope that the days of slavery are numbered. We give the "Anti-Slavery League" also our fraternal all-hail! for its broad platform; putting to shame the London committee and "World's Convention." . . .

I received a letter not long since from the peace advocate, Elihu Burritt, asking my aid in procuring for him a list of all the Sunday-schools in our city, with their superintendents, in order to try to establish a correspondence on the subject of peace, love, and liberty. I confess I have not faith enough in the efficacy of the measure, nor indeed in Sunday-school operations in general, to enter into it very heartily. I did, however, take the letter to the agent of the Sunday-School Union, and he declined to furnish

such a list; as *they* only instilled general principles, leaving details for parents and other schools. I intend to write to Elihu Burritt on the subject. It is often a question, and still unsettled with me, whether the various religious organizations, with all their errors, are more productive of good than evil. But until we can offer something better in their stead to a people largely governed by religious sentiment, and a natural love for association, it requires great care how we shake their faith in existing institutions. I feel so when sitting in our colored Methodist meetings, where appeals to emotion call forth such loud shoutings; and yet the effect of the religious training they receive, with all its grossness, is wholesome on their lives and conduct. So, in our Quaker Society, with all the undue stress on externals, and all the preaching up "quietude" and doing nothing, still, the appeal to the inner sense is not made in vain; and many of our fold are among the foremost in reform and good works. We have a blessed example, however, in the anointed of God, in his exposure of the errors and sins which obstructed the progress of his religious sect; and duty, not less imperative, is urging some now to cry against the errors of creeds, and forms of worship, as obstacles to true holiness.

The taking for granted that everything in the Bible is true, and must not be questioned, is doing much harm. War and slavery cannot be so successfully assailed while this is the case. John Jackson,<sup>1</sup> a minister in our Society, has published a little work on "Peace and War," in which he calls in question the Divine right of the Jewish wars. This has brought up a new issue among our Friends, and many of us are now charged with unsound doctrine. "Go-

<sup>1</sup> John Jackson was a Friend who stood deservedly high in the Society as a rarely gifted and impressive preacher, and a consistent, exemplary, and influential minister. In the year 1846 he published a small treatise entitled *Reflections on Peace and War*, which soon reached a second edition. His object was to show that war is at variance with the Christian religion.

ing out in the mixture " is seldom complained of now. We are in a divided state ; but not any more so than are our Orthodox Friends. The death of Joseph John Gurney has made some sensation, and much has been published of eulogies and elegies, and all the particulars of his death and burial. I would not speak invidiously, however ; for his generous outpouring of Fortune's treasures was worthy of praise. Let his example be followed !

Every part of thy letter was interesting. The little sketch of Joseph Blanco White prepared us to read the book with a keen relish. Of course Sarah Pugh had time to read it first, as she is the most of " a lady of leisure " among us. The work is rare here ; only a few English copies to be obtained. Our children are now reading it, and I enjoy it by piece-meal. It is exceedingly interesting, but much too radical for all of you, but James Haughton ; is n't it ? If not, a change must have come over you since we were in Dublin. Only think, almost seven years ago ! You only whispered heresy then. The published correspondence in J. Blanco White's life adds greatly to the interest of the book. We wonder that we heard nothing of him while we were in England. Theodore Parker is preparing his hearers and readers for great radicalism in Humanitarian Christianity. Such preaching and such works as White's will certainly modify the orthodox faith, as the boldness of a Priestly, a Worcester, and a Channing has already done.

Have you noticed what a step the Unitarian convention took in this city, in graciously permitting a woman to speak ? And such a woman ! That made quite a stir in our Zion, and increased the opposition to that woman, too !

But I am coming to the end of my paper without saying how my love flows unbounded to your circle — all.

Most affectionately,

L. MOTT.

It is hardly necessary to explain that Lucretia Mott herself was the woman who spoke in the Unitarian convention.

The newspapers of the time noticed her address according to their several predilections, some giving favorable reports, others dismissing the innovation of a woman's speaking as an unwarrantable "lugging in of the woman's rights question." The following report is from the "Proceedings of the Regular Autumnal Convention of Unitarian Christians, held in Philadelphia, Oct. 20, 1846."

. . . "Rev. Mr. Furness begged leave to interrupt the discussion a moment, to acquaint the convention that a member from the Society of Friends was present, Lucretia Mott, and to move that she be invited to take a seat in the convention, with leave to speak if she should find herself moved to it. Passed without opposition."

Lucretia Mott said : —

"It is most unexpected to me, to be permitted to speak on this occasion. I am gratified in having an invitation to speak out the truth without clothing it in set theological language. I liked the observations of the last speaker (Dr. Hedge), especially in reference to this point. We make the cross of Christ of no effect by the ambiguous and deceiving phraseology we throw around his precepts and doctrines. It goes to perpetuate the erroneous views which prevail in Christendom, of the divinity of Christ and the vicarious atonement. If we could disabuse Christianity of the errors of theology, we should do much towards advancing so great and glorious a system, if it can be called such. But when preachers, for fear of losing their reputation in the religious world, speak of their faith in the divinity of Christ and the vicarious atonement, they are retarding Christian progress by their want of simplicity and frankness.

"Nothing is more fitted to impede this progress than the popular theology, the generally received system of faith. A speaker (Mr. Clarke) has said that we ought not willingly to allow ourselves to be cut off from the body of the

Church. But however vital that body may be, and I would not deny it much earnestness and worth, yet we must be willing to be separated from it in respect to these important doctrines. But who is there of you glorying so much in that spirit of heresy in which St. Paul boasted — heresy after the manner of men — who of you stands so fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, as to acknowledge the extent of his secret suspicions of views ordinarily professed? Who is ready to hold up the purity of human nature in place of its depravity? Who will speak of the importance of becoming Christ-like, by following his example?

“ We are too prone to take our views of Christianity from some of the credulous followers of Christ, lest any departure from the early disciples should fasten upon us the suspicion of unbelief in the Bible. But should we not feel free to speak of the narratives of those who hand down the account of Christ’s mission in their true character? The importance of free thinking and honest speech cannot be over-estimated. Be not afraid of the reputation of infidels, or the opprobrium of the religious world. We must be willing to be severed from it, if necessary. And our fruits, and not our opinions, will finally judge us. There is but one criterion of judgment; and everybody knows what love, truth, mercy are! If we seek to bring forth righteousness exceeding the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, then we need fear little, though brother deliver up brother to death! It may become a small thing to be judged of man’s judgment. We ought to rejoice that we are permitted to offer a pattern of Christianity exceeding the common one. We need Saviours that shall be as Saviours on our own Mount Zion. How great is the mischief those false doctrines are doing, which make man depraved, and then point him to the vicarious sufferings of Christ! We are too prone to begin with the spirit, and then seek to be made perfect in the flesh. We clothe our thoughts in ex-



pressions that deceive. There is too much image worship still practiced by Christians! We are apt to proselyte to sect rather than to Christianity! It has been well said, our fathers made *graven* images, but we make *verbal* ones. God has made man after his own image, and man has made God after his image. If you have had Channing and Worcester to lead you on, why are you not prepared to carry the work forward, even beyond them?

“My heart was made humble and tender when I came into this convention. I saw in the chair Samuel Parkman, of Boston, the son of an old friend of my father. Looking at Calvinistic Boston as it then was, and considering how Channing rose and bore his testimony, and what results followed, we may be encouraged. But let the work advance. Lo! the field is white to harvest. . . .

“Brethren, hearken to the Spirit. He dwelleth with you, though you know it not. It is He that talketh with you by the way. Are not the aspirations for truth a proof that we have a present God with us?”

The next letter in order is also to Richard D. Webb.

PHIL., 4th mo. 26th, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — . . . I have not time to say what I would of the “Life of Joseph Blanco White.” I have indeed read it with intense interest, and regard it the best radical or heretical work that has appeared in our age; because the religious sentiment continues so alive and active, while his mind is undergoing all the phases from gross superstition to arch-heresy. I suppose that part of his Diary is omitted during the period of his “unbelief.” Also some of his correspondence with those in this country of more radical minds than Professor Norton and Dr. Channing. I should like to see what he wrote to Ripley, for there is some allusion to his letter to him by Dr. Channing. On the whole, however, J. H. Thom has done admirably, to give forth to the world so much that is far in advance of



English Unitarianism, if we except the radical, Fox, and his co-preacher. How dare Richard D. Webb let such a book "go the rounds among his friends?" Unless, indeed, he has arrived at the "I'm not afraid" state, which his brother Thomas averred himself to be in, when we were in Dublin, while Richard was at that time non-committal. His soundness in the Faith is questionable, to say the least, who would circulate such a book. I borrowed it, but had not read far, before I proposed to our Edward M. Davis to buy it, and let it "go the rounds among *our* friends." The price is seven dollars here, there being no American edition, and very few English copies. Edward bought the last copy to be had in this city. I sympathized especially with Blanco White's lonely and sad feelings, in having to give up one friend after another "for the *Son of Man's* sake," and that his honesty forbade all compromise or conservatism. I wish I could show you my notes; they form three little volumes! Oh, why did n't you know of Blanco White, and tell us all about him, when we were with you! He was living then. I have wondered if the "late Mrs. Rathbone," who lent him John Woolman's works, was the wife of Wm. Rathbone, our friend? How well he writes of us Quakers, — no, of our predecessors.

When I lent Woolman's works, years ago, to J. Miller McKim, while he was in process of conversion, I told him that I defended not the visionary part, and ever thought the early Quakers too superstitious. Having for two years past ceased to assume the kneeling posture in prayer, and also the standing posture while others pray, I could go with Blanco White in this non-conformity also, even while it has brought down "Cherry St." anathemas thick upon me, and raised quite a "tempest in our tea-pot" this winter, when the Liberals would have me on the school committee. My going to the Unitarian convention, too, was almost an unpardonable sin. But I must stop. James has sent for this letter. I wanted to sum up the cheering evi-

dences of anti-slavery progress, as I did in a late letter to George Combe. I also wrote to him more fully than I have here about Blanco White.

Ever, ever yours in very heart,

L. MOTT.

On more than one occasion, about this time, when James and Lucretia Mott attended Friends' meetings not far distant from Philadelphia, instead of being invited to neighboring houses for refreshment, they were allowed to resort to the country taverns; a thing unknown in former years, when such breaches of hospitality would not have been committed under any circumstances. Now it was countenanced as one means of showing the disfavor with which they were regarded.

In the autumn of 1847 they made a journey to some of the western states, to attend various anti-slavery and religious meetings, and among them the Yearly Meetings of Friends held in Salem, Ohio, and Richmond, Indiana. They carried no certificate from their own Meeting, nor is it likely that one would have been given, even if asked for, as the Meeting was not then "in unity" with them. It must be borne in mind, however, that this did not affect their right to attend any meetings of the Society, but only their right to appoint them; and also that the main object of the journey was to attend the anti-slavery conventions. It is no uncommon thing for "ministering Friends" to travel in this way, without certificates, and to be cordially welcomed notwithstanding. Lucretia Mott had a right to expect courteous treatment even from those who differed from her in the views she held. In Ohio she was generally well received, and attentively heard.

The Ohio Friends, many of whom were earnest abolitionists, opened their houses to her and her husband, and willingly called meetings for them. In Indiana it was the reverse. A bitter sectarian feeling prevailed there. Some idea of this may be gathered from the following extracts from the "Diary of Jane Price." Jane Price, a woman of high repute, and an "approved minister," was the wife of Benjamin Price, an esteemed Friend, who was for several successive years clerk of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. In company with Elizabeth M. Peart, also an approved minister, she attended the Western Yearly Meetings before mentioned, traveling most of the way in private conveyance. During her absence she kept a record of her observations and experiences in the form of letters to her husband. The first date pertinent to our subject is : —

*Salem, Ohio, First-day, 8<sup>th</sup> mo. 29<sup>th</sup>, 1847.* — James and Lucretia Mott arrived in public conveyance just at meeting-time. Lucretia spoke at the close. . . .

*Sixth-day, 9<sup>th</sup> mo. 3<sup>rd</sup>.* — In the little I have written concerning the Yearly Meeting, I have only reported women's doings, leaving the brethren to speak for themselves. In Select Meeting on Fourth-day, Lucretia gave her views as thou hast heard her, honestly I think, and from the motive to do or say what she thought required, as was also the case in the Yearly Meeting, after the Query in regard to reading. She remarked on the frivolous publications, "lady's periodicals," etc., containing that which merely went to promote vanity and degrade the mind; and before she sat down, recommended to the young people a little book on the subject of "Peace and War," written by John Jackson. This immediately brought out a spirited reply from a minister of this Meeting (for there

are spirited dear friends on both sides), in which she expressed her "astonishment" that such a thing should be recommended, as to read a book "that despises the Bible." It passed off without any reply or notice whatever, for it was no time to say much just then; but it was not anything of *this* kind that was the "head of astonishment" to me, but conversation out of meeting. I think we need to watch. . . .

*Richmond, Indiana, Second-day, 9<sup>th</sup> mo. 27<sup>th</sup>.* — Attended the first sitting of the Yearly Meeting, quite large, and a pretty good meeting. Our friend Lucretia made some excellent preparatory remarks, that I think could not give dissatisfaction, or at least *need* not. If any were not satisfied, they kept it to themselves; though *some* of the Elders waited on her yesterday morning, and "desired her to go home," or if she went to meeting, "desired her not to speak!" I feel my mind stayed; having the fullest confidence in Truth, and that it will bear all out who do not forsake it; but I am pained to see prejudice take the place of Christian charity. I have heretofore avoided going at all into particulars relative to matters and things I have been privy to, but could not help hinting at the above.

. . . The Queries were also read, and the state of Society spoken to. Lucretia spoke once, I thought impressively, and to the purpose; though some no doubt did not feel unity, as there is a strong feeling against her in the minds of some here; also in opposition to J. Jackson's book; many would be afraid to suffer it in their houses, much less read it. . . . I would like if thou could see our friends James and Lucretia, when they return. I think we, that is, Friends, will all have to learn to concede to *others* that sincerity, and that liberty to judge for themselves what is right, that we claim for *ourselves*.

*Fourth-day, 29<sup>th</sup>.* — Meetings for worship were held in both houses; we attended the same we did on First-day. James and Lucretia were in the other house. She spoke,

several observed to me afterwards, in a very interesting manner; told them many truths; others did not like a good deal she said. The meeting was very quiet, and nothing unpleasant occurred to disturb the solemnity.

*Sixth-day, 1<sup>st</sup> of 10<sup>th</sup> mo.* — They have had, and I fear will have, sad entanglements and wounds, and wounding, more or less, all through this Yearly Meeting. I regret, I could mourn and lament, at the feeling that is spreading far and wide, at the tale-bearing and detraction, and the willingness to give occasion of offense. . . . James and Lucretia have nearly always gone back from meeting to their lodging, having taken boarding at a Friend's house. There has been a great deal here directed against them. Lucretia has been quite poorly, too, but has attended all the sittings. She and James stepped in to the widow Evans' between meetings on Fourth-day morning, where were a good many friends of the evangelical order; a roomful present; Lucretia said little or nothing, merely came in to warm her feet. She was in tears all the while, as she sat in one corner by the fire; just before she went out, I *whispered* to her what had deeply impressed my mind all the while she was in the room: "The *disciple* is not *above* his Lord, nor the servant above his master." That was just before they went into the meeting for worship. . . . I asked Lucretia if she would go to a friend's to-day to dinner; she said they felt best satisfied just to go back to their lodgings. She then further said to me, with tears, "It constantly runs through my mind, 'For *Thy sake*, I am killed all the day long.'"

Jane Price's son, Isaiah Price, writes concerning this part of his mother's diary: —

"The perusal of our mother's letters and her daily record of the feelings attending her mind, as well as her conversation upon her return, attest that her spirit was often bowed in sorrow and trial because of the things she was a witness unto; and it is evident also, that hers was not al-



ways a silent travail ; but she has not left us unadvised that these intolerant ones were often put under restraint and guard by her presence and evident want of sympathy with their proceedings. Thus was her discretion justified, and made more of a rebuke to the intolerant spirit, than an over-zealous opposition in words on her part could possibly have proved. And this was the more significant from the fact that those with whom her lot was cast principally, while in attendance at Indiana Yearly Meeting, were of the extreme Orthodox party. Owing to this fact, she had less opportunity to manifest her interest and sympathy personally by her presence with her friends James and Lucretia, but she nevertheless was enabled to impart the feeling of her heart and mind, and sometimes to give the friendly grasp of the hand, and the cordial word of feeling ; and the writer can now recall the grateful expressions in which dear Lucretia has spoken of her sympathy amid the experiences of adverse feeling and opposition, as manifested toward them at that time."

During this visit to Richmond there was shown a remarkable instance of bigotry and intolerance ; an example of the bitterness of party spirit such as is seldom seen. It is the hospitable custom among Friends, on the occasion of any large gathering in the cities where they reside, to invite the strangers who attend the meetings to their homes, particularly between the morning and afternoon sessions. In this way, and in company with many others, James and Lucretia Mott were invited to dine by a Friend, whose husband was a physician of standing, and an active member of the Society. Lucretia Mott had been indisposed for several days, and at times had suffered acutely from neuralgia. During the visit she was seized with an unusually severe attack, and the physician was asked to try to relieve her. It is incredible, in



this day, that the dictates of common humanity could resist such an appeal. Turning from her, the doctor said, "Lucretia, I am so deeply afflicted by thy rebellious spirit, that I do not feel that I can prescribe for thee." Whereupon James Mott remarked, "It is evident, my dear, that we are not wanted here; I think we should feel more comfortable in our own lodgings;" and together they left the house. Such treatment wounded more deeply than was ever acknowledged. In her public ministry, the brave spirit showed no sign of pain, but in the seclusion of home, it was affecting to see, as it is grievous to remember, the suffering she endured. Her health became seriously impaired by the severe attacks of dyspepsia that were sure to follow seasons of mental distress. Yet, notwithstanding the trials she experienced, her life at this period was by no means unhappy; on the contrary, it was happier than that of most women. This was owing partly to her own natural cheerfulness, her conscious rectitude, and her unwavering faith in the triumph of moral principle; but more than all, to the never-failing support of a congenial home. Here was a "refuge in times of trouble" where she "dwelt in safety" in the love of husband and children.

She also found support in the knowledge that her opponents, although "weighty members" of the Society of Friends, were still its smallest portion; and that if the issue should arise, they were hardly strong enough to carry out their hostile measures of censure and disownment; and more than this, that a large number of the younger Friends would resist any attempt to deprive her of those rights and privileges which had been bestowed on her in former

days. These did not wholly agree with her, nor were they always prepared to sustain her cause openly, but neither were they willing to see her cast out from among them. In the hard battle that she fought, even this unavowed sympathy served as encouragement. Her course was made more difficult to herself, and more unpalatable to Friends, by the open interest that she and her husband evinced in various unpopular movements of the day, besides abolition. Of this she said, in the autobiographical sketch before alluded to, "The misrepresentation, ridicule, and abuse heaped upon these reforms do not in the least deter me from my duty. To those whose name is cast out as evil for the truth's sake, it is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment." One of these reforms was the Anti-Sabbath movement. When its advocates issued a call to consider the subject, James and Lucretia Mott responded by signing their names, and promising to attend the convention. Referring to this, and also to their sojourn together in Ohio the year before, he having lectured there at the same time, William Lloyd Garrison wrote them the following letter:—

BOSTON, Jan. 10th, 1848.

JAMES AND LUCRETIA MOTT :

DEAR FRIENDS, — In allowing your names to be appended to the call for an Anti-Sabbath convention, you have gratified many of your friends here, and given fresh evidence of your possessing true moral courage. In the course of a few days, our list of signers will be completed, and then the call will be printed in a circular form, and also in the "Liberator."

Please hand the accompanying leaves to dear Edward M. Davis. I am glad that you have so worthy a son-in-

law, who, I dare say, seems every day more like a *son indeed*. Long may he be spared to aid and bless suffering humanity. . . .

I shall long remember our pleasant interviews in Ohio with unalloyed satisfaction. I marvel that Lucretia did not utterly break down under the pressure of her public labors. Aside from my severe illness at Cleveland, I rejoice that I was permitted to visit Ohio, and hope that my labors were not wholly in vain. Yours, Lucretia, I am sure were not.

How I wish you lived no further off than the next street — or better yet, the next door! I long to commune with you both, face to face, from day to day. How will it be with us in the Spirit Land? Will time and space be annihilated?

Helen sends her loving remembrances. No one esteems you more highly, than

Your attached friend,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

About the same time, Mr. Garrison published an editorial in the "*Liberator*," giving an account of a conversation between him and Lucretia Mott on the value of traditional belief, as follows: —

"If my mind has become liberalized in any degree (and I think it has burst every sectarian trammel), — if the theological dogmas which I once regarded as essential to Christianity, I now repudiate as absurd and pernicious, — I am largely indebted to James and Lucretia Mott for the change. I recollect on one occasion, when my reverence for the Bible as an inspired volume, from Genesis to Revelation, was such that I was killed by the letter, entering into conversation with Lucretia on the subject of war, I was startled, not to say shocked, on hearing the declaration from her lips, that she did not believe God ever authorized or sanctioned war, in any age or nation. Not that I had any doubt as to the prohibition of all war in the New Tes-

tament, but I had never thought of questioning the integrity of the Jewish record. 'How do you dispose of the statements made in the Old Testament,' I asked, 'that the Lord commanded Moses, Joshua, and others, to wage even wars of extermination?' 'I can more easily believe that man is fallible, than that God is changeable,' was her reply. In this reply, so full of good sense and true wisdom, I have since found an easy solution of many Scriptural difficulties, and, instead of being any longer 'killed by the letter,' have been 'made alive by the spirit.'"

In accordance with her promise, Lucretia Mott attended the Anti-Sabbath convention, held in Boston March 23d and 24th, 1848, and spoke several times during its sessions. As usual, her remarks were entirely extemporaneous. The extracts given in the Appendix are taken from the official report of the meeting.<sup>1</sup> For a better understanding of them, it may be well to state that the convention was called to "Advance the cause of a true Christianity, to promote true and acceptable worship, and to inculcate strict moral and religious accountability, in all the concerns of life, *on all days of the week alike.*"

<sup>1</sup> Appendix, p. 479.

## CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Lucretia Mott and her associates were refused admission as delegates to the World's Convention in London, in 1840, solely on account of their sex, she was brought for the first time face to face with the reality of the subjection of women. In the Society of Friends she had been accustomed to see all the members valued more for their individual merits than for the accident of sex; and when she had begun to preach, it was not because of any privilege granted by "men-friends," but because of the gift that cometh from above, and is free to all.

As we have seen, she met this trial with unruffled calmness, but the indignity, not so much to her, as to all womankind, sank deep into her heart; and she resolved to do her best to right this arrogant and unreasonable wrong. As she and Elizabeth Cady Stanton walked slowly home together, at the end of the first day's session, talking over its exciting events, they agreed to call a Woman's Rights Convention on their return to America, as the first step towards a general movement. Although several years elapsed before this plan could be carried out, much faithful preparatory work was accomplished in the mean time. Foremost in this was the training which the anti-slavery cause afforded women. It was impossible for them to labor so energetically for the freedom of the slave, without coming to a new

sense of their own disabilities, and at least desiring for themselves the justice they claimed for others. The abolitionists, in this way, taught better than they knew.

In the summer of 1848, Lucretia Mott went to western New York to attend the Yearly Meeting of Friends at Waterloo, and at the same time to visit her sister, Martha C. Wright, of Auburn, N. Y. Here she met Elizabeth Cady Stanton again, the first time for several years, and they at once revived the resolution formed in London eight years before. Around the tea-table of a mutual friend, these two, with Martha C. Wright, and their friend Mary Ann McClintock, discussed the question of woman's rights in all its bearings, and decided that the time to hold a convention had come. That same evening, the following call was sent to the "Seneca County Courier," a semi-weekly journal, in whose issue of July 14th it appeared : —

#### SENECA FALLS CONVENTION.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION. — A Convention to discuss the social, civil, and religious condition and rights of women, will be held in the Wesleyan Chapel, at Seneca Falls, N. Y., on Wednesday and Thursday, the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> of July, current, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. During the first day, the meeting will be exclusively for women, who are earnestly invited to attend. The public generally are invited to be present on the second day, when Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, and other ladies and gentlemen, will address the Convention.

Although, as stated in the call, it was originally intended that women only should be admitted on the first day, yet so many men presented themselves at



the chapel door at the time of opening, and manifested such genuine interest in the object of the meeting, that the committee concluded, in a hasty council, to allow them to remain, and to make them useful. Women, be it remembered, had then had very little experience in organizing and conducting meetings, and shrank from the responsibility of so doing, in a cause where a successful beginning might be so important. Accordingly, James Mott, "tall and dignified, in Quaker costume," was called to the chair, and Mary McClintock was appointed secretary. Lucretia Mott, as the one most accustomed to public speaking, made the opening statement of the objects of the convention, and was followed by carefully prepared speeches from Elizabeth and Mary McClintock, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Wright, and others. The Declaration of Sentiments, drawn up on the model of the Declaration of 1776, by the same four women who wrote the call, was freely discussed, and after some slight amendments, adopted. The convention continued, with unabated interest, throughout two days and evenings. It is interesting to find that this first forerunner of so many others, demanded in its Declaration and resolutions all that the most radical friends of the movement have since claimed. It brought upon its brave members a storm of denunciation from the pulpit, and unsparing ridicule from the press; but it also called forth a cheering response from women in all parts of the country who had needed only the encouragement of a beginning, to find the spirit to step forward themselves. Other conventions followed soon after in various parts of New York, Ohio, Massachusetts, Indiana, and Pennsylvania, and that advance began, whereof the end is not yet.

It is unnecessary to give here, what has been given so well elsewhere, — a detailed account of the progress of this movement. It is sufficient to say that James and Lucretia Mott gave it generous assistance, both in time and money, and that they felt a livelier interest during the years of its early development than in its later subdivisions; just as they always preferred the original name of Woman's Rights to any of its numerous successors.

As no adequate record of the various addresses made by Lucretia Mott at the different conventions of twenty years can be attempted, it is thought best to present instead, as a general statement of her views on this question, her Discourse on Woman, published in 1849, which may be found in the Appendix.<sup>1</sup> It was delivered in answer to a lecture given in Philadelphia by Mr. Richard H. Dana, of Boston, on what he considered the proper sphere of woman, as opposed to her new claims, which he ridiculed liberally. Lucretia Mott was one of the audience. The lecture seemed so petty and unworthy a view of a serious subject, and, coming from such a source, so pernicious in its influence, that she felt impelled to answer it, and, as far as possible, correct its mis-statements. This she did, on the 17<sup>th</sup> of 12<sup>th</sup> month, in the hall of the Assembly Buildings, before as choice an audience as the one that had listened to Mr. Dana. The phonographic report was afterwards submitted to her for revision, and a limited number printed in pamphlet form. Twenty years after, it was reprinted, at the request of an English lady who wished to circulate it in England.

This discourse has generally been considered one of her best; but none read as they sounded when

<sup>1</sup> Appendix, p. 487.

she delivered them. She never made notes, even when she knew beforehand the points upon which she wished to dwell, but trusted instead to her good memory. Generally, however, her addresses were not premeditated; they were what the "spirit moved" her to say. This way of speaking, among Friends, often leads to an inconsequent and rather rambling manner. Lucretia Mott was never illogical, and seldom rambling, until, perhaps, in her extreme old age, but no one can read the reports of her sermons without feeling how far short they fall of that excellence, with which the charm of her manner and voice invested them. Some of the best, given in times of real inspiration, were never printed; for they were spoken in the religious meetings of Friends, where the presence of a reporter would be considered unseemly. They exist only in loving memories. The few that have been printed can give very little idea of her eloquence and fervor, to those who have never heard her. What Emerson wrote of Dr. Channing applies equally well to her: "He possesses the mysterious endowment of natural eloquence, whose effect, however intense, is limited of course to personal communication. I can see myself that his writings, without his voice, may be meagre and feeble."

At this period of the life of Lucretia Mott, her correspondence was quite voluminous. The following letters have been selected as representative:—

PHILA., 9th mo. 10th, 1848.

MY LOVED FRIENDS, RICHARD D. WEBB AND OTHERS,  
—I want to write to you all, but time only allows this. Is it possible that more than a year has passed since we

have corresponded? In that time we have received a large parcel of pamphlets and publications from dear James Haughton, for which we have not even sent our acknowledgments or thanks. Not because we did not value them. He may like to know, however, that we divided and sub-divided his treasure, and mean to do all the good we can with them. It is our practice to furnish ourselves with reform papers, whenever we go from home, (which is very often!) and scatter them abroad. Thousands of anti-slavery papers have we thus distributed. We never suffer a moral paper to be torn or wasted. There are political productions enough to supply the world with waste paper. Part of my preaching at anti-slavery m<sup>gs</sup> is the divine mission of scattering tracts. How much have abolitionists done by this means, as well as by the living agent! Had we been told that the Church and the world would be so thoroughly aroused or agitated in less than twenty years, we should have "thanked God and taken courage," and "gone on rejoicing."

I think Richard is the best delineator of character I ever met with. His remarks on Elihu Burritt, and of other of our American travelers, were as a painting to the life. Perhaps he was rather severe upon poor O'Connell, being less of a repealer than he; but we were glad of that opinion of him, embracing so much. His appreciation of W. L. Garrison, "through good and evil report," always pleases me. And did n't I rejoice after reading Blanco White, that we saw so exactly eye to eye, in regard to *him*? It certainly was the most interesting work of the kind I ever read. It has not been reprinted here, for it is more anti-sectarian than Unitarians can bear, and more religious or devotional than Infidels would respond to (if there are any such, which I sometimes doubt); so we stand no chance of a wide circulation of that "holy book." I am lending our copy constantly. Eliza Lee Follen was as enthusiastic in her appreciation of it, after

reading it, as I have been. When you meet with anything else you like, do recommend it. Not fiction, we have enough of that sort ; even though it be from Dickens' pen, or by the author of *Jane Eyre*. I only know these works from hearing their praises sung by others. My reading time is nearly all occupied with Garrison's excellent editorials, and the other anti-slavery papers ; and with glances occasionally through the peace and temperance papers ; and of late the political world has furnished reading of absorbing interest ; and last, not least, the cause of woman is occupying me.

Super-added is a sprinkling of Quaker gossip, divisions and sub-divisions, printing and publishing, as twenty years ago ; letters innumerable, and visits to Ohio and Indiana last year, and to Genesee Yearly M<sup>s</sup> this year, including trips of a few hundred, or a thousand miles, to the Indians and Negroes in Canada. With all this traveling, and reading, and writing, I find time to "darn the stockings," and attend somewhat to a family numbering from ten to twenty every day ; for though all our children, save Martha, the youngest, have married and left us, yet they and their children (nine now) are coming constantly. All being out of the city boarding for the summer, ours is a general rendezvous for the husbands to come to dine, and with other company, not a few, we often count thirty a day, including our own family. We are still blest with the "staff of life a' plenty," and it is our pleasure thus to enjoy the fleeting hours.

Three Yearly Meetings will be formed this fall, on radical principles, doing away with "Select M<sup>gs</sup>," and ordaining ministers ; men and women on entire equality, which is not the case now, by any means ; some will remove all partitions, and transact business together, and admit such of their sedate neighbors as incline to sit with them ; and many other like things ; to the great grief of the sticklers for the "oldness of the letter." Another Meeting is in



contemplation in the Western part of our and Baltimore Yearly M<sup>gs</sup>, to unite over the mountains. They have proposed this, these five or six years, and if our M<sup>g</sup> stiffly oppose it much longer, through John Comly's influence mainly, they, too, may declare independence, as the others have done. What a wonderful breaking up there is among sects! Gurneyites and Wilburites are found wherever Orthodox Friends are; the difference being, as said by a looker-on, "one party says, sanctification comes before justification; the other, justification comes before sanctification." Are you at all interested? How is it with our orthodox friends Richard and Anne Allen? Are they too rich to be other than conservative? I have a kind of godly jealousy of them! James Haughton is rich also, but he is radical enough. I have just filled a sheet to George Combe — almost as trifling as this; it is more than a year since I wrote to him last. He sends us his new productions, which we continue to read with interest. His "Constitution of Man" broke the spell of superstition. Now it is regarded of more importance to act out a principle and observe a law, than to believe a miracle, or assent to mysteries, as means of salvation.

My paper is full. It is past midnight. This mite of a margin must contain my aboundings of love, and my *autograph*.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

PHIL., 11th mo. 14th, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND, GEORGE W. JULIAN, — I will not attempt to make excuses or apologies for the seeming neglect of thy acceptable and frank letter, received (I can hardly believe it) nearly a year ago. That I have not been unmindful of its interesting contents thou mayst be assured when I tell thee, that early after reading it, I went to our friend, Wm. H. Furness, and consulted him as to the works most likely to meet thy wants. I thought he might have some pamphlets, or small publication which he could furnish to lend thee. He made no offer of any, however,



except a large work of Prof. Norton's on the Prophecies. I had doubts of the propriety of borrowing a book to be sent so far. There is no Unitarian book store here, where their tracts can be procured, and the larger books are more expensive, I presume, than thou art aware of.

Theodore Parker has published an elaborate work on the Old Testament, the result of much research in the old languages, as well as in German and French. It exposes many errors and false prophecies, and clears some mysteries which have equally taxed the veneration of the believer. His boldness has driven some of the Unitarians of the older school back to the "weak and beggarly elements." Prof. Norton is ready to disclaim his own productions, or rather to doubt the expediency of circulating them now.

Wm. H. Channing was with us last winter. I handed him thy letter, requesting his opinion. He said there were no truly good works in English on the Prophecies and Inspiration. The best that can be easily found are Palfrey's "Lectures on the Old Testament," and parts of Norton's work on the genuineness and authenticity of the Gospels. There are two translations from the German and French, which may be found in Boston: "Introduction to the Old Testament," from Dr. Welte (?), by Theodore Parker, and a work from the French, by some German, I think, "On the Inspiration of the Scriptures." Has your friend ever seen W. H. Furness' book, the "Life of Jesus"? This might help to answer his difficulties.

All these books are unfortunately somewhat expensive. There are, I believe, some Unitarian tracts on the subject. If I recollect right, Furness' book was on thy table, when we were at your house. That visit is oft recurred to with interest and pleasure, and I regret to appear so unmindful of your kind hospitalities, as to suffer thy letter to lie so long unanswered.

I herewith send a few tracts and small works, some of which may prove altogether too radical for thy in-

quiring mind. That there have been gross impositions practiced upon the believer, the all too credulous, must be acknowledged. Now that skepticism as to the theology of the schools has become somewhat a duty, free-thinkers may go to the other extreme, and fail to award to the Scriptures all the beautiful and blessed instruction they contain. I have for some years accustomed myself to read and examine them as I would any other book, as nearly as early education and veneration would permit. I have now no difficulty in deciding upon the human and ignorant origin of such parts as conflict with the known and eternal laws of Deity in the physical creation, be the claim to the miraculous ever so high, and the assumption of the pathetic and God-inspired ever so strong. Still less, if possible, do I waver, when any violation of the divine and eternal law of right, such as murder in any of its forms, slavery in any of its degrees, or priestcraft in its various phases, as palmed upon the religious world, is declared to be "Thus saith the Lord." It is impossible by any theological ingenuity to reconcile the moral codes of the Old and New Testaments, as proceeding from Him who is "without variable-ness or shadow of turning." Far safer, therefore, is it to admit man to be fallible, than to judge God to be changeable. The popular system of faith is fast yielding to a more enlightened philosophy. Of latter time, many of the advocates of that system are beginning to receive Dr. Channing's views, and really to regard him quite orthodox. As light advances, no difficulty will be found to mould the Bible, that convenient creed-book, to the present pattern, shown in the Sermon on the Mount.

The life of Dr. Channing, just published by his nephew, Wm. H. Channing, is most interesting. I presume it may be found in Cincinnati. I do not remember whether I spoke of the life of Joseph Blanco White, when with you. I have read it with deep interest. . . . The result of his Bible examinations would suit thee, I doubt not. The book has not been reprinted yet in this country. The

English is seven dollars a copy, — three vols. We have a copy, which is now lent out. If thou would like the *loan* of it at some future time, I would gladly send it to thee by some safe conveyance, to be soon returned, as it is in demand, the few copies sent over being all bought up. . . . He is my favorite author.

The agitations and commotions of religious sects are among the interesting signs of the times. Our Quaker quietude is again disturbed, and both Orthodox and Hicksite are on the eve of another separation. Several conventions and new Yearly M<sup>gs</sup> are being held. Michigan, Western New York, and Green Plain, Ohio, are all coming out with a broader platform. We have received the "proceedings" of Farmington, New York, which I will send as a sample of a broad "basis." Thos. McClintock is the writer of that document. About two hundred persons adopted it. The high-handed measures of those in power must eventually open the eyes of the people to the impropriety and danger of conferring such power on our fellow-mortals. The congregational form of religious association will ultimately prevail, as man comes to understand Christian liberty.

In the political world, also, there seems to be a strong tendency toward the breaking up of old parties. In one view, and a discouraging one it is, a military despotism seems to threaten the country. But the discerners of the signs of the times, with large hope, sees republican and true democratic principles on the advance; the rights of man being recognized to a greater extent, and the spirit of peace and universal freedom rising toward the ascendant. Let us all do our duty to accelerate the speed of these principles. . . .

I know not that thy inquiring mind can be easily satisfied; but such as I can offer, at any time, shall be at thy service.

My husband unites in kind regards to thee and thine.

Sincerely thy friend,

LUCRETIA MOTT.

The next letter is a family sheet, written to her sister, Martha C. Wright, giving an account, among other things, of her preparations for the guests that were always expected in Philadelphia by the abolitionists, at the time of their annual anti-slavery Fair. This presents a vivid picture of her housewifely accomplishments.

12th mo., 1848.

. . . If I did not iron twelve shirts, like cousin Mary, I had forty other things which I accomplished; for we had a large wash, and hurried to get the ironing away before the people flocked in. Five came just before dinner. I prepared mince for forty pies, doing every part myself, even to meat chopping; picked over lots of apples, stewed a quantity, chopped some more, and made apple pudding; all of which kept me on my feet till almost two o'clock, having to come into the parlor every now and then to receive guests. Now I should rest, as I sit and write after dinner, with all gone to the Assembly Buildings, if —— had n't thought best to remain and be *agreeable*! . . . I am sorry thou missed hearing Samuel J. May. How can sectarians speak of sermons such as his, as no gospel! How lamentable that such is the religious idea! . . . Have I mentioned what a large appointed meeting I had two weeks ago at Cherry St., and that the Elders would not give notice? The house was crowded nevertheless. The medical students, some of them, have asked me to have a meeting for them. . . .

This meeting for the medical students was held one First-day evening of the following Second month, in Cherry St. meeting-house. The congregation was large and attentive, as a rule, although, as she said in a letter to a friend, "When I pressed the subject of slavery upon their attention, some twenty or thirty rose to go out. Part of this number halted at the

door, and remained to the close, and a quieter and more attentive audience I have not often had."

TO JOSEPH AND RUTH DUGDALE.

PHILA., 3rd mo. 28th, 1849.

MY DEAR JOSEPH AND RUTH, — . . . We have a friend now staying with us, a Unitarian, one of Heaven's own, — Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, N. Y. You probably know him as conspicuous in the early anti-slavery movements, as well as in the non-resistant conventions. He is an advocate for woman too; it is fitting, therefore, that this should be his stopping place. We are trying to get up an anti-slavery meeting for him, but difficulty still attends the procuring of a suitable room. . . . I must tell you what an exciting fugitive case we had last week. A citizen of Richmond, Va., called at the office and told Miller McKim and Cyrus Burleigh, that a slave in that city was meditating his escape by being placed in a box, as goods, to be sent by Adams' Express. He was told of the great danger of suffocation, as well as the risk of detection, but was not deterred. After some delays, a telegraph at length apprised Miller of his approach. The box was received at the depot, more carefully handled than it had been before, and safely deposited at the A. S. office, when a trembling tap, and "All right?" from Miller, was responded to by "All right, sir!" from the pent-up man. The lid was removed as quickly as the hoops could be loosened, when he rose, with a "Good morning, gentlemen!" Miller says we can hardly conceive the relief and excitement to find the man alive, and the poor fellow's happiness and gratitude; he sang a hymn of praise. He is a large man, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, and was incased in a box two feet long, twenty three inches wide, and three feet high, in a sitting posture! He was provided with a few crackers, and a bladder filled with water, which would make no noise in being turned over, nor yet be liable to be broken; he however

ate *none*, as it would have made him thirsty, and he needed all the water to bathe his head, after the rough turns over, in which he sometimes rested for miles on his head and shoulders, when it would seem as if the veins would burst. He fanned himself almost constantly with his hat, and bored holes for fresh breathing air, with a gimlet or small auger furnished him. The cracks of the box had canvas over, to prevent any inspection, and to appear like goods. Dr. Noble says, if he had been consulted, he should have said it would be impossible for the man to be shut up and live twenty-four hours, the time it took to reach here; it was fanning so much, which kept the exhausted air in motion and gave place to fresh. Miller took him home, gave him his breakfast and a bath, and then he was conducted here, where he gave us his history. His master is a sick man, and employs an overseer, heartless, as such generally are. He was never whipped however. He was employed twisting tobacco, and yielded his master two hundred dollars, or more, per year. He had a wife and three children sold from him a year ago, after their owner (not his master) had promised to let him purchase them; a higher offer inducing him to sell them. This almost broke his heart; and from that time he resolved on obtaining his own freedom; and having no family to provide for, he laid by enough to hire a white man to undertake his removal in the box. One colored man was in the secret, and assisted; these were all who knew it in Richmond. He had a sore finger, and applied oil of vitriol to make it worse, in order to get leave of absence for a few days, so that he would not be missed until Second-day, and he was safely here the Seventh-day before. After resting First-day, he was sent on east. We hope the case will not be published, for a while at least. His wife and children are now held by a Methodist minister in North Carolina; he has heard from them two or three times. This, and the Crafts case, as well as Isaac Brown's and others not a few, will tell well in history some time hence. . . .



PHILA., 1st mo. 15th, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND, JAMES L. PIERCE, — The new year has actually come in, before an answer is sent to thy friendly and inquiring letter, received so many months ago. What apology can I make? The reason, in this instance, is a kind of instinctive dread of entering the theological field. So many entanglements are found there, that the ignorant may be drawn into a labyrinth of inextricable windings, or ever he is aware of the leadings of astute polemics. Preferring, therefore, to walk in “the way called heresy,” I am not troubled with the difficulties that beset many an honest traveler in his attempt, with the only admitted implement or weapon, the Bible, to smooth this field and “make straight in the desert a high way for our God.”

During our struggle against sectarian encroachment, some twenty years since, I gave much time to the examination of the tenets then imposed; and often found, in comparing Scripture texts with the context, a construction very different from the admitted idea of the Trinity and atonement. What constituted the Divinity of Christ became at that time so plain, that no doubt has since interposed to weaken a faith so rational. Some of the writings of Channing and other Unitarians, as well as parts of Wm. Penn’s works, and other of our early Quakers, tended to confirm me. There always appeared, however, too strong a desire to bring the Bible into harmony with ultra, or radical views; hence a twisting or perverting of the text was often resorted to; and conflicting opinions could not thus be satisfactorily settled.

When Elisha Bates left our Society and joined the Methodists, he published a defense of the ordinances, claiming apostolic example as his sufficient authority. I then saw that if he was correct in his claim, his positions could not be easily refuted. This led to a reëxamination of Scripture rule, resulting in the settled conviction that the “faith

and practice" of the ancients, either Jews or Gentiles, were not authority for succeeding generations. Neither have I found any such claim on their part; but rather a constant direction of the upward and onward intelligence from "the oldness of the *letter* to the newness of the *spirit*."

The teachings of Jesus were altogether to this point. When he said, "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time . . . but I say unto you," . . . he called in question many things which were claimed as of Divine authority; such as war, oaths, etc. His practice, too, was to do good on the Sabbath day; to refuse compliance with the "washing of hands," showing that "the kingdom of God cometh not by observation" (observances), but that practical righteousness is the certain touchstone. While people can justify war, slavery, an oppressive priesthood, and other evils that afflict and crush humanity, by an appeal to patriarchal example, or to any Bible authority, the progress of reform must be greatly impeded. So, also, while the ancient faith in "sacrifices and offerings" in propitiation for sin through the mediation of the priest, is superstitiously adhered to, or any substitute or antitype of these Jewish ceremonies admitted, — either as explained by Paul or any other Jewish convert, — the way of salvation will be rendered difficult, and to many appear impassable for others, if not for themselves. An enlightened and intelligent reading of the Scriptures must lead to the renouncing of faiths and worships, which, however suited to by-gone ages, are not adapted to the wants of the present time. Obedience to known duty, repentance for disobedience, and amendment of life, are the general teachings of the Bible from Genesis to Revelations.

Thou speaks of thy controversies with opponents, and by proper reference to text and context, coming off victor, having truth on thy side. This must ever be the case, for as in the decision of the Apocryphal story, "truth beareth

away the victory, therefore great is the truth, and stronger than all things."

It is proper, however, while the Bible is regarded as the ultimate appeal in all matters of religious controversy, to show that the bold, figurative language of that book will bear a liberal construction, and should be taken in its most spiritual sense. Jesus certainly spoke metaphorically when he directed his disciples and the Jewish worshipers at the feast, to *his* flesh and *his* blood. Also, on another notable day, "whoso drinketh of me," etc., his baptism was likened to *fire*, as well as *water*; his life or spirit in the soul, to *blood*, as well as to water at Samaria's well.

Great allowances should be made for the passages, quoted by thee, touching his death as an atonement. He made no allusion to its necessity for that end. The passage, "I lay down my life," will bear a spiritual construction. That man did take his natural life from him, is clearly proven in the account. And even if he referred to that, he may have meant no more than every martyr might have said, or than might have been said of them in one sense: that they died for the redemption of man. The Apostle John says, "As he laid down his life for us, we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." Then again: the writers of the epistles, Jewish converts, were so conversant with sacrifices for sin, that they might easily persuade themselves that the crucifixion of Jesus was for that purpose. Rammohun Roy, and other Biblical critics show a very different meaning in some of the prophecies, usually quoted as applicable to the birth and death of Jesus, the propitiation, etc. Again, the probability of interpolation, to suit the "scheme of salvation and plan of redemption," by those employed to give to the Christian world this canon, should lead to large allowances for contradictory texts. The "three that bear record in Heaven" is now generally admitted to be spurious; and others, I doubt not, might be, with equal propriety. Then, as thou says, some of these passages prove too much, and

lead to speculation as to universal salvation. If the spiritual interpretation cannot be received so as to modify or qualify these quotations of thine, I should consider it far safer to reject them altogether, and stand on the broad ground of heresy, than, by seeming to yield, to aid in perpetuating gross superstition and error. That the crucifixion of Jesus was a fearful tragedy must be admitted; but that the ferocity and malignity of the *sectarians* of that day, who committed the barbarous act, was "unparalleled," I am not so sure of. Those who were "stoned, sawn asunder," etc., were doubtless victims of precisely the same spirit. Ecclesiastical history records the martyrdom of thousands upon thousands, who were the objects of similar priestly hate and bigotry. I never like to see the Jews pictured with so dark and malignant a countenance, as sinners above all men. Let Catholic and Protestant persecutors be placed in the same category — aye, and dissenters, too, who, in their zeal, are calling down fire from Heaven, be they of the old Puritan order, or belonging to the more modern Hicksite profession. Even though the custom of the times will not sanction the erection of the cross, or the gallows, nor yet other instruments of torture, — blessed be the age in which we live! — yet the disposition to cast out the name as evil, to persecute with the pen and the tongue, and by church excommunication, is still as apparent, as when brother delivered up brother unto death. See the last issue from Indiana Yearly Meeting. It is, however, a small thing to be judged of man's judgment. "Father forgive them; they know not what they do," may be attained to, toward all these.

Thou asks my opinion of the disposition of the body of Jesus, as well as of others said to be translated. I confess to great skepticism as to any account or story, which conflicts with the unvarying natural laws of God in his creation. The credulity displayed in the account of the Evangelists, and other sacred (?) writers, is the natural accom-

paniment of ignorance and the more childish state of society. That there is moral as well as animal magnetism, not yet fully developed, I cannot doubt; which, when better understood, will explain much of the alleged miraculous. I have no idea that flesh and blood *ever* entered the kingdom of Heaven. As to a locality, beyond that within us, of Heaven or its opposite state, I am not troubled with any conjectures; resting satisfied with the Apostle, that "it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

These answers may be far from satisfactory to thy inquiring mind, and that of thy wife, who is a stranger to me. The reluctance to shock even the religious *prejudices* of those who yet scarcely dare think for themselves, makes me hesitate to declare views, which conflict with the established or prevailing opinions of Christendom. But the error of the assumption of human depravity, and a vicarious offering, is so fatal to human progress, that I should be unfaithful to my convictions, did I not attempt to controvert this creed, and to hold up *truth* as of all acceptance, rather than "*authority* for truth."

I received a letter somewhat similar to thine, about the same time, from George W. Julian, of Centreville, Indiana; the answer was delayed nearly as long too. We were kindly entertained at his house, when in that neighborhood last year, and at his request, had an appointed meeting at Centreville. He is a Unitarian; made so by Dr. Channing's writings, as well as his own reflections. His difficulty seemed to be, touching the inspiration of the Old and New Testament. "Did God *ever* sanction war, slavery, and other evils?" The Old and New Testament, he says, "represent God as different beings." The prophecies, too, perplex him. I could only recommend that to which I had attained: namely, to judge of the Scriptures and their claim to respect, precisely as he would any other book; testing their doctrines and recognized practices by the known attributes of our Heavenly Father. An enlight-



ened writer has said, that "it is not more true that 'God created man in his own image,' than that man has created God in *his* image." Thus, we find him enthroned in cruelty and blood, in lust and revenge, in contradiction and in gloom. But as the mind and heart come to be alike cultivated, this savage Deity gives place to a God of love and mercy; of truth and right, of joy and gladness; and his "dear Son" not *alone* in being the fit representative of the Father; for many are they, who are serving Him in this kingdom.

I recommended to G. W. Julian, as I would to thee, Theodore Parker's writings; especially his sermon on "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity." Also I would recommend, if it can be obtained in your remote settlements, "The Life of Joseph Blanco White." He was a Spanish priest. His ancestors left Ireland to escape the penal laws. The Romish priesthood never suited Blanco's mind; he escaped from Seville, and went to England about the year that the Bonapartes entered Spain; he renounced his religion, and became a political editor and translator, employed by the Government, devoting part of his time to literary pursuits; corresponded with Southey, Lord Holland, Coleridge, and others. On a reëxamination of Christian doctrine, he embraced the faith of the Church of England; studied for the ministry at Oxford; was intimate with Newman and Pusey at the beginning of the high church dissensions. He only once, I think, preached in an English pulpit, for his mind could not rest satisfied with the church liturgy, any more than with the Romish breviary. He became the intimate friend of the learned Bishop Whately, accepting an invitation to his palace in Dublin, where he remained till his views became so liberal, that he was unwilling to compromise the archbishop's character for orthodoxy, by any longer stay; so he went over to Liverpool, where the latter years of his life were passed, in much suffering from illness, in which he lost the use of



his limbs. He was eventually invited to Wm. Rathbone's place, near Liverpool, where he died in 1842. He was sixty years old when he first entered a dissenting place of worship; he then heard James Martineau of Liverpool, a Unitarian, brother to Harriet M.; after which he frequently heard J. H. Thom — a son-in-law of Wm. Rathbone — also a Unitarian, to whom he left his library and his papers; depending upon him to prepare his autobiography for publication; which Thom appears faithfully to have done, even though Blanco White went further than himself and most Unitarians in his pursuit after truth; rejecting a faith in miracles as necessary to constitute the Christian. He corresponded with Channing, Norton, and Ripley, on these subjects; the inspiration of the Scriptures; priesthood; the humanity of Jesus; "*conscientious* reason," a favorite term of his; as well as "the light within us," also an expression often used, before he had any knowledge of the Quaker writers. The Rathbones, formerly Friends, furnished him the works of Fox, Barclay, and Woolman, and he records a just tribute to these worthies; speaks of their remarkable clear-sightedness, as to priesthoods, the Bible as an "idolrous oracle," and the "theories of all Divines whatever." "The important fact that Christianity is not founded upon a book," he says, "was perceived by George Fox, in spite of his enthusiasm." He thinks the Quakers were misled by their love of the miraculous, which, he says, "will be the last mental infirmity that true Christianity will conquer." But the rational belief in spiritual guidance, in "*conscientious* reason," or "the voice of God in the soul," increased with his years, and he bore many beautiful testimonies to its sufficiency. He maintained a devotional spirit to his last hour, while for years he "renounced the (to him) superstitious practice of falling upon his knees and formally addressing the Highest, either in praise or petition; yet he was continually in a praying state, if (as he conceives) "prayer is a *desire* of conformity

to His will." He longed for a society of "unarticled Christians." The Unitarians came nearest to it; but they too had their "external oracles." He wished to "raise his feeble voice" for the "mental rights of children," and against the "hierarchical principle, which claims their minds to be shaped and moulded according to some theological model." I might go on and quote from *my pet author* till another sheet was filled. It is most remarkable that associating almost entirely with orthodox believers, his mind should take such a range; and in spite of the warm affections of his nature, that he should hazard the loss of his warmest friends, by his honest avowal from time to time of his convictions. Channing, although differing from him in regard to miracles, said, there was not a man in England whom he so much wished to see. The work is in three volumes. If a condensed edition could be printed and circulated in this country, it might do much good in removing blind superstition and error.

If in *quantity* I can make up for delay, this will furnish a pretty fair balance of my indebtedness to thee. If, on the other hand, it has subjected thee to a tedious infliction, tell me so, and I will not impose another closely written sheet upon thee. Let me know how much the open avowal of my views has shocked, rather than benefited thee. I am aware that I have not furnished acceptable arguments, or explanations of Scripture, wherewith to meet Calvinistic opponents. This I cannot do; while I really believe that the general tenor of the Bible goes to disprove the creed of Trinity, depravity, and atonement doctrines, the tendency of which has been and is to paralyze human effort, and almost to license sin. If the belief in this creed is essential to salvation, why should Jesus — the great teacher, whose mission was to "preach the Gospel to the poor" — be so silent on the subject? Many who profess his name do not begin to understand "the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus."

Be it known unto thee, my dear friend, that I had this long letter half written, before J. M. Ellis sent me a short extract from thy last, expressive of disappointment at my neglect. So give me credit for a free-will offering. Many have been the interruptions since I began ; it is now the 22<sup>nd</sup> of the month.

The movements in the political world give abundant evidence that abolitionists have not labored in vain.

With the most sincere regards, thy friend for radical truth,  
LUCRETIA MOTT.

PHILADA., 5th mo. 14th, 1849.

MY DEAR RICHARD AND HANNAH WEBB, — It is long since I have had this pleasure — the devotion of a few hours to intercourse with you. We have had several letters from Richard, most acceptable, but still unacknowledged. . . .

He recommended Harriet Martineau's "Eastern Travel." We had not then read it, but lost no time in procuring it, and now it is passing from one to another in the family, who all agree with the just review in his letter. Neither her writings, however, nor those of any other Unitarian, will be fully appreciated in our day. The reviewers are under orthodox influence, and must cater to their taste. Even the judgment of the more liberal receives its coloring from these sources. "Unhappy Blanco White" is reiterated by the Unitarians themselves, in that "he found no resting-place;" when the man stood firm on every advance tread, finding a happiness with which the stranger could not intermeddle. The demand for the reprint of his life is limited in this country as yet, but it will appear some day, just see if it does n't! Our copy is being worn out in the lending.

Since Theodore Parker comes out with such great heresies, the older Unitarians are having credit for being quite orthodox. Many of our conservatives are now reading

Channing's writings with interest, and indeed some are claiming him as their own. So true is Theodore Parker's remark, that "the heresy of one age is the sound faith and orthodoxy of the next."

The subject of Anti-Slavery has been so abundantly treated both in public speaking and writing, that it needs now to be presented in some unique form, to attract the people. It is well for us that we have Giddings and Horace Mann to pour into the awakening nation's ear such soul-stirring appeals. Garrison, Phillips, and Abby Kelly are still needed as an advance guard (if that is the right figure! I always hesitate in military similes).

Our annual m<sup>s</sup> in New York was not less interesting than usual. You will see by the reports that Pillsbury and Phillips handled the church and clergy not less severely than in former years. Lucy Stone is an acquisition to our ranks. She is also a thorough woman's-rights woman. We had a good meeting on that subject while she was in this city.

I meant to say, while on the church question, that I read with interest the "come-out" of N. Travers, at Finsbury Square chapel, as reported in the "Inquirer," sent us, we presume, by our ever attentive friend James Haughton. That large package, containing a variety of books and pamphlets, we made the most of; sending some to Ohio, and others to Canada, among the anti-slavery colored people there, where indeed not a few of our papers find their way.

Baptist Noel also has left the church, it seems; while the Newmans and Puseys are going clean back to Catholicism or Romanism. I watch with deep interest all these fluctuations in the sectarian world. As to your and our politics, precious little interest have I in their various shiftings of opinion, for while their base is physical force, the structure must be evil. Richard's political leanings have given some coloring to his opinion of O'Connell. We abated somewhat from his strong language.

Tell our good friend Richard Allen to beware how he suffers the “deceitfulness of riches to choke the divine word, ‘that it become unfruitful.’” Nothing that we met with in our travels, not even that World’s Convention, impressed us so favorably as did your united band of Reformers, in your weekly gatherings at the Royal Exchange, exerting so healthful an influence on thousands. It is true that the demand for bread has for the time almost suspended intellectual and moral improvement; but when you cheer us, as having so wide a field of labor in this extended country, as did Richard in one of his late letters, he should not lament over your circumscribed field, bounded by feeding and clothing the hungry and naked.

I meant to tell you of the wonderful escape of the boxed-up slave, henceforth known as Henry Box Brown, but time fails, and I must omit it. Our Yearly Meeting is now in session, and we have a house full of lodgers. I have risen before five o’clk this morning to finish this, and now it is breakfast-time for our household, and I must close.

Ever yours, L. MOTT.

The next letters, after a period of almost a year, are also to Richard D. Webb.

PHILAD<sup>A</sup>., 4th mo. 14th, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — . . . I have just looked over all thy letters received in ’48 and ’49, and they do my heart good, bringing you so fresh to mind. A page from thy Hannah, now and then, makes them all the more interesting to us, I assure thee. Her observations on your children’s being suffered to “come up” without any sectarian tendency, her evident solicitude for them, and distrust of her own heart, even while acknowledging more light, — all these feelings I can well understand, having passed through some fiery ordeals, to refine from sectarian Quakerism. The only fear for the young in their eschewing our



order, and absenting themselves from our meetings, is, that they may in time be caught up by some proselyting spirits, and made bigots of, in a school far behind our Quaker monastery. Our testimony against priestcraft, while an intelligent one, was most important to the world's progress. But if, as now, while we refuse the pecuniary aid to the minister, we countenance nearly all the machinery which supports him — Sabbath and Bible worships, belief in human depravity, a distinction of morals for the natural and spiritual man, a superstitious reverence for Jesus, crying, "Lord, Lord," instead of doing the works which he said, — making a kind of righteousness and atonement of him, if not exactly after the Calvinistic pattern; if this is our course, it will satisfy a wily and grasping priesthood, and our invective against the "hired" minister will amount to very little.

Thou asks how far our Quakers in general agree with Henry C. Wright's views of the Bible; the authority for war, slavery, etc. Why, dost thou not know, that save the comparatively few abolitionists and come-outers, Friends regard him as one of the "world's people," if indeed they know that there *is* such a man; and never read his numerous letters and essays. They have never appeared in the orthodox "Friend;" nor defiled the pages of the Simon pure "Friends' Intelligencer;"<sup>1</sup> and the reading of most of *our* monks and nuns is confined to such accredited periodicals. You have little idea how ignorant both classes of Quakers are of our reformatory journals. But H. C. W. goes almost "beyond the beyonds," for anybody!

We have just had a peace puff here — the blowers,

<sup>1</sup> It is very possible that this was written at a time when she had fresh proof of the timidity of the *Intelligencer*. More than once, when her attention had been arrested by some stirring anti-slavery appeal, she had sent a copy of it to this paper for insertion. It was generally declined, as unsuitable for their columns.



Elihu Burritt and others. They tried hard to make it an orthodox affair, the radicals keeping back; but after all, they were compelled to make use of heretical materials, for the sectarian Quaker was afraid of losing his Society influence, and must therefore "keep out of the mixture;" and there were not enough "world's people" interested in the subject, for the complement of officers. Delegates are appointed to go to Frankfort-on-the-Main next summer, and Burritt has gone "on his way rejoicing," thankful for small favors. He is, however, a remarkable man, and is doubtless doing much toward a substitute for war. . . . James' and my love, in full measure,

L. MOTT.

PHILA., 5th mo. 28th, 1850.

MY DEAR RICHARD AND HANNAH WEBB, — . . . I can readily imagine you far beyond Dublin Yearly Meeting. We have just plodded through ours, which is some fifty years in advance of yours, and certainly "the game is not worth the candle," if that's the way to apply that proverb. At any rate, it was a tame affair — no evidence of progress, further than as they were pressed forward by the force of surrounding opinion, so far as not actively to oppose the reformers in their movements. In the free scope for the "exercise of concerns," we were well-nigh preached to death. Meeting going was advocated threadbare; grave-stones, denounced in full measure; music, very wicked; while the slave had to sigh, if not to whistle, for a hearing. E. M. Davis did make one capital speech in the men's meeting. We had nine or ten Friends lodging with us, and some forty or fifty at meals, daily; so that weariness came over us, at the end of the week, and we are scarcely recruited yet. . . . Richard's late letters in the "Standard" have been vastly interesting. His travels to and fro furnish a fund of entertaining matter. Is it not delightful to find so many fine minds and good people in the world? I am constantly combating the "human depravity" doctrine,

and preach in its stead the innate purity of man. My sheet is full, and but little in it after all.

With aboundings of love to each branch,

L. MOTT.

In a letter written soon after the foregoing, by Richard D. Webb to James and Lucretia Mott, he says, referring to his leaving the Quaker organization: —

“I never told ‘Friends’ that I was unwilling to continue in membership, — but I may have said what I still think, that owing to my total difference of religious opinion, I was no longer qualified for membership. It was chiefly with this view and in order to stand erect, that I left them; — and I never regretted the step. I acted with great caution and deliberation, and I imagine it will prove only a question of time, between you and me. I think since I left the Society, I see the defects of the body more clearly than I used to do, — though I shall probably continue to feel an old regard for them if they behave with ordinary courtesy toward me. In this respect I have as little to complain of as most separatists.”

Clearsighted as Mr. Webb generally was, he was mistaken in thinking that leaving the Society of Friends was “only a question of time” between him and James and Lucretia Mott. No one can wonder at his thinking thus, when the Society made it so plain that these “disturbers” were no longer valued as members; but the disturbers themselves, though sorely tried, had no intention either of resigning, or of allowing themselves to be disowned. They had faith that a “little leaven leaveneth the whole lump;” and felt, that, so long as they could maintain their individual freedom, and still continue in membership, they could be of greater service to the cause of truth in the Society than out of it.

## CHAPTER XIV.

FOR some twenty years, James and Lucretia Mott had occupied a house on Ninth Street, between Race and Vine streets; an old-fashioned house, with a large garden, and a stable in the rear. Next door to them, for several years, had lived their daughter Maria, and her husband, Edward M. Davis. In 1850, the latter, in connection with his brother-in-law, Thomas Mott, bought a farm, — “Oak Farm,” — eight miles north of the city, to which they moved with their families; and at the same time James Mott purchased a spacious house in Arch Street below Twelfth, numbered 338, according to the old system. This house being too large for their own small family, — now only themselves and their daughter Martha, — an arrangement was entered into, by which Edward and Maria Davis with their children, and Thomas and Mariana Mott, with theirs, made it their winter home; they in turn taking their parents and sister into the household at Oak Farm for the summer. This interchangeable community life lasted six years; delightful years, which it is a privilege to remember. During this time, James Mott retired from business with a moderate competency, and Martha, the youngest child, was married.

“Three - thirty - eight,” the name by which the town-house was known, became the centre to which

thronged the numerous relatives and friends residing in Philadelphia, and innumerable strangers, of high and low degree, who came to the city. Its hospitable doors opened equally wide to rich and poor, known and unknown, white and black. Once they opened to let out James Mott, then a white-haired man, but still strong and erect, to face a threatening mob, clamoring for a fugitive slave supposed to have taken shelter there. We were all sitting in the parlor that evening, when we heard confused noises and cries coming nearer and nearer the house, which were soon recognized as the sound of a mob, a sort of angry rumble, difficult to describe to one who has never heard it, but well known in those days to the experienced ears of abolitionists, and to the colored population of Philadelphia. When these failed to furnish a convenient gratification to the mob spirit, Catholic churches offered a field for its unspent energy. On this occasion, a single colored man was the unfortunate victim. For some offense, perhaps for being a slave, he had excited the indignation of these city rulers, and was pursued by a hooting crowd. With a natural impulse for protection, he rushed to the well-known refuge, — the house of James and Lucretia Mott. James Mott opened the front door; the man dashed in, and without stopping, ran through the house, and out of the back gate to a small street, where he successfully eluded his pursuers. As my grandfather stood at the door, confronting the angry crowd, a brick was violently thrown at him; had the aim been as good as the intention was bad, the consequences might have been fatal. As it was, the door-jamb directly over his head received the blow, and bore for many a day the deeply indented mark of misdirected fury.

It was an ordinary looking house on the outside, like many another of its size in the monotonous city, built of smooth red brick, with white marble facings and broad white marble steps. According to Philadelphia fashion, the lower shutters were heavy and solid, and were painted white. When nightfall came on, it was not the way then, however, to close and bolt these tight, as it is now; they were left open till bed-time, and passers-by could glance in at the bright, cozy parlor, with its animated circle around the evening lamp. How cheery the windows looked to those who came belated home!

In the broad hall stood two roomy arm-chairs, — “beggar’s chairs,” we children used to call them, they were in such constant requisition for applicants of all sorts, “waiting to see Mrs. Mott, miss.” The two parlors, connected by folding-doors, were large, square rooms, of handsome proportion and home-like pleasant appearance. Although the furniture was old-fashioned mahogany and black hair-cloth, and ornaments were few, there was a general air of comfort and every-day use which was very attractive. The carpet was sure to be of bright colors, and of rather striking design, for my grandmother cordially disliked what she called “dingy carpets.” She also disliked the prevailing style of dark, heavily curtained rooms; and when she came into the parlor in the afternoon, would step quickly across to the windows, and draw up the green venetian blinds, letting the sunlight stream in. In these cheerful rooms guests of all kinds found gracious courtesy. Could the old walls speak, how many illustrious names they would recall! How many stirring sentiments ring in our forgetful ears! What echoes of laughter and merriment would they not throw back to us!

The dear grandmother was housekeeper, always busy, and apparently never weary. Of this ceaseless activity my grandfather wrote in a letter to a friend: —

“Lucretia has numerous calls almost daily from all sorts of folks, high and low, rich and poor; for respect, advice, assistance, etc., etc. I am sometimes amused to hear the object of some of the calls; it seems as though some people thought she could do any and everything. It is true that she does do a great deal; no one out of the family knows one half, and no one *in* the family knows the whole.”

The dining-room of “Three - thirty - eight” — a cheerful room towards thirty feet long — always had space for one more. The unexpected appearance of visitors at meal-time caused no flurry, and no bustle of unusual preparation.

Our grandmother was like her old Nantucket neighbor, who after greeting some unlooked for visitors, quietly told her daughter to “put six more potatoes on,” and made them welcome to the simple fare. Few days passed that some one of the out-of-town families, or some friend passing through the city, did not “drop in” at dinner or tea time.

At the times of the anti-slavery Fair, or during Yearly Meeting week, or when reform conventions were held in Philadelphia, the house was thrown open for the convenience of those who cared to come, and its long table filled to overflowing. A friend who was present at a dinner at such a time writes of it: —

. “There were our stern reformers, around the social board, as genial a group of martyrs as one could find. . . . They made merry over the bigotry of the church, popular



prejudices, conservative fears, absurd laws, and customs hoary with age. How they did hold up in their metaphysical tweezers the representatives of the dead past, that ever and anon ventured upon our platform! On this occasion William Lloyd Garrison occupied the seat of honor at Mrs. Mott's right hand, and led the conversation, which the hostess always skillfully managed to make general. When seated around her board, no two-and-two side talk was ever permissible; she insisted that the good things said, should be enjoyed by all. James Mott, at the head of the table, maintained the dignity of his position, ever ready to throw in a qualifying word when these fiery reformers became too intense."

Among the many pleasant gatherings in the old house were the "Fair-meetings," held every week of the autumn, in turn, by the Philadelphia abolitionists, for the preparation of articles to be sold at the annual Fair in December. These were occasions both of busy work and of social attraction; as one of the members said, "Many young persons were induced to mingle in them, beside those who labored from love of the cause. Brought thus within the circle of anti-slavery influence, many such were naturally converted to our principles, and inspired with zeal in their behalf, and became earnest laborers in the enterprise which had so greatly enriched their own souls. Many of these circles, doubtless, became nurseries whence our ranks were annually recruited."

The members met early in the afternoon and sewed briskly till dark, when a sort of picnic tea, made up of contributions brought by those present, was served in the most informal manner. After tea, gentlemen came in, and the affair became more social. There was sure to be a large gath-

ering when the turn came around to "Three-thirty-eight."

Even pleasanter than these, were the family meetings, which have been described already; and the birthday and Christmas celebrations. Our grandmother's birthday, First mo. 3<sup>rd</sup>, called together old and young; our grandfather's was observed in a quieter way, as it occurred in midsummer, when the families were apt to be scattered. There were also the delightful Seventh-day dinners of hominy soup, — a primitive compound of Nantucket origin, — when children and grandchildren were expected to happen in without invitation. Occasionally there were solemn and stately entertainments, a bore to everybody; but such did not flourish in the everyday air of "Three-thirty-eight." The life there, busy even for the youngest inmate, was one of simple duties and pleasures, shared by old and young. Few servants were kept, and few were needed, where the work was so well divided. It was a lively household, full of busy people going here and there, and of children running up and down, but there was no sense of discord or confusion.

It is well known to those familiar with the history of Friends, that they — the early Friends in particular — had great faith in that leading of the spirit which impelled them at times to deeds for which they could give no adequate reason. "And I heard, but I understood not; then said I, O my Lord, what shall be the end of these things?" A strong feeling came over them to go, and they went, and often the apparently blind action was justified by astonishing results. This simple faith belonged to a simple life, and both are passing away; what then was

reverenced as a message from Above, is now regarded rather as a curious coincidence. Lucretia Mott could not be called susceptible to these occult influences; yet while she was of a direct practical nature, she valued her seasons of introversion; and even she, at times, felt the constraining impulse of an unseen power that would not be denied.

An instance of this is her going to call upon the Hon. John Sergeant, at the time when he was announced to preside over the Union-Saving meeting, in the autumn of 1850. It was during the excitement that followed the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law — of infamous memory. She knew Mr. Sergeant only by reputation, but she felt that she must speak with him. As Edward Hopper, her son-in-law, was going up Walnut Street on his way home from his office, he saw her walking rapidly on the other side of the street. It was then twilight. He crossed over, and asked where she was going so late. She replied, "I am on my way to see John Sergeant. He is to preside at the Union Meeting this evening, and I wish to speak with him before he goes to it." He asked, "Shall I go with thee?" She answered with much feeling, "O yes! Is thee willing?" Mr. Sergeant received them kindly, knowing one visitor by reputation, and having had frequent professional intercourse with the other, who had been a student in his office.

When they were seated, and after a short silence, Lucretia Mott said: "I have felt constrained to request this interview for a few minutes, and yet I scarcely know in what language to deliver my message. Thou hast been chosen to preside at the public meeting called for this evening. When I read

the announcement in the paper, I called to mind thy career as one of the most deservedly honored men of our city. To gifts allotted to few, thou hast added an earnest and enlightened advocacy of the cause of human liberty. In thy speech in Congress on the 'Missouri question,' made thirty years ago, thou gave no uncertain sound. How well I remember its effective argument, its eloquence, and the profound impression it made on the whole country, the slave-holding South, as well as the non-slave-holding North! Of thy reputation as a useful citizen, and a good man, we are justly proud; and my prayer has this day been, that nothing may occur this evening inconsistent with the course pursued by thee in thy past life."

To this brief "message," spoken with evident effort, and in the most solemn manner, Mr. Sergeant listened with attention, and at its conclusion acknowledged with feeling his obligation for her kindness, and assured her that nothing should pass his lips at the proposed meeting at variance with the profession of his whole life. In speaking afterward of this curious interview, he said that he was much impressed by the dignity and grace of Mrs. Mott's bearing.

When Kossuth visited Philadelphia in 1852, James and Lucretia Mott, to whom he had brought letters of introduction from friends in England, called upon him and his party, and invited them to dine. They admired him greatly, and believed that at heart he sympathized with the anti-slavery cause in America. In a letter Lucretia Mott says of him, "How wonderful is his clear perception! Although the word slave does not find direct utterance, yet as far as he

dares, he hints at the things rotten in our Denmark. His speeches must do good in this country, if that good be not counterbalanced by the warlike spirit they kindle." Feeling thus, she was glad to meet him personally, and to entertain him at their house. But the politicians who had him in charge, fearing the damage that might befall his cause from association with abolitionists and heretics, induced him to decline their invitation, and merely to call instead.

The following extract from the diary of Madame Pulzsky, Kossuth's sister, is interesting in this connection : —

*Dec. 25<sup>th</sup>.* — I called on Mrs. Mott, the eminent Quaker lady, to whom a mutual friend had given me a letter. I have seldom seen a face more artistically beautiful than that of Mrs. Lucretia Mott. . . . Her features are so markedly characteristic, that, if they were less noble, they might be called sharp. Beholding her, I felt that great ideas and noble purposes must have grown up with her mind, which have a singular power of expression in her very movements. Her language is, like her appearance, peculiar and transparent; and it is only when she touches upon the slavery question that her eye flashes with indignation, and her lips quiver with a hasty impatience, disturbing the placid harmony of her countenance and her conversation. But though she so positively pronounces the views at which she has arrived by self-made inquiry, yet she mildly listens to every objection, and tries to convince by the power of her arguments, untinged by the slightest fanaticism. She expressed her warm sympathy with the cause of Hungary, and her admiration of the genius of Kossuth; yet she blamed his neutrality in the slavery question.

I objected, that as Kossuth claimed non-intervention as



the sacred law of nations, he was not called on to interfere in a domestic question of the United States, so intimately connected with their Constitution. "But how can Kosuth, the champion of liberty," answered she, "not raise his voice in favor of the oppressed race? To argue is surely not the same as to interfere." I replied, that a question involving intricate domestic interests, and, for that very reason, passions so bitter, that even an allusion to it rouses sensitive jealousies, certainly cannot be discussed by a foreigner with the slightest chance of doing good; that the difficulty of emancipation lies, perhaps, less in the lack of acknowledgment of the evils of slavery than in the hardness to devise the means of carrying emancipation without convulsing the financial interests of the slave-holders, and to do it in a constitutional way. For, after all, this must be attended to, if the welfare of the whole community is not to be endangered; therefore this problem can only be solved practically by native American statesmen, living in the midst of the people, with whom is lodged the final power to adopt the measure, as it has already been done in the free States, and in the old Spanish colonies.

Though I could not acquiesce in the opinion of Mrs. Mott that the abolition of slavery should be preached in season and out of season by the defender of the rights of nations, I yet fell beneath the charm of her moral superiority, and I warmly wished that I could spend hours to listen and to discuss with her and Mr. Mott, in the attractive circle of her children and grandchildren. Great was, therefore, my astonishment, when, upon my expressing my admiration for Mrs. Mott to some gentlemen, one of them exclaimed, "You do not mean to say you have called on that lady?"

"Of course I have," was my answer; "why should I not? I am most gratified to have done so, and I only regret that the shortness of the time we have to spend here prevents me from often repeating my visit."



"But she is a furious abolitionist," retorted the gentleman. "It will do great harm to Governor Kossuth if you associate with that party."

"I perceive, sir," said I, "that you highly estimate Mrs. Mott, as you consider her alone a whole party. But if any friend of Governor Kossuth, even if he himself converses with a person who has strong opinions against slavery, what harm can there be in that?"

"Your cause will then lose many friends in this city," was the answer.

I was perfectly amazed at such intolerance, and expressed this frankly. The gentleman, however, attempted to point out to me what mischief the abolitionists were doing, and how long ago emancipation would have been carried in all the States, had the abolitionists not so violently interfered; "and besides," continued he, "Mrs. Mott preaches!"

"Well," replied I, "do not many Quaker ladies preach occasionally?"

This fact was admitted, but another gentleman remarked that Mrs. Mott was dangerous, as her sermons were powerfully inciting.

"Is she, perhaps, a fighting Quaker?" inquired I, "who appeals to the words of the Saviour, that he did not come to send peace on earth, but the sword?"

"I am a fighting Quaker myself," said the gentleman; "my forefathers fought in the Revolutionary War; but Mrs. Mott is a Hicksite."

To my inquiry what were the tenets of the Hicksites, inspiring such dislike, I got the answer, "They are very bad, very bad; they, in fact, believe nothing."

This assertion was so contradictory to the impression left on my mind by Mrs. Mott, that I attentively perused some of her sermons, and I found them pervaded by that fervent desire to seek truth and to do right, of which Jesus teaches us, that "blessed are they which do hunger and

thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled ;” and therefore, although my views differ from hers on many points, I perceived that party feeling must be strong in Philadelphia to arouse such unjust views as I had heard expressed.

In the early summer of 1853 their youngest child, Martha, married George W. Lord, and went away with him to a remote country home. The separation was a sore trial to her parents, for she was the youngest and the last. To a friend, who sent them a letter of mingled condolence and congratulation, James Mott replied : —

6th mo. 29th, 1853.

. . . Yes, Martha is married, and we feel lonely. . . . That many are disappointed in the marriage state, I have no doubt ; but that “not one in a thousand but is doomed to disappointment,” I do not believe. I have lived in that state for more than forty years, and it has been one of harmony and love, though we have had our trials and difficulties in life. As age advances, our love, if possible, increases. This being my experience, I am in favor of matrimony, and wish to see all for whom I feel interested made happy in that way. It is the natural state of man, and when rightly entered into, an increase of happiness and comfort is the certain result. . . .

In the fall of the same year, James and Lucretia Mott traveled in New York, Ohio, and Indiana, attending meetings and conventions, and visiting some relatives. Before returning home, they went into Kentucky to visit some connections of Lucretia’s sister, Martha Wright, who accompanied them.

Lucretia Mott writes of this trip : —

. . . “We left Cincinnati at eleven o’clk, and did not reach Maysville till ten at night. The banks of the river

afforded a constantly varying scene, and we enjoyed the day, though there were no passengers that were attractive. John Pelham met us at the landing, with his carriage. The ride out to his home, three miles, in full-moonlight was very pleasant, and the warm reception from the four aunts was grateful. A blazing fire added much to the cheerfulness. We were made so entirely at home by their Kentucky hospitality, that we soon felt like old acquaintances. Our sleeping room across the hall had another large open fire. In the morning before we were up, a real slave-looking girl came in, sans ceremony, and made up the fire anew. We passed the next morning in free conversation. Their table was generous, as their reception in other respects.

"A meeting had been appointed for me in the Town Hall of Maysville, in the afternoon. There was a crowded house. Slavery spoken of without reserve, and well borne. Much persuasion to have another meeting in the evening — which we consented to — on woman; a great gathering and apparent satisfaction. J. P. seemed satisfied with the meetings, though I learned afterwards that he had felt apprehensive, and had expressed a wish that I should be told not to speak on, or allude to slavery."

In a letter to Lucy Stone, referring to this journey, James Mott writes: —

STEAMBOAT OAKLAND, 10th mo. 17th, 1853.

MY DEAR LUCY, — Here we are on the way up the Ohio river, in a small but tolerably comfortable boat. . . .

On reaching Maysville on Seventh-day eve<sup>g</sup>, we found John Pelham (Martha's brother-in-law) waiting to take us to his house, on reaching which his sisters gave us a hearty welcome, and we had a pleasant visit. Yesterday after dinner we returned to Maysville to attend a meeting that had been appointed in the Court House at two o'clock. Theology, war, intemperance, and slavery were the topics

dwelt upon; slavery was spoken to, plainly, and well received by a large and attentive audience. At the close, another meeting was appointed for the evening, on Woman's Rights. The house was more crowded than in the afternoon, indeed it was a jam; but quiet and good order were observed, and the gospel on this subject was preached with power and demonstration. At the close very many expressed their gratification and a desire to hear more. Lucretia told them they must get Lucy Stone to talk to them, that *she* was only as a John to prepare the way for Lucy and others, who could do the subject far better justice. We think thou wilt find an open door at Maysville. The meetings were both free. As Lucretia has never received money compensation for her own use for preaching or lecturing, she thinks it not worth while to begin to do so in her old age. The money that S. J. May is out of pocket for printing tracts will be paid to him out of the proceeds of the lecture at Cincinnati, and the balance handed to thee when thou comes to Phila.; so says the best woman I know in this world.

To this, Mrs. Wright adds some interesting details:—

DEAR LUCY,—I don't know how brother James has done to write a word, the boat jars so; I must add, however, my wish that you will go to Maysville. A slaveholder said to me, that she thought it a great pity the meeting last night could not be followed by others, there was such a willingness to hear the truth. I never heard more earnest demonstrations, not by applause, but in remarks afterwards. My good brother-in-law, John Pelham, said to me before the first meeting, "I hope Mrs. Mott will not name slavery,—notice was given for a *religious* meeting." "Why," said I, "that is eminently a religious subject, and the people, believe me, will respect the free utterance of opinion far more than an unworthy concealment; besides,

she considers herself called of God to speak on this very subject; it was for this she came, on the assurance of Col. Stevenson that she might say what she pleased, and I dare not interfere with any one's convictions of duty." He still demurred, but I think he felt entirely satisfied after hearing her; and she did not spare them. Of course I said not a word to her beforehand of this conversation.

It can hardly be out of place to give some extracts from the newspaper reports of these lectures: —

"One of the largest audiences ever gathered within the walls of our spacious Court House was drawn thither on Sunday afternoon, to listen to the world-renowned Quaker, Mrs. Lucretia Mott. Curiosity prompted much the greater part; a *few*, however, expected, from the reputation that preceded her, to hear eloquently and plausibly set forth principles which found an echo in their own hearts. For an hour and a half she enchained an ordinarily restless audience (for many of them were standing) to a degree never surpassed here by the most popular orators. Mrs. Mott is an elderly lady, probably sixty-five, of a fair, full, round, cheerful countenance; a quick beaming eye; a smooth, even, quite pleasant, and rather musical voice; a calm, quiet, yet sufficiently earnest delivery; evidently a woman of strong mind, of determined will, an original and bold thinker, with nerve enough for any emergency. She said some things that were far from palatable to a Maysville audience, but said them with an air of sincerity and of plausibility that commanded respect and attention. She seemed delighted at the great degree of courtesy with which she was received and listened to. A good many did not know of her appointment for speaking at night, but notwithstanding, the Court House was crowded to its utmost capacity, — a larger, and if possible, more attentive audience than in the afternoon."

[For the Express.]

LUCRETIA MOTT.

This bad woman, whose infamous calling is a war against the Constitution of the United States, a sacrilegious condemnation of the Holy Bible, preaching disobedience and rebellion to our slaves, was allowed the use of our Court House for the propagation of her infernal doctrines. We wish every citizen of Mason county to be made acquainted with the fact that the edifice which has been erected at their common cost, only to be occupied by those who were charged with the administration of justice, and the protection of their religious and political rights, has been again defiled by the presence of a foreign incendiary, proclaiming within its walls principles antagonistic to the law and peace of the commonwealth. Not more than a twelvemonth has gone, since its occupation for a similar purpose was the occasion of bloodshed and rancorous feelings not yet healed in our community. What will be the result of a visit from this female fanatic is not yet known; we should not be surprised, however, if it were the prelude to a heavy loss on the part of the slaveholders of the county, as a score or two of blacks were present to behold and hear this brazen infidel in her treason against God and her country.

SLAVE-HOLDER.

In the course of several years, James and Lucretia Mott went again into some of the western states to attend meetings, and, among other places, went to Salem, Ohio. Here they stayed at "a sort of Quaker tavern, kept by Jacob Heaton and Elizabeth, his wife." These two faithful abolitionists had entertained so many lecturers and reformers, that they conceived the idea of keeping an album of names. This book, which they called their "Anti-Slavery



Register," had been dedicated by the Rev. John Pierpont, in 1854, in the following verse : —

" Here, Friends of Freedom, be your names enrolled !  
All ye, who are large-hearted and whole-souled !  
All ye who labor with the hand or brain  
To loose the manacle or break the chain !  
All ye who speak or write or vote or pray  
To put the curse of slavery away ;  
With heart, soul, spirit in the fight engage ;  
Here is spread out for each a virgin page."

James and Lucretia Mott were also invited to inscribe their names. Although the latter was often called upon to write her autograph, and with it a "sentiment," she generally did so with reluctance, and sometimes, as in the present case, with awkwardness. Hence the following rather strained attempt was characteristic at that time. Later, she adopted her well-known motto, " Truth for authority, not authority for Truth," and used that on such occasions. In this "Register" she wrote : —

" May the success of the Atlantic Telegraph verify the sentiment of the poet, that

' All mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,  
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong.'  
LUCRETIA MOTT."

To which her husband added, in an equally characteristic way, —

" I am an old, plain, matter-of-fact man, not given to sentiment, but if my autograph is wanted in addition to that of my better half, here it is. JAMES MOTT."

But while she was so often constrained with her pen, her grace in speaking was quite as marked. This is notably shown, during this same visit, on the occasion of a social gathering, at which she was asked to make a short address. Knowing that among

those present there were people of widely different opinions, some of them ready to appear in open opposition to her, she made the following skillful introduction to her remarks, and won an attentive hearing: —

“Differing widely from each other upon many theological questions, we, present, are happy in finding a basis for unity and good fellowship in the recognition of that element of our nature which, by whatever name it may be called, imparts a sense of dependence upon a Higher Power, an accountability to it, and a consciousness of duties and obligations towards each other. We are also united in the conviction that this element of our being, like every other, demands special development; and that, without such provision, it is almost certain to be overmastered by selfishness, or bewildered by superstition.”

In order to follow the narrative as given in extracts from my grandmother's family letters, it is necessary to go back a number of years. The letters themselves are large, closely written pages of marvellous detail. To save repetition, these entertaining sheets were sent from one to another, to daughters, sisters, and even to aunts and cousins on Nantucket, and in these long journeys, — sometimes even across the Atlantic, — many were lost; but they served their purpose at the time, and kept united, as nothing else could, the ever widening interests of those whose homes were far apart. They do not exhibit the writer in the expected character of a well-known preacher and reformer; but they do show graphically what she was in her own home, the beloved and revered wife, mother, and grandmother.

. . . It is on my mind to give thee an account of last

Fourth-day's doings. Early in the morning, before quite light, I assorted the ironed clothes, and mended the stockings; before breakfast, wrote the first page of this letter; early after breakfast, received an artist for a portrait, by request; before meeting (ten o'clock) called at Anna's for a short time; after meeting, met half-a-dozen friends, and went with them to a printing-office where a number of women are employed; at twelve o'clock met Aunt Eliza and went to see C. E.'s new house; at half-past one came home to receive company invited to dinner; from four to six received several callers; from that time till eleven entertained J. D., sewing meantime on a strip of carpet. And now farewell, darling; write soon, and keep heart for the good time coming.

MOTHER.

9th mo. 5th, 1852.

... Yes — really at home again! We were absent seventeen days — paid as many visits, and attended six or eight meetings — all satisfactory, notwithstanding our children's "impudence."<sup>1</sup> — Returning home we stopped at West-town School, and were much interested in again going over the old place. Oh! those old oak floors! scrubbed almost away — and so clean! I enjoyed looking around the play-grounds; and how the trees have grown! I was the more interested from having heard thee so lately talk about the place. We attended the First-day meeting at Kennett. The corner-stone of the "Progressive Friends'" meeting-house was laid the same day, and in a notice of it in a Westchester paper, it appeared as if *I* was to take part, when in fact, I have no interest in any of these ceremonies; and neither James nor I were on the ground at

<sup>1</sup> Nothing more is meant by this startling word than the witty raillery of some of the younger members of the family. Their mother was often the special object of their jokes, which she received in the sweetest possible way, finding only amusement in what might have wounded one less unselfish; they understood this well. They loved and revered her too much ever to wound her.

all. C. has since told me how sorry P. C. was, to see in the paper that I was taking part in such things as laying corner-stones. I told C. she might contradict it, which she seemed glad to do — and yet I felt like retorting on any upbraidings of orthodoxy, as Jesus did, when the Scribes and Pharisees asked, “Why do ye transgress the traditions of the Elders?” (by laying corner-stones.) He answered, “Why do *ye* transgress the commandment of God by *your* traditions?” — I say, it is written, “Proclaim ye liberty through all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof.” But *ye* say, “Keep in the quiet, and go on in your oppressions.”

To her sister, Martha C. Wright, on the death of a child: —

MY DEAR STRICKEN SISTER, — Do I not know how to feel for a sore-wounded and bleeding heart? But what can I say to alleviate a mother's tender sorrow? Verily nothing! Tears I have almost at will, ever since our loved mother's sudden departure from us, and a fresh fount opened when our brother went. It is a beautiful thought — would that its reality were capable of demonstration — that her sainted spirit was beheld by thy dove, departing, and that they are in angelic embrace in the ethereal world around us, not far off in kingly realms, as pictured of yore, but very nigh us, in our midst, though we may know it not. Dear little soul! how sorry I am that I did not oftener lay aside my sewing, and take him and love him. His sweet smile and intelligent eye, and his ever happy infancy will be a precious remembrance to you. I looked at him often, though I held him to my heart so seldom.

Why speak of “special Providences?” We can but consider them “dark and inexplicable.” But when we come to look at all these seeming inflictions, as the operation of the natural laws, while the pang of parting with our loved ones is none the less, we are not left so in the

dark, nor do we take such gloomy views of "the ways of Providence." In thy letter thou says, "Charlie's death was so decreed. It is beyond mortal power to say *why* decreed." I would ask if it is not equally impossible to *prove* it "so decreed"? While, on the other hand, tracing all effects in nature to their legitimate causes, we may with more knowledge say why death ensues when malignant disease visits; and why malignant disease visits our abodes, in these populous cities, where the poor are crowded into unventilated rooms, and in the universal linking of our interests and our sufferings, "strikes down our fairest and our best beloved." . . .

These partings are sad events in our lives, but how greatly do the pleasures overbalance! . . .

I do not agree with thee that "life protracted is protracted woe." That is one of Young's gloomy sayings, I presume, when indulging in his morbid grief. We mourn the dead, because nature has so constituted us; not on their account always, nor is the sorrow purely selfish. When people die before they have lived half their days, it seems contrary to the design of their creation; the world loses their usefulness, and they lose so much of the enjoyment of life, that all these considerations inspire sadness at their departure. . . .

. . . What a libel on abolitionists is the charge of irreligion! When they so distinctly and so repeatedly declare their "trust for victory" to be "in God;" *they* "may be defeated, but their principles, never." With truth, justice, humanity on their side, and planting their feet "as on the everlasting rock," they "go forth conquering and to conquer." The close of our Declaration of Sentiments was beautiful to me when first read, and the repeated evidence of the same trust has stamped ours as emphatically *the* religious movement of the age. It is our turn to cry infidel, and the pseudo church knows it too, and is trembling in her shoes. There is danger, however, of reformers each

making their own hobbies the only right manifestation of faith in God, and allegiance to Him, and exercising their benevolence, and conscientiousness, at the expense of their veneration. The latter organ has received so terrible a shock in severing it from its idols, — the Church, the Bible, and the ministry, — that it is lying, in too many instances, in a paralyzed state, and needs judicious treatment.

The following, to Nathaniel Barney, of Nantucket, although not a “family letter,” is inserted here in its chronological order : —

PHILA., 3rd mo. 19th, 1852.

MY DEAR NATHANIEL, — The sight of thy well-known hand once more in a letter directed to me was welcome. Thy continued remembrance of us is truly grateful. We all appreciate thy dear daughter’s invitation to her marriage, but at this inclement season, it is not probable that we can be present with you. My first impulse was to write directly to Alanson and Sarah ; but I have to confess to an instinctive shrinking from penning anything to be read by other than “own folk,” who can make allowance for all defects.

Thou can hardly conceive the dread I have of answering the letters of invitation received from Ohio, West<sup>n</sup> New York, Massachusetts, and other places, to attend anti-slavery and woman’s conventions, knowing the custom of publishing such answers. When I can prevail on my husband to do it for me, I am happy. So has it ever been in reference to public speaking. While desirous to “walk worthy the vocation,” it has been a constant cross *without* “despising the shame.” And now that nearly three-score years are mine, the prospect of resting, even though *not* on laurels, is delightful. I was admonished, years ago, in hearing Ruth Spencer preach after her voice was failing her, that at sixty it would be time for me to give place to the younger. Now that so many able women are in the field, the “gift” may be yielded to them without regret, in



full faith that they will “do greater things.” Not just in the Quaker field, for be it acknowledged with humility, few are there, whose gifts I covet; but beyond the sectarian enclosure woman’s mind, as well as powers of speaking aloud, will command respect and audience. . . . Thou asks a question, in reference to the marriage ceremony, which we could answer *for ourselves* better than we may do for thee. To me there is great beauty in the parties asking neither ministerial nor magisterial aid, but in the presence of chosen friends, announcing their reciprocal affection; when any present, feeling a word of encouragement, may give utterance to it. Such marriages are legal here even when performed in private houses. Our m<sup>s</sup> houses are now seldom resorted to on such occasions. Your law may require some official aid,—if so I should greatly prefer an enlightened “dear fr<sup>d</sup> Forman,” provided that part of the church marriage,—the *promise of obedience on the part of the wife*,—were omitted. I could never approve of that. Many years ago, I remember objecting to a charge against one of our members, at Twelfth Street Meeting (orthodox), of violating our testimony for a free gospel ministry, by employing a clergyman in her marriage. It has always seemed a forced construction of our testimony; and I have often since that time so expressed it, when complaints are brought forward in that way. Our Discipline does not require so strict a construction, although long custom seems to sanction it. I hope we shall hear thou yielded to the reasonable desire, or choice, of the young people. I can hardly imagine it so great a sacrifice as it appeared to thee. Our consciences are so easily moulded by the church, or religious order of our election, that it takes years of liberal thinking to free us from the traditions we receive.

What feeble steps have yet been taken from Popery to Protestantism! Our ecclesiastics, be they Bishops, or Quaker Elders, have still far too much sway. Convents

we have yet, with high walls, whose inmates having taken the veil, dare not give range to their free-born spirit, now miserably cramped and shrouded.

Little is there among us in the meeting line worth hearing. Our movements are rather retrograde than progressive. James Martin, viewing the Soc<sup>y</sup> from another standpoint, may have given thee a different account. He is a man of kind, good feelings, but sect-bound. So with very many of our Friends. Priscilla Cadwalader has not yet completed her "family visits." She has not kept pace with the age; her preaching is of the older school, and has not the "newness of life" of twenty-five years ago. She avoids party-spirit, however, and tries to follow "peace with all men."

Thou asks after my health. It is pretty good now — except occasional suffering with dyspepsia. I have gone out in all weather the past winter, and feel none the worse for it. James has renewed his youth, save in his snowy summit. He is well, and sends love unmeasured. Now, my dear friend, let us hear from thee soon again.

Thine in undiminished affection,

L. MOTT.

The disapprobation expressed in the foregoing letter, of that part of the church marriage which exacts a promise of obedience from the wife, calls to mind an incident related by ex-Mayor Fox of Philadelphia. Soon after his installation, and while performing the marriage ceremony, he noticed among the guests Lucretia Mott. At the close of the ceremony, when, according to the usual custom, he said, "I pronounce you to be man and wife," he overheard her say, in an undertone, "*husband* and wife." He went to her afterwards, and asked for the reason for such comment, when she said that it always

jarred upon her when she heard a couple declared "man" and wife; as though the wife was a mere appendage, as she was probably regarded, when that formula first came into use; that the marriage ceremony left a man still a man, and a woman still a woman, and the minister or magistrate had only to pronounce the *new* relation to each other, in which they stood, *husband* and *wife*. Mayor Fox added, "I was impressed with the reasonableness of this, and although I married several hundred couples during the remainder of my term of office, I never again pronounced them *man* and *wife*."

Another illustration of the same kind of injustice done to women, and of Lucretia Mott's unfailing protest against it, is found in an occurrence of a few years before, during a religious journey which she and her husband made together, through the north-eastern part of Pennsylvania. They had occasion to stay over night at the house of a Friend, who had recently come into possession of the family homestead and a comfortable property. "But," said he deprecatingly, when they congratulated him on his good prospects, "I have to keep my mother!" "Was she an active woman in early life?" asked my grandmother. "Oh yes, very," he replied. "She brought up a large family of children, attended to the house and the dairy, and seldom kept any help; she was a very saving woman." "And yet," rejoined my grandmother, "and yet I understand thee to say, thou hast to '*keep*' her. Did not her industry and frugality in her department entitle her to an equal ownership with her husband in homestead and farm? Should it not be said that she allows thee to live here with her?"

To return now to the letters : —

PHIL., 2mo. 27th, 1855.

. . . I had a heap of clear-starching to do on Third-day last, but one after another called, to ask about the School of Design, the Woman's Medical College, and colored beggars came in, so that I had not finished when C—— P—— came to dine. I brought my starching into the parlor, and between dinner and dessert excused myself to iron. . . .

It was no great disappointment to me to give up the meetings thou mentions. When a thing can't be done, there is a happy property in our nature that accommodates itself to circumstances. It is long since any journey or visit has been particularly exciting to me. I enjoy a day at Mt. Holly, with our cousins, vastly, now and then, and out at Oak Farm, as well ; and we are to go to an anti-slavery meeting in Bucks Co., next Seventh and First-day. Any dependence on my worn-out powers as a speaker detracts greatly from the pleasure of these occasions. The drives with my well-beloved husband are the most anticipated, and are ever enjoyed, even though I am sometimes asleep while riding.

No, the Canandaigua visit did not seem very interesting. When people are so over particular as to have to be in the kitchen, and at their domestic concerns all the time, visitors cannot enjoy the added tax on the visited. Mortified as I often feel, at the want of special attention to our guests, and the omissions that are apparent after they are gone, I cannot have my mind all the time on each spare room and bed to see that all is in order, and then besides on the table-cloth and dishes, and in the kitchen that nothing shall be underdone, or overdone, and everything go on well there. The next time thou comes here, however, *three* white curtains *alike* shall be at thy room windows. . . .

On Third-day afternoon Theodore Parker came. James met him at the cars ; he expected to go to Jones' Hotel, but James told him he would show him to a nearer hotel. He

was one of us immediately, and so agreeable. He talked of the Kennett meeting, was much pleased with the intelligent minds he met there, and was struck with the number of large men: the Pennocks, Bernards, Darlington, etc., having their names as ready as an old settler. He thought it not the last "Progressive Friends'" meeting he should attend. He lectured the next evening in Sansom St. Hall, which was nearly full, a very attentive audience, and he pleased them well. The lecture on Fifth-day evening was to a still larger audience, and every word was interesting, and was appreciated. Dr. Stamm came home with us from the lecture, and stayed late; talking most interestingly on the future of Nations; the Dr. thinking the destiny of Germany and *this* country was to supplant all others. Theodore Parker doubting that; the Slavonic race was so powerful, and had such advantages; naming them as familiarly as little Willy his multiplication table. We thought his fund of knowledge and his memory were wonderful, and we were all much interested. . . .

4th mo., 1855.

. . . I should have liked to hear your talk about principle and expediency, compensation to slave-holders, etc. Compensation to the South, even though they have no right to demand it, seems somewhat more justifiable, when for the entire abolition of slavery, than when paid to an individual slave-holder as an acknowledged price of the victim, and used probably in buying other slaves. We have had some interesting fugitives here lately. How I wish thousands more would escape, and the remainder resolve that they would no longer work unpaid! The best compensation to claimants would be the added motive to labor.

. . . ———, a child who is of the generation who "knows not Joseph," who never heard Elias Hicks inveigh against the superstitious observance of the Sabbath, and the *undue* veneration of the Bible, is now one of the school



committee at Cherry St. She lately objected to giving children lessons on Seventh-day to take home, which would oblige them to study on First-day ! The school is opened each day with the reading of the Bible. Are we not going back to the "beggarly elements?"

5th mo. 14th, 1855.

. . . Our Yearly Meeting company began to come on Sixth-day; a forlorn Friend from —, whose mind had been slightly affected. She preaches occasionally. She had walked from Eighteenth and Market, and not finding our house, "went to the Thomsonian Infirmary at Sixth and Market, and there Dr. Comfort lent her an *inventory* (directory), and then some one piloted her." Now she wanted to find —, she was her "first-cousin onc't removed," and she would "like to put up there, but she must have a pilot." I was going up to — —'s some time that day, so nothing loth, I made *that* time suit, and taking one of her handboxes myself, while she carried the other, we trudged forth; she with thick yellow moccasins on, and two shawls. We reached Franklin St. after a while, and dropping her at the door of her friend's house, I turned quickly down the first street.

5th mo. 19th, 1855.

. . . I am going to Mt. Holly in a week or two to help our cousins make their carpets. I made — go up to the upper entry and rooms to see the amount of piecing and darning I have done on ours. Even if men will only half look, I always mean they shall know something of the labor bestowed upon house affairs. . . .

This "making carpets" did not mean merely helping select, and giving advice as to arrangement, or any such play; it meant hard work, planning, cutting, sewing, and even nailing down. She had a mild contempt for any one who, well and strong, did not at least assist in making her own carpets. It



was the way her mother had done before her, and was no hardship ; indeed, on the contrary, the turning and making-over of an old one seemed to afford her exhilarating enjoyment, unless it happened that she was alone ; that she never liked ; but, with a choice few, engaged in the same occupation, she was in her element. For many years she assisted her daughters and her sisters, and, as in this instance, her cousins, in work of this kind, and made it a sort of festival.

The following extract exhibits her systematic care in small things : —

1855.

. . . Yes, we do see the N. Y. "Tribune," and our own "Ledger" daily, and this abundant reading absorbs all our spare time. The "Standard," "Bugle," "Freeman," "Practical Christian," and "Prisoner's Friend," with the "Una," "Woman's Advocate," "Little Pilgrim," "Littell," and a Temperance paper, make a weekly pile so high, that I try in vain to keep them folded neatly. I have cleared out all the rubbish from my secretary drawers, and besides this, have destroyed many old letters and bills, and tied up a thousand-and-one pamphlets to give away. I take every opportunity to distribute anti-slavery newspapers ; took a quantity to Norristown.

It was contrary to her system of household economy to allow any one to use, or tear up newspapers, indiscriminately. She assorted them carefully in several piles ; and woe be to the unfortunate who took a paper from the wrong pile ! Only the dailies were taken for kindlings, and not even they, until they had attained a venerable age. The weeklies and monthlies were given away, some regularly to friends who could not afford to subscribe to them, while others were made into packages for distribution at country meetings.

The next letter refers to the celebrated case of Passmore Williamson : —

8th mo. 7th, 1855.

. . . James will have to come into town at twelve o'clock to attend a preliminary indignation meeting, to which M. L. Hallowell and several others have signed a kind of private call. Thomas Williamson says he is only afraid that Passmore will come out of prison too soon. James went down to Moyamensing to see him yesterday. I felt it my duty to propose in meeting last First-day that our Friends should call a meeting and enter a protest. H—— W——, after meeting, expressed great unity with all that was said, and wished much that something should be done — he “had never had his feelings so outraged as at Kane’s doings.” J—— M—— thought “the testimony conflicting — though he was watching with interest,” etc., — did not “know whether we were prepared to act officially.” We had quite a talk in the yard with some six or eight; S—— P—— standing in stolid silence.

An excellent summary of this case is given by Mary Grew in her final report to the Female Anti-Slavery Society. She says : —

“A citizen of Philadelphia, whose name will always be associated with the cause of American liberty, in the legal performance of his duty, quietly informed three slaves who had been brought into this State by their master, a Virginia slave-holder, (John W. Wheeler, then United States Minister to Nicaragua,) that, by the laws of Pennsylvania, they were free. The legally emancipated mother, Jane Johnson, availing herself of this knowledge, took possession of her own person and her own children; and their astonished master suddenly discovered that his power to hold them was gone forever. No judge, commissioner, or lawyer, however willing, could help him to recapture his prey. But a judge of the United States District Court

could assist him in obtaining a mean revenge upon the brave man who had enlightened an ignorant woman respecting her legal right to freedom. Judge Kane, usurping jurisdiction in the case, and exercising great ingenuity to frame a charge of contempt of court, succeeded in his purpose of imprisoning Passmore Williamson in our county jail. The baffled slave-holder also found sympathizers in the Grand Jury, who enabled him to indict, for riot and assault and battery, Passmore Williamson, William Still, and five other persons. During the trial which ensued, the prosecutor and his allies were confounded by the sudden appearance of a witness, whose testimony, that she was not forcibly taken from her master's custody but had left him freely, disconcerted all their schemes, and defeated the prosecution. The presence of Jane Johnson in that court-room jeopardized her newly-acquired freedom; for though Pennsylvania was pledged to her protection, it was questionable whether the Slave Power, in the person of United States officers and their ever-ready minions, would not forcibly overpower State authority and obtain possession of the woman. It was an intensely trying hour for her and for all who sympathized with her. Protected by the energy and skill of the presiding judge, William D. Kelley, and of the State officers, her safe egress from the court-room was accomplished."

In a letter on the same subject Miss Grew says:—

"During the trial, Mrs. Mott was in attendance to give sympathy or help as occasion might offer; and when the poor woman was hastily taken from the room, and placed in a carriage to be driven rapidly away, under an armed guard, she sat by her side. To that sanctuary of refuge, Mr. and Mrs. Mott's house in Arch Street, they hastened. Entering the front door, and quickly passing through the house, Jane Johnson reëntered the carriage at the rear, and was taken to a place of safety. In that moment of in-

tense excitement, when every one else was wholly absorbed in the one thought of escaping pursuit, it occurred to Mrs. Mott that Jane might be hungry, as she had had no dinner. Seizing apples and crackers from her store-room, and potatoes from the kitchen fire, she ran with them to the carriage."

Although so indifferent to "creature comforts" herself, no one was quicker than she to see when others required them ; and to see, was to supply their wants.

Twenty years after this occurrence, her grandson, in the course of business in Washington, met a gentleman by the name of Wheeler, who, after talking with him of the changes wrought by the civil war, asked, "Do you happen to remember the case of Jane Johnson and her children, a fugitive slave case in Philadelphia?" H—— replied that he did, when Mr. Wheeler said, "Well, those were *my* niggers!" To which H. responded, "And I helped to run them off!" The hearty laugh that followed was in itself the strongest possible evidence of the changes about which they had been speaking.

To return again to the letters:—

9th mo. 5th, 1855.

. . . Why didst thou not tell us more of Lucy Stone's talk with thee at Saratoga? I. B. had much to say of Earnestine L. Rose's lovely character. He scarcely knew her superior. I was glad to hear him say so, and pleased also that her speaking was so gratifying to thee, and that Frances Wright's womanhood was vindicated by her. I have long wished and believed that the time would come, when Mary Wollstonecraft and Frances Wright, and Robert Owen, would have justice done them, and the denunciations of bigoted sectarianism fall into merited contempt. . . .

Thou queries, "How are we to reconcile the wholesale destruction of life occasioned by storms at sea, volcanoes?" Benjamin Hallowell, in his scientific lectures, spoke of these occurrences as striking evidences of the impartial operation of the natural laws — so does George Combe. We have warning enough to lead us to build our vessels strong and secure, so that they may withstand storms, and increasing intelligence leads mariners to avoid icebergs. The warnings around volcanoes are sufficient, if obeyed, to lead the inhabitants to move beyond their danger. So with disease; fevers, cholera, etc., used to be regarded as special judgments — and so in one sense they are, as the result of neglect of the laws of health; but man has reason and intelligence now to avoid these epidemics. I do not know as to earthquakes; but when whole cities are destroyed, there is certainly nothing *partial* in the visitation. Benjamin Hallowell spoke of land-slides, warning people not to build too near the edge. Yes, we have after all to confess that our knowledge is limited; and our very ignorance should lead us to beware how we look upon awful occurrences as "God's decree." The tendency of such a conclusion is to neglect the obvious cause of calamities.

The following were written shortly after returning home from Auburn. The first letter tells of the safe journey, and concludes as follows: —

11th mo. 10th, 1855.

. . . It was a great pleasure to be with you all once more, and our visit furnishes much of deep interest to dwell upon. Our love is so strong towards each family, and we enter so warmly into your joys and sorrows, that your pleasures are ours, and your woundings are our hurt. May you all be happy is the ardent breathing of my soul!

Most lovingly,

L. MOTT.

The next alludes briefly to a memorable meeting.



PHILA., 11th mo. 16th, 1855.

. . . Our visit and meetings in New York were satisfactory. Some account of the meeting in Rose St. you may have seen in the "Times" of Second-day. Richard Cromwell quoted, "Beware lest men spoil you, through philosophy or vain deceit," adding with a turn toward me, and a motion of his hand, "or *conceit* either." And again, "The light shineth in darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not," pointing his finger at me, and so on; much of that sort. There was much expression to me when the meeting was over of satisfaction with what I had said — from some also who used to be rather opposed. . . .

This was an occasion of much feeling among the New York Friends, who, not many years before, had disowned three of their members for the sin of Abolitionism. While some of the circumstances connected with it may fitly rest forgotten, it is worth while to read again the report of the sermon which caused such excitement. It was reported for the New York "Times," from which it is now copied.

"Denouncing the still prevailing King- and Priestcraft, Mrs. Mott had the courage to express what many repress, and declare that Protestantism was only a modification, not a thorough reform of a degrading superstition. In glowing terms she claimed to plant her platform where Christ and St. John had erected it for Humanity, but she said she should separate herself from the priests and their tools, who have degraded that platform into worldly ecclesiastical business establishments. Gathering hope from all the bright features of the progressive symptoms of practical Christianity around us, Mrs. Mott proved that all the leading reforms of the age, — Anti-Slavery, Temperance, and all the benevolent and philanthropic movements of the day, — have sprung not by the dogmas propounded by either the Church of Rome or England, or any other material or-



ganization, but from the individual soul of man, from the Divinity rising within man, from the Divinity of which Christ was the most celestial exemplar.

“In the course of her address, which, begun in somewhat impassive and monotonous strain, increased in fervor and eloquence, as, in advancing, she was carried away by the holiness of her theme, Mrs. Mott spoke in terms of the most enthusiastic regard of all those noble laborers in the cause of humanity, — preachers, teachers, lecturers, and above all, editors, — who, in defiance of a corrupt public opinion, battle with the combined hosts of the slave oligarchy, ready to sacrifice their popularity, their fortunes, everything, to the attainment of the great object in view. But how have these world-redeeming impulses made their way in the heart of so many noble men and gentle women? By dogmas? By creeds? By the degrading faith in the God-decreed depravity of man? No! exclaimed Mrs. Mott. No. By sympathy for fellow-men, — by love of God, — by faith in the perfectibility of the human mind, — by faith in the Divinity residing within man, residing within woman. All honor, all praise, all hail to the great Messiah who founded Christianity; but did he not say himself that other Messiahs will come after him? Did he not point in every word to the fact that every age will yield other Messiahs called forth by its requirements? was his whole life not a constant protest against priestcraft, whether palpable, as in the Vatican, or less palpable, as in some Protestant churches? Did he not do good by the wayside, as he went along, without reference to clime, locality, form, creed, caste, race, condition, and thus call upon humanity to follow the example, and upon the human soul to awaken to its intrinsic Divinity, and to cast off forever and ever the tyranny of churches, and the thought-killing despotism of the priesthood?

“All the progressive features of our age were summed up by Mrs. Mott with wondrous compactness; and while their

existence was traced by her to the growing anxiety of the human mind to emancipate itself from the influence of priesthood, '*every one to do his own and her own thinking,*' to pass from the childhood of civilization into the riper sphere of manhood, Mrs. Mott opines that the development of those various contemplated reforms would only be retarded by a relapse into the old enslavement of thought, and could only be accelerated by a daily increasing appreciation of the capabilities of the human soul by the world, with recognition of the *God in man.*"

During the winter of 1856, it became apparent that Lucretia Mott could no longer bear the strain of keeping house in the city. She was weary with entertaining so much, and being called hither and yon as if she were public property. She was weary of presiding at public meetings, of attending executive committees, and of seeing strangers. It seemed sometimes as if she could not call an hour of the day her own; all sorts of people came to her with their affairs, and no one appeared to realize that she might have affairs of her own. She was becoming worn out, and some change was necessary. In this emergency it was finally decided to sell "Three-thirty-eight," and to buy in its place a certain little farm-house eight miles out of town on the Old York Road, just opposite Oak Farm, where some of her children already lived. This was accordingly done; but not without mourning and lamentation from those of the family left in the city, and keen regret on their own part that the community life must come to an end. It had been proved an entire success in every way; and the old house was endeared to all by many pleasant associations. When its sale was actually consummated, a rhyming member of the

family echoed the general feeling in a series of verses, each beginning,

“ Weep for the glory of Three-thirty-eight ! ”

These were read in the last family meeting to a large gathering of the clan. They were very personal — and very funny — and were greeted with much laughter, but when they were finished, many eyes were glistening with tears. They began thus : —

“ Weep for the glory of Three-thirty-eight !  
Weep for the family, once so elate !  
Weep for the friends, who their sorrows will date  
From the day of the closing of Three-thirty-eight ! ”

There were also some other “ poems of lamentation ” read on that memorable occasion, from which a few of the least personal verses can be selected. They make no pretensions to any real poetical merit, but from their association, are valuable in our family annals. These began : —

“ Who wearied of the world’s renown,  
And sought a useful life to crown,  
By selling off his house in town ?  
James Mott.

“ Who was it that the sale decreed,  
And urged him on to do the deed,  
And wished to close the terms with speed ?  
Lucretia !

Then followed some sixteen or seventeen other verses, descriptive of one and all, and ending with, —

“ Who constantly will ring the bell,  
And ask if they will please to tell  
Where Mrs. Mott has gone to dwell ?  
The beggars.

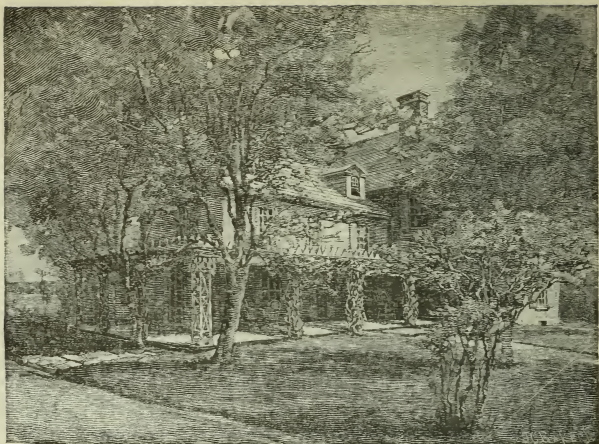
“ And who persistently will say  
‘ We cannot, cannot go away.

Here in the entry let us stay ' ?  
Colored beggars.

“ Who never, never, nevermore  
Will see the ‘ lions ’ at the door  
That they ’ve so often seen before?  
The neighbors.

“ And who will miss, for months at least,  
That place of rest for man and beast,  
From North, and South, and West, and East?  
Everybody. ”

Meantime, the little farm-house had been altered and enlarged, and in the spring of 1857 James and Lucretia Mott moved out there, and called the place Roadside. Here they spent the rest of their lives.



Roadside.

## CHAPTER XV.

WHEN James and Lucretia Mott retired to country life, it seemed to be only a temporary seclusion from which they might emerge after the quiet of a few years, but in reality, it marked a distinct period in their lives, and one which proved to be the closing portion. They still kept up an active interest in the reforms of the day, and continued to attend such meetings and conventions as took place within moderate distances of Philadelphia, driving to them in their own carriage, when it was possible. This was no handsome equipage, with coachman and pair of horses, but a neat, square, covered wagon, of what would now be considered very antiquated pattern, comfortable for two persons, and of an apparently inexhaustible stowage capacity. The one horse was generally a good animal, for James Mott was a critical judge of horses, and felt a pardonable pride in

those he owned. He and his wife had many a pleasant drive together in the new leisure that had come to them ; sometimes into the city, or to the neighboring town of Germantown, and occasionally through the winding country roads into hilly Montgomery, or fertile Chester County. In the summer of 1861 they ventured as far as Auburn, N. Y., spending several weeks on the journey. At another time, in prosecution of a concern felt by James Mott, they visited in this way many of the country meetings of the Society of Friends, near Philadelphia, James Mott speaking at each one.

In driving, my grandfather enjoyed looking about him as he went along, noticing the landscape, and the crops, and the people ; while my grandmother, on the contrary, regarded only the end of the journey, and felt little interest in intermediate objects. She always took her knitting with her, and knitted on the way. This occupation needed no eyesight, and was no bar to conversation, the busy fingers seeming to have an intelligence of their own. The amount of work accomplished in this manner was almost incredible. It was no mere fancy work, begun for the entertainment of an idle hour. The little pieces, knit separately in the form of shells or stars, were afterward sewed together into bureau and table covers, and crib-quilts for children and grandchildren. When she first undertook to make these, it was with the intention of providing substitutes for her own covers and quilts, which good care could no longer keep from wearing out. These were made of English "marseilles," manufactured from free cotton, and no more could be found in the American market, except such as were made from cotton raised



by slave labor. She therefore procured free knitting cotton, and soon made for herself what she could not buy. Then, having supplied her own wants, and liking the convenient work, she continued it for the benefit of others.

James and Lucretia Mott drove into Philadelphia every Fourth-day morning to attend Friends' meeting. On First-days, until the death of the former, they attended meeting at Germantown, or Abington, with great regularity. Whenever they drove into the city, they were careful to take with them some seasonable product of garden or farm, to give to one or another of the family living in town. They never went empty-handed. When there was nothing else, I have known my grandmother to take two or three freshly laid eggs in her hand-bag, in dangerous proximity with its usual contents. One of her letters, dated one Christmas Eve, says: —

“Yesterday James Corr drove me into town with a dear-born-load of turnips, scrapple, mince pies, and turkeys, to be divided between House of Industry and Old Colored Home. I made some calls, and then went round to some dozen places, picking up ‘trifles light as air’ for my presents. I find great comfort in keeping ‘in the simplicity,’ and to useful articles. James Mott drove out with me, with forty or fifty parcels in the wagon.”

The “dozen places” at which she chose her Christmas presents were sure to be small out-of-the-way shops, in whose support she had a kind of pitying interest. She rarely entered the large shops of the city, where she could have been better suited at less price, but would walk long distances to make her purchases at these other places. On her way home, she would often contrive to call at a certain

confectioner's (after the war made all sugar of free produce), in order to take home to the children of the household a favorite kind of cake made only at that shop. Long after the rides in and out of town had been superseded by the steam railway and the tedious horse-car route, the same generous thought for others and disregard of her own convenience, that led her to carry into town the basket of fresh eggs to give away, also induced her, no matter how laden with bundles and bags, to take back with her the equally awkward package of mountain-cake for the gratification of the younger members of the family. It was of no use to demur, or even to offer to assist her. She liked to take the trouble, and to take it in her own fashion.

This reminds me of an incident both amusing and characteristic. Soon after moving into the country, while on her way to the railway station, then at Front and Willow streets, she saw in a second-hand store a child's high-chair, which she bought, to serve as an extra one in the family. (In passing, I ought to say that she seldom could go by that second-hand store without making some purchase.) The chair was sent to the station, put on the cars, and put off at the usual stopping-place, a mere shed on a side lane. Contrary to custom, no carriage met her, and no person was in sight. She stopped to think what could be done with the chair, for it was hardly safe to leave it where it was; then saying to herself with a little laugh, "It is not heavy," she took off her bonnet, tied the strings together and hung it on her arm, and, placing the chair upside-down on her head, walked slowly across the fields to the house, nearly a quarter of a mile, unseen by any but her own astonished household.

She was curiously unwilling either to exact or to receive attentions. This was a marked peculiarity, which naturally increased with age. In traveling, if she were alone, she would slip quietly into a seat near the rear end of the car, and seem to be asleep, lest some fellow-traveler should notice her, and offer his services as escort. It was kindness to leave her to the unfailing companionship of her own thoughts. When members of her family remonstrated with her for going about alone, and offered to accompany her, she would say, "No, thank thee, I do not want anyone. There is always somebody to help me in and out of the cars, and the conductors are very kind." When on occasions she stayed in Philadelphia overnight to attend meetings, it was disagreeable to her to be waited upon. Even late in the evening, she would watch her opportunity to disappear unperceived, and would walk unattended through the streets to her lodging-place. The idea of fear never entered her mind. An instance of this occurs in one of her letters, as late as 1867. She says, "I stayed with sister Eliza until nearly nine in the evening, and then slipped off, without troubling either of the sons to wait on me to the horse-cars. I do enjoy independence."

The following is another instance of the same sort, as well as of her remarkable energy, to which obstacles seemed to act only as incentives. It was her intention to go with her daughter Anna several miles into the country, to assist another daughter with the carpets in her new house. After a very busy day in the city, she reached the far up-town depot at six o'clock, only to find that the train had gone a half hour before. Most persons would then

have waited until the next morning, and she eventually was obliged to do so, but it was not until she had tried several round-about ways to reach her destination, without success. "There was nothing to do," she says, "but to wait for the first morning boat at six-thirty. So I went back to Edward Hopper's, told them of my attempt, and joined in the laugh at my expense. But next morning I rose early, groped in the kitchen, found a pot of cold tea, which with crackers was sufficient breakfast, and walked down to the boat in good time. I got off at Torresdale, the nearest stopping-place, although still four miles from Elizabeth's, got a lift in a dearborn one mile, walked the other three, and reached the house a few minutes after nine; was laughed at again, and *astonished at*, and sewed on the entry carpets till near night." This was in her sixty-eighth year. In this connection let me introduce still another letter, written seven years later, when she was seventy-four years old. It was written just after she and her husband returned from the first convention of the Free Religious Association, held in Boston. She had gone away from home in feeble health, but the excitement of the journey and convention, so far from doing her harm, seemed to revive her strength and energy. The achievements recorded in this letter might be envied by many of better health and fewer years. It is dated:—

WEST CHESTER 6th mo. 5th, 1867.

. . . You cannot be surprised at my dating from this place, we have been so much from home of late. . . . We reached Philadelphia on Seventh-day, at eleven o'clock, not going out home till afternoon. On First-day morning I flew around, put away our ironed clothes (which I al-

ways prefer to have left for me to do), unpacked and re-packed our traveling bags, had an early breakfast, and off we drove again for Darby, — thirteen miles, — to meeting. There John and Mary Child joined us in their carriage, as they did last year, and we came on to West Chester in company, attended two Monthly Meetings, paid three or four visits, and now here I am with Benjamin and Jane Price. James had to return to Phila. I shall go to Friends' school and to meeting this morning, to the peace meeting in the afternoon, to "Progressive Friends'" meeting at Longwood to-morrow, and on Sixth-day James will join me again, to attend two more Monthly Meetings farther west; returning to Kennett on First-day. We shall visit in that neighborhood for two days, and come here again on Fourth-day to the golden wedding of Benjamin and Jane Price; hurrying home that same afternoon and evening, in the moonlight.

My grandparents never minded inclement weather. If an engagement abroad had been made, neither rain, nor snow, nor wind, was considered; extra wraps were got out, and they set forth. My weather-wise grandmother was full of old nautical sayings about new moons, and waning moons, and backing winds, doubtless learned in the far-off Nantucket childhood. She had a curious way of appending to the date of her family letters, in log-book fashion, a synopsis of the weather at the time of writing; such as, "First mo. 8<sup>th</sup>, clear and cold, high wind blowing;" or "Heavy rain from S. E.; such storms never last long;" or again, with a keen housewifely perception of the work pertaining to certain days in the week. "Second-day morning — clearing — clothes drying nicely." It would be an exaggeration to say that her predictions concerning the weather always came true, but it is within bounds to assure the reader



that they were generally correct. She would foretell rain, when the skies were clear, and the air soft and sweet, and the rain came; or she would set out for town in the face of what seemed to be unpropitious gales, and the sun would soon break out and the day prove to be what she had foreseen. She naturally took pleasure and some pride in these prognostications. But though she often consulted the appearance of the heavens to detect the signs of change, I do not remember that she ever noticed the beauty of the clouds, or the grandeur of sunset effects. She understood what they betokened for the morrow, but that was all. My grandfather in his quiet way, took more notice of such things, but he expressed little of what he felt.

The house at Roadside was a sunny old place, surrounded at first by cherry and apple and pear-trees; afterwards by maple and oak. The windows commanded pleasant, though limited views of the adjacent country, and looked up and down the much-traveled "Old York Road," formerly the highway for stage-coaches between Philadelphia and New York. There was a small space between the house and the road, originally hedged in by lilac and althea bushes, but as these grew large and interfered with a full view of the road, they were one by one sacrificed to my grandmother's dislike of being "shut in." And many of the trees, too, as they spread wider and shadier over the grass, fell under the same decree. When the house was bought, it was a small stone farm-house of the most primitive description. A large addition to the north, and a kitchen wing to the west, converted it into a substantial country residence. Externally, it was plain, but not unattrac-



tive ; internally, it had the charm of oddly-shaped rooms and queer passages, with unexpected turnings, and steps up in one place, and down in another. There was nothing handsome about the hall, nothing imposing in the parlor but its fine proportions, but there was an air of hospitality and good cheer that took possession of one entering its doors ; an atmosphere of cordiality, which rendered one insensible to the lack of beautiful furniture and ornaments. Who cared to think of carpets and hangings when James Mott came forward, his kind face beaming, his ready hand outstretched ? And when, from her chair by the fireside, his wife rose to offer her cordial welcome ? A dear friend of theirs once said in my childish hearing, “ James Mott’s greeting is a benediction.” The words were a source of wonderment then, for it was a daily blessing to me, lightly passed by ; but in after years, when I returned a guest to the old home, they came to my mind with full meaning.

In looking back now, I can recall no other room so attractive in its homely air of comfort, as the old-fashioned parlor at Roadside. It was neither artistic nor elegant, but it was lived in, every day, and bore that indefinable mark. It was part of the new house. In the south end, in what was the original house, was the library, a small square room, lighted by two windows, and a glass door opening on to the piazza. This little library was the sanctum, the gathering-place of the family in the morning, the quiet retreat in the evening from the lively groups in the parlor. Two book-cases held the well-worn volumes, and from the walls looked down the faces of William Lloyd Garrison, William Ashurst, George Thomp-

son, Elias Hicks, Miller McKim, Robert Purvis, and some members of the family. On one side of the fireplace was tacked a small map of Nantucket Island, and another of the town, after the great fire of 1846, while near by there hung a sort of genealogical chart, with Tristram Coffyn at its centre. My grandfather's high, straight-backed chair stood at one side of the fire near the light of the western window, and in the corner behind it was the table, which in family parlance was called "the colt," because of its long legs. In the middle of the room, opposite the open Franklin stove, stood my grandmother's rocking-chair, and her two-shelfed table, the latter covered with books, papers, and writing materials, systematically arranged, and never disturbed but by her own hands. A pretty Nantucket basket, devoted to carpet rags, and another sacred to mending, occupied part of the lower shelf. Here she sat every morning after her regular work was done, first to glance over the "Ledger,"<sup>1</sup> and then to settle accounts, or write letters, or read some of the various books of interest at the time.

When she enjoyed a book thoroughly, she could not read it alone. If her ever-ready husband were out of the way, going his rounds at stable or garden, she would step quickly to the foot of the stairs, and call for one or another of the family to come down and share with her the pleasure of a fine passage. Then in the evening she would read it again, and make it a subject for general conversation; or failing to obtain a sympathetic audience, she would make copious extracts on various shabby bits of paper, and put them away for future reference.

<sup>1</sup> The morning newspaper.

In this way she copied largely from some of her favorite books, among them the "Life of Joseph Blanco White," and Foxton's "Popular Christianity," and later, the "Life of Dr. Arnold," and some of Dean Stanley's addresses, particularly his valedictory address at St. Andrews. Her printed copy of the latter was worn out with much reading and lending.

Most of these notes were written, as I have said, on odds and ends of paper, but her favorite scraps were the inside of envelopes that had been used. After her death, numbers of these were found, tucked into larger envelopes and carefully tied up and labeled. This habit was often deprecated by her family, who furnished her with what they considered more suitable paper, but she preferred her own way. Such rigid economy—for it was nothing else—might seem to border on parsimony, but that she gave so freely of her limited means. She saved in one way only to be generous in another. Her husband sympathized fully with her in these habits. They had both been trained to economy in a hard school, where pennies and half pennies had to be accounted for with conscientious scruple; and when the time came that extreme care was no longer necessary for themselves, they continued it in order to be able to help others. The amount they gave away was a large portion of what was never more than a moderate income. It was not given to ordinary charities, as a rule, but was quietly passed over, five dollars here, ten there, or fifty, perhaps, to help some poor overworked seamstress to a holiday, to alleviate a case of temporary distress, or to furnish an unexpected treat to some self-denying drudge. They liked to supply to others what some one has called

the "necessary superfluities of life," although denying them to themselves. In one of her letters, Lucretia Mott says, "James and I both feel that the pleasure will be far greater in using what we may have, above our own wants, for the help of those dear to us, and of others, too, now while we live, rather than to leave it for the law's division, or indeed for appropriation by legacy."

They had also a wonderful way of divining the wants of those around them, and supplying the wherewithal. Many of us can remember one occasion when several members of the household, children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, were preparing for a trip to Auburn, N. Y., to welcome home two young wanderers from a year's journey around the world. She called each one to her in the course of the day, and handed him, or her, a sum sufficient to cover the whole expense of the journey. About this same time, on the same morning perhaps, a member of the household, going into her room, found her diligently mending a rip in her pillow. She glanced up and said, "Will thee please open that bureau drawer for me? Right in front in the corner, thee will find a feather that I want." The feather was given her; she tucked it into the pillow, and sewed up the hole.

Another instance of her saving was the use of ravelings in sewing carpet rags, and in many kinds of mending where strength was not required. This has often been commented upon, sometimes with harshness or ridicule; but it is not for one who profited by her generosity to criticise, as excessive, the economy that made such generosity possible.

Both she and my grandfather kept an accurate

account of their expenses, and paid cash for whatever they bought. They regarded looseness in pecuniary matters as a fault very nearly criminal; and while they were generous, they were also exact.

During the first few years at Roadside, George and Martha Lord and their little children formed part of the family. Afterwards, as will be seen in the course of the accompanying letters, they went to New York to live. This would have left James and Lucretia Mott alone, but that in the mean time their second daughter, Maria, with her husband, Edward M. Davis, and their children, had come to live with them. By this change Lucretia Mott was released from all housekeeping cares, and though she continued for a while the oversight to which she had been so long accustomed, she finally dropped it altogether. But there were some things, — such as the daily care of her own room, — which she always preferred to do herself, and there were certain dishes, the making of which she trusted to no hands but her own.

No matter how absorbed she was in reading, or sewing, or conversation, she found time to slip away into the kitchen and prepare the famous Nantucket blackberry pudding, or the calf's head, or the corn soup. And during the summer she called it her privilege to pick the peas in the garden, and shell them for dinner each day.

Before any one else was stirring in the house, she would be up and out in the cool, dewy morning, and by the time breakfast was ready — generally at seven o'clock — she would bring in her basket of peas. Some of the family demurred, for a while, at this self-imposed labor, but when they found that she



really seemed to derive bodily strength, as well as great enjoyment from the occupation, nothing more was said. She used to declare that nothing was so refreshing to her, as the odor of the moist earth in the early morning before the hot sun had parched it. Even a slight shower was no hindrance; her tiny form could easily take shelter under the fragrant pea vines, and her garments were fitted for the service. She liked also to gather raspberries and blackberries, and in the summer afternoons she and her husband, she, hardly as tall as the vines, he, head and shoulders above them, were often to be seen in the garden at this pursuit. Then she would come into the house to receive visitors in the parlor, or read abstruse essays in the library, with equal ease, and apparently with equal interest, her husband continuing his out-door occupations.

He was less of a reader than she, but always enjoyed a good book, and especially a good novel. I remember seeing him one rainy day sitting in his big chair close by the window, intently reading some new book. It was before they moved out of town. When dusk came on, he was still reading, and the gas was lighted earlier than usual, that he might continue; when my bed-time came, — rather early in those days, — there he sat, still absorbed; and at breakfast the next morning, he was the object of general rail-lery, because he would not confess at what hour in the night he had stopped. The magical book was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," just published. Even our grandmother yielded to its influence, and listened without impatience to an occasional chapter, — she, who condemned novels, and wondered how any one could find them interesting.



Our grandfather liked also to stroll about the place doing the many nothings which were nobody's special work, and which, when done, contributed so much to the general air of order and thrift. In summer he always carried with him a long handled weed-cutter, made after his own device, which enabled him, without bending over, to uproot at one thrust the weeds that disfigured the lawn. Even the ubiquitous plantain succumbed to his persistency. The little children of the family liked to accompany him in these wanderings, and to collect in little piles the weeds which he cut off. In their visits to Roadside, they were the devoted companions of this good and gentle grandfather. In the heat of noon, he would come into the house to read, or sit on the piazza in the great, table-armed chair, or even more frequently, spend the drowsy leisure under the shade of a favorite pear-tree, with his chair leaning back against its trunk. Then, in the afternoon, he would drive to the station, or to Germantown to do errands, or accompany our grandmother in her round of visits and meetings, and weddings. She was much in demand on such occasions.

It is customary among Friends to appoint two persons of each sex to attend the marriage of members of the Society, to "see that good order is observed." If the parties concerned have any choice, the Meeting usually appoints those whom they designate. In this way James and Lucretia Mott attended many weddings, in the latter part of their lives, and Lucretia Mott often said a few words after the ceremony. Of her participation at such times, the Rev. William H. Furness says:—

"On more than one occasion it was my privilege to offi-

ciate at weddings where she was present, and when the marriage service was over she was moved to speak a word of counsel to the bridal pair ; and she discharged the office with such a grace, that all wedding ceremonies seemed unfinished when her benign voice was not heard there. I remember once how she told a young couple, that she owed the happiness of her wedded life to the fact that her husband and herself were one in a deep interest in the sacred cause of wronged humanity. Thus this deep interest, this hunger and thirst for right, was a well of life in her, making the present rich in happiness, and keeping her heart full."

Even more acceptable was her presence in the house of mourning. Though, as she said in one of her letters, she "often shrank from giving utterance to the sympathy her heart prompted, so vain seem words of condolence," yet, notwithstanding this, she was pre-eminently a "comforter among mourners." Her thoughtful words of hope, as free from the affectation of undue grief, and the irony of over-praise, as from coldness and indifference, found their way into sorrowing hearts like healing medicine.

It is difficult to give a connected account of the lives of James and Lucretia Mott during the next ten years, sometimes in the quiet country retreat, sometimes in the whirl of the city ; at one time apparently engrossed by domestic duties, and then absorbed in the day and night sessions of a fugitive slave's trial ; and again, in the happy circle of a family gathering. In this dilemma, it seems best to leave this checkered description to Lucretia Mott's letters. No matter how abruptly it changes from one subject to another, it cannot be more kaleidoscopic than was the life it describes. The letters are

addressed mostly to her sister, Martha C. Wright, in Auburn, N. Y., and to her daughter, Martha M. Lord, after the latter went away from Roadside.

In describing to her sister a visit that she had had from a cousin, whose views on most subjects, and particularly on religious observances, differed essentially from her own, she says : —

“The First-day that cousin M. was with us, I brought out one article at a time to work upon, not so much with reference to her Sunday piety, as to be consistent with my custom always on this day, not to have work-baskets about, or much going on ; but to make it a kind of leisure day, while at the same time not hesitating to do anything *openly* ; never concealing work because a pious observer approached.

To my surprise, our cousin rather bore me out in it ; as people often would find the case, if they were not afraid of their shadows. She, in turn, told of writing letters on that day, while those who condemned her would snooze away the afternoon in idleness ; and asked which was worst.”

When Martha Wright replied to this, she related a little incident of her own experience. A friend of hers, whose intimate relations with the family gave her frequent opportunity to notice how superior were its regulations, said to her, “How much you do, Mrs. Wright, and yet how much leisure you have !” To which she answered, “You forget that I have seven days a week, while you church people have only six.”

11th mo. 28th, 1858.

. . . I received a letter from Fanny Kemble last week, written at her cousin's request, to inform us of the death of George Combe. We had already received a circular, bordered with deep black, announcing it. I had intended

writing to Cecilia Combe, and delayed no longer. I also answered Fanny Kemble's letter. We felt his death as of one allied by strong ties of friendship.

Her acquaintance with Mrs. Kemble dated from the early days of the anti-slavery agitation, when sympathy with abolitionists was a stigma upon one's social repute. It was, therefore, a noted exception, when any one well known in the Belgravia of our cities, was bold enough to extend a friendly hand to these "disturbers of the public peace." Mrs. Kemble's surroundings were little calculated to encourage countenance to these "fanatics;" but her warm heart and quick perceptions were soon awakened to the iniquity of the slave system, and notwithstanding her being assured that it was a blessing to the negro race, she did not hesitate to declare her abhorrence of it. In company with the Rev. William H. Furness, always a valued friend of James and Lucretia Mott, she sought an interview with them, to express her sympathy with their position, and from that time continued to show her kind feeling in many effective ways. They often spoke in admiration of her. Once, when my grandmother went with a friend to call on Mrs. Kemble, in her country home, they were entertained by being shown the beautiful grounds around the house. As they strolled along, Mrs. Kemble gathered flowers for her guests, and failing to find a string with which to tie them, with sudden and characteristic humor she snatched a hair-string from her own hair, saying, "Here, Mrs. Mott, I will tie these with the only thing a married woman can call her own."

7th mo. 6th, 1858.

. . . R—— B—— gives forth her views both on slavery and on woman, which are in the main good, but from not attending any of our meetings, nor reading our reports, she is ignorant, and thinks the advocates of these causes are as fanatical as the papers and popular opinion represent them. Some years ago, when speaking in a meeting in Richmond, Va., she introduced some remarks on anti-slavery, — some rose and left the room. She said, “Stop, friends! I am no abolitionist.” Later, having seen an account of this in the papers, I expressed my regret that she should pander to the pro-slavery prejudices of the people by such a disclaimer. She replied to me, “Oh, my dear, I was not correctly reported; I said, ‘I am no *modern* abolitionist.’” Now she knew no better than to suppose *that* would be a satisfactory explanation to me!

The misrepresentations of our opposers do us and the cause great harm. Having suffered for years by false witnesses having been suborned, makes me cautious how I receive the testimony of G——, or any other, against P. A., Mrs F., the Spiritualists, or indeed any of the reform monomaniacs. Anti-Slavery, after bearing misrepresentation for twenty-five years, is just beginning to have the truth spoken of its doings. Let each and all expound their own creed, and then let us judge righteous judgment. Miller is quite troubled that anti-slavery should be so mixed up with other and objectionable “isms.” He thinks conservatism is needed, and that I ought to read and understand the views of those ultra free-love people, so as to give my influence against them. I do not feel called to such an ungracious task; and as to reading what is distasteful, when there is so much of the deepest interest, which time fails me to peruse, I cannot do it.



TO MARY EARLE, NANTUCKET.

9th mo. 16th, 1858.

MY DEAR COUSIN MARY, — I read thy late letter announcing thy dear mother's ninetieth birthday, with no ordinary interest.<sup>1</sup> The time is at hand, and had I any poetic genius, its fruits should be offered at her shrine. Were I gifted with the pen of a ready writer, thy honored mother, so well-beloved, should have its best production. As these are denied, she shall have proof from Holy Writ, that her "age shall be clearer than the noon-day." She "shall shine forth," and "shall be as the morning," and "shall be secure, because there is *hope*," and "shall take (her) rest in safety ;" because, to the trusting souls there is promise ; "Even to your old age, I am he ; and even to hoar hairs, I will carry you." How can we improve such a blessing ? . . .

Ever, L. MOTT.

10th mo. 16th, 1858.

. . . I am much pleased to hear of those young people who are willing to devote time and talent to the woman cause. But let not our faithful Susan B. Anthony abate one whit of her outspoken zeal ; nor E. C. Stanton one word of her vigorous writing. Lucy Stone is worth a dozen quiet workers. Give me *noise* on this subject ; a real Boanerges. It needs that the advocates of woman's rights should be thoroughly grounded, to be able to stand firm against all opposition, and ridicule, and misrepresentation. I agree with thee, as to Lucy Stone's right to her own name, if she choose to retain it ; while glad also, that Antoinette B. B. was independent enough not to be governed by Lucy's example, if *she* did *not* choose to. It has amused me to see the wrath of some, because of Lucy's retaining her name, and how it is made an excuse for having no more to do with the cause. . . .

The acquaintance of James and Lucretia Mott

<sup>1</sup> She was grandmother Coffin's next older sister, Phebe.



with Robert Collyer began soon after the former moved into the country. Robert Collyer was then working in the hammer factory near by, and was a prominent class-leader in the little Methodist Church of the neighborhood. All the country-side talked of his eloquence and his extensive reading. They said he studied and read on his way to and from work. His own words best tell the story of his meeting my grandparents : —

“It fell to my lot to find them in the latter years of their life together, and this was how I found them; I was then living about a mile from a place they had bought in the suburbs of Philadelphia.

“We had started a lyceum the previous winter in the school-house, and were hammering away at a great rate, as to which is the most beautiful, the works of art or the works of nature, and whether the negro or the Indian had received the worst usage at the hands of the white man, — a matter we could not settle, for the life of us, — when Mr. Davis, a son-in-law of James and Lucretia Mott, came in, and before we knew what was coming plunged us headlong into the surging and angry tide of abolitionism. I was then, as I always had been, in favor of emancipation by practically letting the thing alone, or putting it away into the far future. He said no; the thing should be done this instant.

“Then one night Lucretia Mott came in and poured out her soul on us, and I, for one, threw up my hands and said: ‘You are right. I fight henceforth under this banner.’ After some weeks James Mott said: ‘We want thee to come to our house,’ and I went, as I had gone to the house of Mr. Davis. But I went with that sensitive pride a self-respecting working man always feels in such a case. I would stand no patronage, no condescension; no, not in an accent. If I felt this, even in the atmosphere, they

should go their way, and I should go mine. I found it was simply like going into another and ampler home of my own; and this was not something they were doing carefully and by concert; it was natural as their life; they had no room in their fine natures for any other thought.

"This was how I came to know these Friends, and to be at last almost as one of their own kinsmen."

To resume the letters:—

12th mo. 27th, 1858.

. . . Robert Collyer was here most of the afternoon, reading aloud with Edward, Buckle's "History of Civilization." Thou may'st have seen the reviews of it—only one volume published yet. William H. Furness, when I met him at the anti-slavery Fair, was enthusiastic in praise of it. J—— B—— says it will do more to break down superstition and false theology than any other book that has been published these hundred and fifty years.

Thy account of Starr King's lecture interested us. *We* have been greatly pleased with listening to R. W. Emerson. His lecture on "The Law of Success" is full of gems. Collyer heard him for the first time, and was carried away with delight. He remembered so much yesterday, that we quite enjoyed hearing it over. I spoke to Emerson after the lecture, thanking him for it; he replied, "I got some leaves out of *your* book," adding, "from your New Bedford friends." I remembered that his mind was enlightened beyond his pulpit and ordinances about the time of the enlightened Mary Newall's coming out, and I doubt not she had some influence on him. The only objection I found to his philosophy the other evening was his making Nature utilize everything—the bad as well as the good. That may be in the animal economy—but in morals, I told him, wickedness works only evil, and that continually, and the only way was to destroy it with unquenchable fire. Certain essays written last winter made good and evil, right and wrong, no longer antagonistic, but

running in parallel lines. I do not understand it, and want no such quietus to the conscience. Buckle calls Free Will a metaphysical, while Predestination is a theological hypothesis or dogma. It was revolting to my moral sense years ago, when I heard Dr. Tyng at a Colonization Meeting say, that with all the cruelties of the slave-trade, the horrors of the middle passage, and the evils of slavery in this country, he was prepared to say that slavery and the slave-trade would yet be a blessing to Africa. At that time Liberia was held up as a great civilizer and evangelizer to the nation.

William Logan Fisher called here yesterday. He has been writing a new edition of his Sabbath book, now nearly ready for publication. He too has been reading Buckle, and objects to it as wanting in spirituality. Edward Davis is in raptures with the book, and is re-reading it now.

3rd mo. 8th, 1859.

. . . James and I have had a very satisfactory visit in Baltimore and Washington. Our meetings were large, and people kind and attentive. There was a pleasant reception at Dr. Bailey's on Seventh-day evening; we saw — oh, so many! We visited Miss Miner's school and the colored meeting; also wasted time at the Capitol, looking at those lazy loungers, and listening to "Buncombe." We met there Jessie White Mario, who had brought letters of introduction to us from Professor Nichol of Glasgow University, and traveled with her as far as Baltimore, where she is to lecture Fifth-day evening. I no sooner reached Philadelphia than I went from Dan to Beersheba to make interest for her; have since corresponded with her, and now think we shall get up a lecture or two for her in our city. She is an earnest, pleasing woman — a little too much "*fight* for Italy" — but how smart for her to undertake so much! We are to have a visit from her and her husband, to whom she introduced us. Since our return we have been twenty miles up the country, holding anti-slavery meetings. The

first ever held at Gwynned! Mary Grew did admirably. Edward Davis joined us at Horseham and brought me home. It did look so pleasant to see our long tea table. . . .

5th mo., 1859.

. . . Nothing could be more ill-judged than was the reading in the convention that evening, and nothing more forced than thy *sister's* remarks following; I was amused with the comment in the newspaper, that "there was nothing fresh" — which was a fact. To be set up to speak half an hour, with nothing special to inspire one at the time, is an infliction to the speaker, and a bore to the audience. I have great faith in our Quaker dependence upon the light within "to speak as the Spirit giveth utterance." Fixed speeches on such occasions are not to be compared to spontaneous discussions. Wendell Phillips is, of course, always an exception.

If you take the trouble to read the newspaper report, do correct where it makes me say "even the glowing views"; it ought to be "gloomy views." And again, "the seed sowed *by me* in weakness!" I never said *by me*; not I!

In the spring of 1859 a colored man named Daniel Dangerfield (alias Webster) was seized on a farm near Harrisburg, on the charge of being a fugitive slave, and carried, handcuffed, to Philadelphia to be tried before the United States Commissioner. Previous to this year, and during the jurisdiction of Judge Kane and Commissioner Ingraham, such cases had generally resulted in the sending back of the fugitive to slavery; but with the substitution of a new officer, a young man of Quaker antecedents, the abolitionists were inspired with renewed hope.

They engaged eminent counsel for the benefit of Dangerfield, and after a trial of absorbing interest,

— lasting all one day, through that night, and into the next day, — he was released. Mary Grew, who was present, related some of the incidents of this exciting scene as follows : —

“ Anti-slavery men and women thronged the court-room, sat through weary hours of the day and the night, and walked home in the dawning light of the next morning, sad and hopeless.

“ The fact that Mrs. Mott’s seat was near to the prisoner so disturbed the equanimity of the chief counsel of the claimant, that he caused it to be moved ; but it was quickly replaced by one of the opposing lawyers. There really seemed to be no cause for alarm. Mrs. Mott was known to be a non-resistant ; police officers sufficiently armed were in attendance on the prisoner ; his claimants and their counsel were close at hand. That the mild-looking Quaker lady had unseen power to effect a rescue of their victim was highly improbable. Yet in the presence of that impersonation of righteousness, and sympathy with the victims of wrong, the strong man quailed. The decree of the Commissioner, J. Cooke Longstreth, set Dangerfield at liberty.”

Speaking of this trial, almost twenty years afterwards, Lucretia Mott said : —

“ About that time our anti-slavery women were often at the courts. On this occasion, several of us, and some men, were in waiting in a small basement under the court-room, corner of Fifth and Chestnut sts. Commissioner Longstreth sat at the table writing.

“ Knowing him as a birthright member of the Society of Friends, I ventured to step forward, and, in an undertone, expressed to him the earnest hope that his conscience would not allow him to send this poor man into slavery. He received it civilly ; but replied that he must be bound by his oath of office, — or words to that effect, — as nearly as I



can remember. This line of the poet came to my mind, which I simply repeated, and said no more, —

‘ But remember  
The traitor to humanity, is the traitor most accursed.’

When the man was brought in, a great crowd was collected inside and out, and a rush was made for the court-room, when a son of Judge Kane came and offered to conduct me in. The Commissioner had an anxious countenance, and looked pale. The case occupied the remainder of the day and all the night, several women remaining until morning. It was evident that the Commissioner wished to favor the poor man as far as he could, and finally he decided that as the height of the man did not agree with the testimony of the claimant, he could not be given up.

“This is the only case in which I ever interfered in any trial by our courts, further than to shelter the fugitives.”

Even after Dangerfield was released, it seemed questionable if he could be saved from the rabble, who, sympathizing with the South, surged up and down the street outside the court-room, and threatened to deliver him over to the master from whom he had just escaped.

But a band of young men, who also had sat through the trial, biding their time, — most of them Quaker boys, who had grown up under the inspiring influence of the abolitionists, — were even more determined that Dangerfield should retain his hard-won freedom, and they succeeded in baffling the crowd, by escorting another colored man, who resembled him, to a carriage and driving him off; while the real Dangerfield quietly walked out and away, in the company of some of his friends, to a retired place where a conveyance awaited him. Thence he was taken to an unsuspected station of



the famous "Underground Railroad,"<sup>1</sup> and in a few days was safe in Canada.

Two years later the same Quaker boys were engaged in the larger contest of the Civil War, bringing to it the same determined advocacy of right and resistance of wrong.

Soon after this celebrated case, the Rev. Wm. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, made it the subject of a sermon, from which I extract the following paragraph, which alludes to Lucretia Mott's connection with it: —

"I looked the other day into that low, dark, and crowded room, in which one of the most wicked laws that man ever enacted was in process of execution, and there I beheld the living presence of that Spirit of Christ, out of which shall again grow the beautiful Body of Christ, the true Church.

"The close and heated atmosphere of the place well became the devilish work that was going on. The question was, whether, for no crime, but for the color of the skin which God gave him, a fellow-man should be robbed of his dear liberty, and degraded to a chattel and a brute.

"There sat the man in his old hat and red flannel shirt and ragged coat, just as he was seized by the horrible despotism. There he sat, while questions were discussed involving things dearer to him than life. On one side of him stood the minister of the cruel law. On the other — the place was luminous to my soul with a celestial light — for there stood a devoted Christian woman, blind to all outward distinctions and defacements, deaf to the idle babble of the world's tongues, cheering her poor hunted brother with the sisterly sympathy of her silent presence.

"And as I looked upon her, I felt that Christ was there; that no visible halo of sanctity was needed to distinguish

<sup>1</sup> The country seat of Morris L. Hallowell, eight miles distant from the city.

that simple act of humanity, done under such circumstances, as an act preëminently Christian, profoundly sacred, ineffably religious."

A striking instance of her power over others, even over those most prejudiced against her, is given in an incident of this trial. Benjamin H. Brewster,<sup>1</sup> the counsel for the Southern master, met her son-in-law, Edward Hopper, one of the advocates on the side of Dangerfield, and said, "I have heard a great deal of your mother-in-law, Hopper, but I never saw her before to-day. She is an angel."

It is also related of this same gentleman, several years after, on his changing his political opinions, and being asked how he dared make the change, that he replied, "Do you think there is anything I dare not do, after facing Lucretia Mott in that courtroom, and knowing she wished me in hell!" Had he known her better, he could not have said that; and still it is hardly to be wondered at, for I recollect well the stern expression of her countenance, as she steadfastly watched him, while he made his able argument on the wrong side.

In the next autumn came the "great awakening" shock of John Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry, and the tragedy that followed.

During some of the anxious days preceding his trial, his poor wife found sympathetic friends in James and Lucretia Mott, who took her to their quiet country home, and gave her what comfort they could. The letters relating to these events are not to be found. Being of unusual general interest, they were sent to the farthestmost branches of the family tree,

<sup>1</sup> The present United States Attorney-General.

and were lost sight of. But we do not need them to remind us of the stormy excitement which took possession of the whole country, and which in the South, only a few months later, rose into active rebellion.

It was a trying time to the abolitionists, but it proved to be the dark before the dawn. When the time came that winter for the annual anti-slavery Fair to be held, a leading newspaper of Philadelphia went so far as to ask its readers if they meant to permit it to be opened; but the abolitionists were not to be intimidated by such appeals to mob law, and the Fair began as usual, only in a larger and more prominent hall than before.

One of those<sup>1</sup> nearly concerned in its welfare wrote: —

“Our Annual Fair was in quiet and successful progress, when we were surprised by an order from the mayor of the city to take down our flag. Its picture of the old Liberty Bell, with the well known inscription, ‘Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof,’ was regarded as an incitement to riot.

“This action was soon followed by the entrance of the sheriff, who took possession of the hall, locked its doors, and thus closed the business of the Fair. The managers assembled in the room to take counsel together, and decide upon the best suitable course for them to pursue.

“Mrs. Mott spoke in reply to the statements of the sheriff and his lawyer. She said that she was glad to hear her friend, Mr. Gilpin, express regret for this occurrence; she well remembered some service of his rendered to the anti-slavery cause in earlier days; that we did not reproach the officers for their part in this affair, we were so sorry for them that they held offices which obliged them to perform such deeds.”

<sup>1</sup> Mary Grew.

In obedience to an order from the sheriff to remove their property within three hours, on the plea that "the hall had been rented for a purpose which tended to excite popular commotion," the managers transferred their goods to the Assembly Buildings, which were at once opened to them, in brave disregard of popular prejudice. Here they held their Fair, and the meetings in connection with it, with great success, for the remainder of the week.

The mob, so recklessly invoked by the newspapers, instead of attacking the Fair, directed its violence against an assembly in National Hall, gathered to listen to a lecture by George Wm. Curtis, upon the "Present Aspect of the Country." As fearless as in their younger days, James and Lucretia Mott attended this meeting, and occupied seats on the platform.

Here follow various short, but characteristic extracts, which need neither date nor special comment; after which the letters are given in regular order.

"How often have I thought when walking by our State House in Chestnut Street, with a dozen errands to do, and there have seen hundreds of idle men standing about, — their wives meantime probably working hard at home, — that these men had the name of supporting their families!" . . .

"Common honesty is so rare that great praise is bestowed where justice only should be recognized." . . .

"Has n't — learned better than to be disobliging to — because *he* had been so? I never forgot how hard it seemed to me, when I was a little girl, for my grandmother to tell me she had *intended* to let me ride up to the field with grandfather on the load of hay, if I had not been naughty. What I had done left no impression, but her

unkindness I could n't forget ; for it would have been the height of happiness to go with him in those rare days of a drive." . . .

"Everything needs watching. I just ran out and pulled off the clothes-pins, and let down the wet clothes, which were blowing to pieces in the high wind ; after all I had said about not putting them out in a gale ; but if we changed help for such things, as E. does, and as she wonders I don't, other things would be as bad. Mother used to say, 'You only change faults.'"

. . . "I went into town yesterday with your father to do countless errands, and to call on —. Only Mrs. — at home, who would rather not see her friends that day ; perhaps some special reminder of her dear child. Having missed the horse-car, and thereby walked four-and-a-half squares, after a seven-mile-drive, it was rather a disappointment to be denied ; though she did not know who called. I left my name ; and 't was a satisfaction as I turned away, that I had never sent any one from our door." . . .

. . . "I have suffered so much of late with dyspepsia, that James and our children think I am not able to go to the Convention, but I have never yet seen the time that an engagement had to be broken."

ROADSIDE, 3rd mo. 12th, 1860.

MY DEAR SISTER, — . . . Miller and Sarah came over in the evening. Our talk was partly, Greeley and Robert Dale Owen on Marriage and Divorce. Some of us thought Owen defended himself well ; others said Greeley had the best of the argument. The next spirited discussion was on Seward's speech. Miller thought we ought to judge of it from Seward's stand-point. So much was said in its praise, that I anticipated a treat, being generally the last to read these spicy articles. It was a damper for him at the outset, to desire "to *allay*, rather than *foment* the national ex-



citement," and to say that "the public welfare and happiness depend chiefly on institutions, and very little on men." Mary Grew thought that very unsound. We talked it over at our Female Anti-Slavery meeting on Fifth-day. I had taken some notes of the objectionable parts, and commented upon them, while uniting with the praise bestowed upon other parts of the well-prepared speech. I spoke at some length, warning them against unqualified praise of his speech, especially as the negro was so disparaged. It seemed unexpected, but little reply was made. I looked for the "Anti-Slavery Standard's" comments, hoping that paper would not wait for the "Liberator," and was far from satisfied that "want of room excluded" them. When that severe criticism in "The Liberator" was read, how glad was I that Garrison reviewed it as my instincts had led me to do — and with all the faithful rebuke that ever flows from his pen. You will see that. I need not, therefore, say more.

. . . Thank thee for that extract from Mr. Mellen's letter. That is just right, after a life well spent, when old age and decay of faculties render it no longer desirable to live; but it is unnatural to be longing for death in the fullness of strength, when all the pleasures of life are within our reach. Of course aunt C.'s death is "a subject of congratulation;" and still, there is sadness in the thought that death is a welcome messenger to any who are born to live. *I mean to live as long as I can.* . . .

Fare thee well, dear sister,

L. MOTT.

5th mo. 28th, 1860.

. . . The barbarous, brutal prize-fight, which has so corrupted the public mind, and so filled our daily columns, demoralizing the young, should serve as a caution to parents and the guardians of morals, how they countenance any play or scientific exercise that is warlike or fighting in its tendency. The more I see of the restrictive edu-



cation of Friends, on this subject, as well as its discouragement of games of chance, and even of skill, with their temptations to gambling, the more I admire the wisdom of our Fathers in placing such safeguards around their children, and teaching them in their school-books, that

“Needful austerities our wills restrain,  
As thorns protect the tender plant from harm.”

That is the kind of religious education encouraged by our people.

. . . They will be saddened again in Boston, by the intelligence just received of Theodore Parker's death! It is truly mournful that such a gifted spirit should be so early removed from earth, where he was so much needed. To meet the wants of the age, he undertook too much for any man. The last time we had his company at our house in Arch Street, he was telling us of the works he had on hand, and the research necessary to complete them. I cautioned him then not to overtax his powers of endurance, little dreaming we should so soon hear of a fatal result of his great labors. It is too sad to dwell upon, when we have so many around us who are but cumberers of the earth. We have had a succession of melancholy deaths, thinning our anti-slavery ranks: Ellis Gray Loring, Charles Hovey, Eliza Lee Follen, and now Theodore Parker. Who will fill such blanks?

10th mo. 8th, 1860.

. . . James and I dined at Edward Wetherill's in Frankford, in company with Harriet Beecher Stowe. We were pleased with her rather diffident, agreeable manner. She was much interested in the account James gave her of your asylum at Auburn. It was what she had long wished to see. She said, she thought that criminals were often made so by defective organization, as well as by neglect; and we should find the Professor's story in the "Atlantic" went to that point. I can't remember just her words. . . .

11th mo. 16th, 1860.

. . . How much some of us have had to bear, for stepping out of Disciplinary — in other words — narrow, sectarian inclosure, in order to attend conventions, anti-slavery lectures, and fairs! Our Monthly Meeting sometimes occurs during Fair week. Some think it inexcusable, to absent one's self for such "profane babbling." Our convention on the whole was a success; but the reporters grossly misrepresented us, giving some reason for Wm. L. Fisher (who does not go to our meetings) to rave almost, at the hard language of the abolitionists. Robert Purvis has tried to set himself right before the public; for the reporters made him rant without reason. Miller McKim has been quite troubled about it, and has written cards and explanations. But it is no new thing; and through long-suffering, we are able to bear abuse. . . .

12th mo. 14th, 1860.

. . . The Fair is going on swimmingly, in spite of Union meetings. Some five or six policemen are sitting about the room; just as if they were needed! There has not been the slightest disturbance; the only insult, the tearing out of the word "slavery" from the large placard at the door. We immediately replaced it. . . .

This Anti-Slavery Fair, the twenty-fifth of the series, and, as it afterwards proved, the next to last, was again held in the Assembly Buildings, the place which had so fearlessly given it shelter the year before. Much violence was threatened during its four days' continuance, but, as one of its managers said, "Our victory was complete, and our right of peaceful assemblage maintained, without any active demonstration of hostility from the indignant citizens who had fiercely resolved that the Anti-Slavery Fair should be suppressed."

ROADSIDE, 1st mo. 15th, 1861.

MY DEAR SISTER, — In a hurried note sent a few days

ago, the promise was made to begin a regular sheet soon. So now, after a busy morning, the pleasant occupation is left of devoting a little time to thee, and answering some of thy inquiries. . . .

We took tea lately at Miller's. There was not much variety in our subjects of conversation, for the political outlook is all-absorbing. Secession, civil war, compromises. Do you think the Republicans will, after all, make unworthy compromises? Seward went quite far enough in that direction, though all did not agree with me here. But so lacking are all these political speeches, in a feeling heart for the slave. . . .

Sister Eliza has to be very careful ; this cold weather affects her, and she dreads going out ; while I can go into town, and walk three or four miles — not all at once — and scarcely feel it ; and yet I suffer much with dyspepsia, nearly every day. I have received a letter asking my participation in the Albany convention ; but James says I am not well enough to go there. I know my “cipher” days are upon me ; and as to presiding at the convention, it is impossible ; neither could there be any dependence on my speaking, for I am woefully behind the times on the Woman question. . . .

We are all much interested in the great theological movement which you may have seen noticed in the “Atlantic Monthly” — “Essays and Reviews” by seven of the clever liberals of Oxford, all clergymen opposed to Pusey ; and frightening also the Evangelical or Low Church party, as “menacing a division in the church.” James has bought the book, a thick octavo ; it sells rapidly. And how much more interesting it is to me than any of your novels ! Some one who read it expressed surprise that it should make such a sensation, when William Furness had preached such doctrines these thirty years. As far as I have read, it is not equal to one of my pet books, “Popular Christianity,” by Frederick J. Foxton. But then he was a real come-outer, thoroughly radical, yet fervently religious.

ROADSIDE, 3rd mo. 21st, 1861.

. . . M.'s cautions and advice are all very good, and I hope will be attended to ; we cannot say so much of her political leanings. To think of her saying the "*South* is the bone and sinew of the country," and "the firmest supporter of the Democratic cause!" when they have ever looked *down* on labor of any kind, calling the free Northern industrial workmen "the mud-sills of society." What encouragement have they ever given to universal education? even leaving out of view the millions of their bondmen, whom no *true* democrat could trample under foot, denying their every right, as they do. No, they send their own *white* sons to West Point at the government expense, for a military and aristocratic education, and leave the people and children at large in the grossest ignorance. M. must view Democracy only in a partisan light. I agree with her in much of her estimate of the pseudo-democracy of the Whig party, and am very jealous of the Republican party, as such. If Jefferson had only carried out his democracy consistently, he would certainly have been a model democrat. Our republic is beginning to open its eyes to the rights of man ; may they never again be suffered to close until "liberty be proclaimed throughout the land, to *all* the inhabitants thereof." As to compensation, it is of secondary importance ; I would oppose it on principle, as belonging to the slaves rather than to those who have exacted their labor, extorted, too often, by cruel taskmasters with scourges and stripes. . . . My sister's dissatisfaction with Seward's "backing down," his compromising spirit toward slave-holders — even expressing a willingness to strengthen their oppressive power — proves that she is not so carried away by party preferences as to impair her judgment as an abolitionist ; and I am far from satisfied with Lincoln's inaugural. Far better let the rebellious states go, than coax them back with any cruel promise. . . .

## CHAPTER XVI.

ON the tenth of Fourth Month, 1861, James and Lucretia Mott celebrated their Golden Wedding.

“Fifty years of joy and sorrow.”

On this bright sunny day in Spring the large family, and many friends from far and near, assembled at Roadside to do honor to the venerable bride and groom. Children, grandchildren, and one tiny great-grandchild, were there ; and of the one hundred and twenty-five witnesses who, fifty years before, had signed the wedding certificate in Pine Street meeting, three of the twenty still living were present to record their names in renewed recognition of the solemnity of the marriage tie. The old document, parchment yellow with age, was brought out, and again read aloud ; and then all present appended their names to a testimonial on the obverse side, which ran : —

“James and Lucretia Mott having completed fifty years of married life, we, the undersigned, assembled on this tenth day of April, 1861, to celebrate their Golden Wedding, joyfully record here our names, in loving and respectful tribute to them, who have given to us, and to the world, another illustration of the beauty and glory of true marriage.”

Much curiosity was excited among those who signed the venerable document concerning a part, —

some of the blank part, towards one edge, — which had been cut out; and various were the comments, when Lucretia Mott explained that she had committed the sacrilege, some forty years before, in order to mend a broken battledoor for one of her children. No other piece of parchment could be found, so she took *that*!!

A substantial lunch followed the ceremony of signing; after which this pleasant and memorable celebration was concluded by the presentation of gifts, — among them a neat little set of gold knitting-needles, which did active service afterwards, — and the reading of various poetical tributes.

The following letters continue the narrative of the next few years, and are introduced without comment, except where explanation seems necessary. The first was written during the first year of the Civil War, and refers to it.

11th mo. 6th, 1861.

. . . But how trifling are all these family items when our thoughts and hearts are full of the great events of the day. I feel almost ready to despair of any good result from the present outbreak. We know full well, that the battle-field is a precarious resort to obtain the Right — that sorrows multiply there; and as to the moral sense of corrupt statesmen, it is “seared as with a hot iron.” Such spirited protests as we have read may reach some consciences and arouse the nation, and after a long, long while liberty may be proclaimed. There has seemed to be rather a stolid determination of late, among a class of politicians, that this war shall have nothing to do with Slavery. “The Union, and nothing but the Union,” is their cry — as if that were ever again possible, with the deplorable weight of that incubus upon it. Time alone will reveal to us. Petitions should now be poured in from all quarters, so



that those in power may see how unavailing is their proslavery conservatism. It only lays the foundation for future trouble and fighting, when for reputation "to please men," they seek to "build again the things they are called to destroy."

Blanco White, my loved, ultra author, says: "Reformers ought to be satisfied to be destructives. They are too apt to wish to be *constructives*." Thy account of your absorbing interest in preparing Willy,<sup>1</sup> and your parting with him, was all interesting. I knew there would be much to feel at last. A strange thing it is, that the glories of war can, in any wise, reconcile one to the perils. It is in vain to say much on the subject now, but my convictions are as strong as ever, that a better and more effectual way will be found as civilization advances.

Soon after this, and while most of the households of the North were absorbed in the departure of husbands and sons to the war, the first serious break for many years occurred in the large family circle, in the death of the eldest grandchild, Lucretia Mott Hopper, just before her twenty-fourth birthday. Of this her grandmother writes:—

ROADSIDE, 1st mo. 12th, 1862.

MY DEAR SISTER, — Alas! no Lue, precious invalid, to write about. How entirely gone from us, she is! At least so far as daily solicitude for her is concerned. I feel at times as if in spirit she may be much nearer to us than we imagine. We have so long been taught to think of Heaven as a far off place, that the nearness of the departed spirits is not realized. And because we fail to dwell on it as a known fact, G. L. exclaims, "How little *faith* you folks have!" I tell him sectarian theologies and speculations should not be called *faith*. It is because we have so much faith, and a firm trust that all will be well, that we indulge no vain curiosity as to "what we shall be." Thou thought

<sup>1</sup> Martha Wright's oldest son, who had enlisted.

it a pity that Lue and her mother could not talk freely of her approaching death. Anna did answer her honestly that she was no better; but she could say no more. Dr. Holmes warned his students against interfering with the ways of Providence, who conceals the end from the patient. It would be a satisfaction now if she had alluded more plainly to it. But when Lue said to me a few weeks ago, "Oh, I want to get well," I had not the courage, any more than her mother, to say, "It is impossible."

Anna was far from well — had slight chills, and some fever before Lue's death. But she bore up until after the funeral, which was quite private, and since then has been confined to her bed, with a nervous fever. . . .

TO M. C. W.

ROADSIDE, 12th mo. 27th, 1862.

. . . I was very glad to hear of the success of your new church, and hope Mr. Fowler will be as radical a preacher as his highest and best convictions will prompt. What does he think of Bishop Colenso's daring with the Pentateuch? I wonder who "T. L." is, in the "Tribune." Are you interested? I am, *in the fact* that the Church is thus agitated, after all the Oxford stir with Tracts, etc.; and that it is no longer a solitary Blanco White, followed by a Newman and a Foxton, but that *seven* essayists came upon them in a body; and now, to them still worse, a bishop and a missionary. How easy it is raise the cry of another Voltaire or Paine "come to judgment." But it is not so easy, blessed be our age of free inquiry, skepticism being a religious duty, to frown down investigation into the dogmatic theology of the schools. Edward D. brought out Colenso's book. The introduction interested us much, but not the examination, having passed through that period years ago; when, as Ripley (we presume), the reviewer in the "Tribune," says, Professor Norton gave similar results to the world, conservative as he was, and

intimates that the Bishop may have received some ideas from him. I am greatly interested in the onward movement of the various sects. A Scotchman of their church, Presbyterian, sent us a work on the Trinity, disproving it, which I should like to pass over to Mr. Fowler; having long since been at rest myself on that irrational creed. Thy account of your *sparse* meetings of the new Freedmen Association amused us. But if one can chase a thousand, when the Lord is on the side, you need not be discouraged. Edwd. D. went with me last week to our Friends' Association meeting, and found a very busy company there.

The visit from Samuel J. May, and your talk, interested me. I agree with him that this terrible war will furnish ample illustration, for the advocates of *moral* warfare, as against carnal weapons. Strange that any argument is needed. This, of course, our nation or government has not attained unto. The fact that the cause is glorious does not sanctify the means; the resort to bloodshed is barbarous, besides making the innocent suffer for the guilty.

What I most fear, as I answered James Freeman Clarke, when he said, "The Lord reigns," is, that the superstitious idea that "it is in the hands of the Almighty," will cause indolence, and that the *effective instrument*, the moral laborer, will cease from the exertions which have already abolished slavery in the District of Columbia, and in all future territories. . . .

Early in the following summer, George W. Lord formed a business engagement in New York, that necessitated his removal with his family to that city. The final departure of his wife, Martha, the youngest daughter of James and Lucretia Mott, from the home of her parents, was a severe trial to all concerned, even though the change was a prosperous one. Her mother's next letter to her sister is full of

regret over the separation, as well as of interest in the better prospects for her children, but she especially laments over the diminished household. After enumerating those of the family who were left, she says : —

“ We appreciate them, but we want *all*. How we are going to do without Patty, I do not know !

. . . “ After the heart-breaking is a little over, — I am so like our mother, ready for a change, — I shall be quite in haste to go help Patty furnish the littlest house they can possibly rent.” . . .

TO M. C. W.

ROADSIDE, 2nd mo. 28th, 1863.

This month shall not go by without a sheet begun, though for more than six weeks I have lacked energy to engage in anything but carpet rags. Maria and Patty cut all we had collected, filling our large clothes-basket. All the balls thou sent we re-wound, adding a piece to those that were cut too narrow, and interspersing all those little brown balls. I almost lived over again some of those old sewing days in Auburn, the familiar pieces like your dresses so kept you in mind. Our brother Thomas was a visitor with you at the same time, when I sewed, up in that entry ; thy Frank was a baby, and thou would come walking slowly up with him in thy arms, saying, “ I know a respectable woman who is tired.” . . . We have thirty-two balls, about twenty-four lbs., put into the dark closet to-day.

What did thou think of ——’s hailing McClellan’s advent as a “ godsend ? ” What an amount of good he would bring out of all the evil of our supine government ! I told him so, but he declared it “ sound philosophy ” nevertheless. Could I so regard it, we might all fold our hands and await “ God’s own appointed time.” Such philosophy, or *heresy*, is fraught with immense danger. —— defended himself for joining the Union League, we being very doubtful whether it would be anti-slavery enough to war-

rant his crying "a confederacy." He thinks it is, and says there is an amazing change taking place among politicians. . . .

When thou comes, dear sister, we three will try to be together often, for my day seems at times to be nearly over;<sup>1</sup> but I shall patch up, and mean to live as long as I can. Our next family meeting is to make holders; then I have a little wool to card, and some quilting of skirts, for I do not like balmorals.

In another letter, written several months after the foregoing, she again mentions her feeble condition:—

"Like thy friend who 'meant to live as long as she could,' I, too, have some things I want to do yet; and when people look at and treat me as if I had 'one foot in the grave,' I feel disposed to say—like the children—'No, you don't!' My health is better this summer than last." . . .

She then says:—

"The neighboring camp seems the absorbing interest just now. Is not this change in feeling and conduct towards this oppressed class beyond all that we could have anticipated, and marvelous in our eyes?" . . .

This camp—bearing the peaceful Quaker name of William Penn—was situated within a short distance of Roadside. It was organized early in the year 1863, for the purpose of raising and training colored troops, and sent many regiments to the field. While Lucretia Mott strongly disapproved of war and its attendant barbarities, she nevertheless could not resist the interest that this public acknowledgment of the negro's rights as a soldier called forth. As an abolitionist, she gave the movement her sympathy, but as an advocate of peace, she condemned

<sup>1</sup> She outlived both sisters; Eliza ten years, and Martha almost seven.



any resort to carnal weapons. With these conflicting feelings, she seldom visited the camp, and seemed indifferent to its affairs as a military body ; but she found many chances to befriend its inmates, both officers and privates, as individuals. And few liked better than she to listen to the music of the band, as it came softened over the fields.

One or two of the regiments, as they left for the seat of war, marched in at the back gate of Roadside, and out at the front, in order to pass directly by the house. On one of these occasions, as they were heard approaching, our grandmother ran quickly to the cake-box, and emptied its contents into her apron ; then standing at the end of the piazza, as the men filed along, she handed each a gingerbread, until the supply was exhausted.

Camp William Penn naturally attracted many colored visitors from the city, and materially increased the travel over the North Penn. Railroad and the connecting Fifth and Sixth streets line of horse-cars. For the convenience of this class of passengers, who were not allowed to ride in the inside of the regular horse-cars, every fifth car was reserved for their exclusive use. If they took the others, they were compelled by the rules of the company to stand upon the outside platforms. One stormy day a respectable colored woman, in very evident poor health, entered one of these, and, as usual, was sent by the conductor to stand on the front platform. Lucretia Mott, who was in the car, after a vain appeal to the man, went out and stood beside her. A drizzling rain was falling, and it was very cold. The conductor viewed the proceeding with official indifference, until the remonstrances of the other occupants



obliged him to invite his white passenger to re-enter. She replied, "I cannot go in without this woman." Perplexed by this new issue, he gazed at her for a minute, and then said, "Oh well, bring her in then!"

It may not be amiss to say here, that shortly after this, on the ninth of First mo., 1865, an order was issued by this railway company, allowing colored persons to ride indiscriminately in all its cars. This led to much trouble and annoyance. The company, judging by the records, would seem to have tried faithfully to carry out the new arrangement, but the force of prejudice and popular opinion was so strong against it, that on the tenth of the following month they rescinded the resolution. Meantime, however, it had been noted on the minutes, "Passengers refusing to ride cannot have their fare refunded," and "Conductors treating colored persons with any want of respect shall be instantly dismissed;" but, as one of the officers said, they "considered that every nigger they carried for seven cents cost them a dollar, and as theirs was not a company for moral instruction, they were obliged, in the interest of their stockholders, to yield to popular prejudice." After the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, popular prejudice gradually faded away; and as no further record regarding colored people is found on the minutes of this company, it is to be presumed that the rights, so long denied, were assumed without serious opposition.

The next two letters are to Martha C. Wright: —

ROADSIDE, 8th mo. 26th, 1863.

. . . Hast thou seen "The Religious Demands of the Age?" — the preface to the London edition of Theodore

Parker's works, by Frances Power Cobbe, just published in Boston. Edwd. D. brought the book out a present to me, which I prize. It is real Quaker doctrine revived. A quotation from Bishop Colenso on the title-page recommending, not to build our faith upon a book, though it be the Bible itself; God being closer than any book. Fanny Kemble's book, "Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation," is also interesting us. Elizabeth is now absorbed in it, while I write. . . .

James and I gathered three or four quarts of blackberries this morning from our garden. They are getting scarce, but peaches will soon take their place; a beautiful succession of fruits, — and of everything else, indeed; — but constant attention is the price one pays, and weeds and briars the penalty.

ROADSIDE, 1st mo. 21st, 1864.

MY DEAR SISTER, — Our large family is scattered to-day — some have gone to the city — Maria and Patty to visit their dear sister at Eddington. James and I are left nearly alone, and how better can I employ my leisure than in writing to thee?

In replying to my last letter, thou mistakes me, in presuming that at Laura's wedding, war's trappings made the scene a whit more imposing than a rational citizen's dress. No; it seems childish for men grown to rig out in that style. Of course we become accustomed to all these uniforms, which meet us at every turn. The anti-slavery sentiment is spreading; not by batfles with carnal weapons, but by the mighty "armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left." It is no evidence of inconsistency, to be glad when the right is uppermost in the army, even if your dependence is not on the arm of flesh.

At thy instance, I made myself read "A Man without a Country." The point or moral is good, and it is very well told; natural to the life; but made-up stories do not interest me, as do plain matters of fact; still, I always like to be told what is worth reading in the periodicals.

I have just read Pierce Butler's story of his married life. What an illustration it furnishes of the evil of the church service requiring obedience of the wife! The man really could not conceive how any woman could demur at such a demand. He was not a fool either, as I inclined to think he was, before reading his letters, some of which are very good; and he was sorely tried at times by his excitable wife. Another illustration of the evils of slavery, that he so feared the conscientious expression of her abhorrence of the system. If we had read "Kinglake," I might respond to thy comments. James will read it some day, if his eyes hold out. I cannot promise to do so, war's details never being to my liking, in the Bible or out of it. . . .

In much love, farewell.

L. MOTT.

The following letter, addressed to a niece, Anna Coffin Brown, residing in New York, alludes to the death of her youngest child, and to the loss sustained by the writer's daughter, Elizabeth, in the sudden death of her eldest son, under peculiarly affecting circumstances.

ROADSIDE, 4th mo. 12th, 1864.

MY DARLING ANNA,—Come here to rest from thy cares, and we will try to cheer thee up. We know the blank that each return to your home must impress thee with, so sadly. Time is the only restorer for such sorrow. Resignation under the painful circumstances thou hadst in a measure attained to, for thou said thou couldst not ask your precious treasure back in all his sufferings.

Elizabeth is very, very sad. She gives herself up to great grief. She commented, when I was there, on thy comparison of your bereavements, and thought *your* gradual preparation could not equal the sudden shock of *theirs*. How natural!—"Is any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" It is not healthful or well, to dwell ever on the mournful,—we all have enough,—but we must let the sunshine of

life in, as much as possible, and enjoy the remaining blessings, which are not a few.

. . . We are having at our Race St. meeting-house an exciting time just now, having formed a Freedmens' Association, after the example of our Orthodox Friends. At a preliminary meeting, Abraham Barker gave an interesting account of what they are doing on a large scale. Dr. Joseph Parrish told particulars of a late visit he made to Fortress Monroe, Norfolk, etc., and spoke well of the good work Lucy and Sarah Chase are doing there. Our last meeting was wonderfully interesting. Samuel Shipley gave an exciting account of the sufferers in the Mississippi Valley, and at the same time, of the contentment of the poor slaves, in their escape from *worse* bondage. Bishop Simpson, a Methodist, who had been to Vicksburg, then addressed the meeting, and a missionary school-teacher from there. The house was full down stairs, and many in the gallery. Some Orthodox Friends were there.

Dr. Parrish admired the catholicity of the meeting, and made a neat speech on the breaking through sectarian barriers. So did Abraham Barker, on the importance of working. Deborah Wharton addressed the meeting very feelingly. Altogether the audience seemed to think the windows of Heaven opened — such a shower of blessings ! This is the first time that some of them have come out of their sectarian inclosure. Our report showed zeal. . . .

Leaving all our items till thou comes, and hoping it will be for a long visit, I will say how lovingly I am thy

AUNT L.

The next letter to her sister Martha, in speaking of the large family assembled at Roadside to celebrate the fifty-third wedding anniversary, on the tenth of Fourth mo., 1864, says : —

Not the least of the pleasures of these anniversaries is the delightful time the little ones have, making as much noise as they please. . . .

Dear Elizabeth could not join us ; she stayed at home, heart-rent, feeling that sorrow rather than joy would cover her. . . .

Two days now have passed since they all left us, and more lonely days I cannot remember. It seemed almost as it was when Patty was married and left us. As I went from room to room, to see that Mary put everything in order, the deserted places brought tears. Such a sudden change from these last few weeks ! Not even a cheerful whistle !

1864.

. . . Thou asks how I like Buckle's " Discourse on Woman." I only hurried over it once, and thought it good as far as it went, as far as an Englishman could be expected to go ; though not by any means equal to Mrs. Taylor's " Enfranchisement of Woman," published after our first convention at Worcester. Buckle was so full of *inductive* and *deductive* in his Discourse, that I tired of it.

His remarks on Mill's admirable work on " Liberty " interested me more. That work has been reprinted lately, probably from Buckle's directing attention to it. We have it, but I have not yet had time to read it thoroughly. As to Buckle's " Atheism," people will cry " mad dog," when doctrines or sentiments conflict with their own cherished ideas ; and I am glad to be able to say with the Apostle, " It is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment."

11th mo. 14th, 1864.

. . . Our West Chester meeting was well attended, and more interesting than we had feared it would be. Reuben Tomlinson was very good with his Port Royal experience ; Mary Grew, excellent, as usual. . . .

We agree with thee that Garrison takes the unfortunate difference with Phillips too much to heart. His criticism of Phillips' last speech is far too severe. The defense of Banks, in the " Liberator," we do not like at all. With thee we can but hope they will come together again. . . .



When we were in Chester, I was asked if I was over *eighty*! Quite time I stopped going about! . . . This morning I have to answer a letter from Chicago, asking for James' and my autographs, with an original anti-slavery sentiment. What "skeletons in my house" such requests are!

In the following letter brief allusion is made to meetings attended by James Mott. For the first time in his life he felt a concern to visit the various Meetings connected with the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, in order to speak to the young people on the subject of education, and to interest them in the success of Swarthmore College, of which he was a Manager. According to custom, a minute was given him by the Monthly Meeting to which he belonged. He was sometimes accompanied by his wife, but generally by some other Friend. He was received everywhere with kindness, and given hearty welcome at Friends' houses, whenever distance from home obliged him to remain over night. Times had changed since he and his wife had been driven to seek shelter at a country inn. Death had removed some who had been active in opposition to them, and a new generation had arisen who acted under the influence of enlarged views, more in accordance with the growing liberality of the age. Then followed the war of the Rebellion. This brought peace within the borders of the Quaker communion. Those who had violently opposed the abolition movement began to think they had always been in favor of emancipation, and greeted its advocates as brothers beloved. Among the Friends there came a "new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelt righteousness." James and Lucretia Mott, who had never changed their at-



titude in relation to the great principles which had been at issue, were again received as honored and beloved members of the Society.

The change was a pleasant one to them ; for even independent people find it pleasant to be approved, and Lucretia Mott had, by nature, a strong love of approbation. It was not strong enough to induce her to swerve from the ridiculed and despised path of duty, but it often made that path more difficult to follow.

ROADSIDE, 1st mo. 3rd, 1865.

MY DEAR SISTER,— This birthday letter I intended should have been begun on the 1st, so as to wish thee “a happy New Year;” but our company then and yesterday put writing out of the question ; and now a table-full of our children and grandchildren, talking so lively together, rather distracts my attention here in the library, added to somewhat of dyspeptic pain which has troubled me to-day, more even than usual. Miller says this attack, which at times has been very severe, is occasioned by mental and moral over-work, which has led me to go back a month or so, and trace the number of meetings, funerals, golden weddings, companies, etc., etc. ; and every day, nearly, was thus filled, until now my condition is such that my nerves have become very weak, and I must take some rest.

Thy characteristic dislike of meeting-going makes thee think that thy dear brother James is wearing himself out in this way ; but thou art much mistaken. He takes a few meetings at a time, and comes home “bright as a button;” having given those accompanying him, to say nothing of his own wife, good opportunity to “let *their* word have free course and be glorified.” “Plain Friends” are not apt to “have a surfeit of meetings;” it is so interwoven into their education. I confess to growing slack,

as old age advances, and not seldom staying at home — worshipping *always*. I fear thou, my sister, cannot say so, if thou art ever wishing some order of nature reversed, and that “we had nests and feathers and wings.” Did not thy actions speak louder than words, we might conclude thou wast really weary of the world as it is. Let us rather ask *man* to change than nature; so that there shall not be these cruel distinctions: great wealth and abject poverty. I have some hope that the coöperative trades-unions are going to effect something toward a better state of society. I should like to be one of the listeners at your reading of “Seged, Lord of Ethiopia;” having almost forgotten it. Few “School Readers” equal Murray’s selections; they were unexceptionable, though Parnell’s hermit, I remember, was horrid. . . .

Yes, Frothingham is a beautiful writer; but the *best* fail when they attempt to reason about God’s ways and designs. We do know that violated law brings its penalty. As to fatalism, or pre-destination, or any other of those *pres*, which men strive in vain to reconcile one with the other, I can only say, “Canst thou, by searching, find out God?” We do know that “He causes all his goodness to pass before us.” . . .

I like much an essay I have lately read, drawing a good distinction between theology and religion. It was very good, and so well written. I care not how radical the free-inquirer may become, if a regard for *true* religion is preserved. Garrison always kept that in view in his speeches and his Bible selections. Theologies and forms are dying out; even though too slowly.

ROADSIDE, 4th mo. 17th, 1865.

MY DEAR SISTER, — A beautiful day! When a great calamity has befallen the nation, we want the sun to be darkened, and the moon not give her light; but “how everything goes on,” as Maria said after her dear little Charley died, “just as though such an awful event had not

occurred." Was there ever such universal sorrow? The "mirth" of the day before so suddenly "turned into heaviness." Men crying in the streets! As we opened our paper, the overwhelming news stunned us, and we could hardly attend to our household duties. We broke it gradually to our dear invalid, and when the fatal result was known here by hearing the bells toll, she burst into tears.

Such a display of mourning, as now in the city, was never before. All business is suspended. The children have festooned drapery along the length of our piazza. I objected at first, but finding that Edwd. D. had brought out a quantity of black muslin, and wished much to do it, I did n't care; and James made no objection, when he saw it.

Miller is much interested in the new Union Association, and the paper to be called the "Nation." They are now collecting money on a large scale from some persons who never before were called on, and who have contributed freely. Miller would like for all the anti-slavery and freedmen's societies to be merged in this — a Reconstructive Union. He sent an appeal to our "Friends' Association." I told him it was objected, that woman was ignored in their new organization, and if it really were a reconstruction for the nation, she ought not so to be, and that it would be rather humiliating for our anti-slavery women and Quaker women to consent to be thus overlooked, after suffering the Anti-Slavery Society to be divided in 1840 rather than yield, and after claiming our right so earnestly in London to a seat in the "World's Convention." He was rather taken aback, and said, "if there seemed a necessity for women," he thought "they would be admitted;" to which the impetuous reply was, "*seemed a necessity!!* for *one half* the nation to act with you!"

I am glad to hear thou read the proceedings of the non-resistant meeting with interest. The words of truth and

soberness were spoken forth, and the meeting was altogether one of deep interest to me. On one account, more so than our first Anti-Slavery Convention; that *women* were there by right, and not by sufferance, and stood on equal ground. With this I forward some of the tracts to hand to those to whom "it is lawful to speak wisdom."

With affectionate remembrances to one and all of your household,

I am thine, most tenderly,

L. MOTT.

It seems hardly necessary to say that the assassination of Abraham Lincoln is the calamity alluded to in the foregoing letter. The "invalid" mentioned was their beloved daughter Elizabeth, who had come home to her parents' house to die. She lingered until early autumn. This most mournful event filled the hearts of all, to the exclusion of other matters. Very heavily the blow fell on the father and mother, in their advanced years. While with both it seemed sensibly to increase their tenderness towards their remaining children, it produced in Lucretia Mott a listless despondency, which was altogether new in her. This, with a severe attack of dyspepsia, prostrated her until late in the fall, when she began to be more like herself. She felt little interest in the affairs that generally engaged her, and could hardly rally sufficiently to write her regular family letters. But even in this condition her natural vivacity asserted itself in fitful gleams of humor. In one letter, when speaking of a proposition to make a change of residence, she said: "We'd better not be in a hurry to sell Roadside; the carpets will last three or four years yet, — as long as I shall!"

The next letter from which an extract can be made is: —

6th mo. 10th, 1866.

S. B. A—— was with us yesterday, on her return from Longwood ; —— and —— too, with their wives. We had a great deal of talk ; and there was a good deal of fault-finding. —— does not satisfy —— on the woman question, nor she him on anti-slavery and the freedmen, and so we have it. I weary of everlasting complaints, and am glad sometimes that I shall not have much more to do in any of these movements. One thing is certain ; that I do not mean to be drawn into any party feeling. I honor S. B. A——'s and E. C. S——'s devotion to their great work, and try to coöperate as circumstances admit.

During the summer of 1866, James and Lucretia Mott went to Auburn, N. Y. to visit their sister Martha Wright. This journey was undertaken in the hope that the change might benefit Lucretia Mott ; and in some ways it succeeded ; but she still was far from well. This was not perceptible to persons who only saw her occasionally under the excitement of a social call, for she would rally then to almost her old vivacity ; a little opposition in conversation would make her seem as well as ever ; but in the absence of such incentive to effort, she was dispirited, and often tortured by extreme dyspeptic pain. This condition continued, with slight variations for better or worse, for almost a year. In looking back, one sees plainly that it began when her daughter Elizabeth died, and that it was a step downward, from which she never quite recovered. Public work began to be a dread to her, as never before. This is shown pathetically in her next letter, written from her niece's house, in New York, during a visit there, and in the general tone of those that follow.



NEW YORK, 11th mo. 12th, 1866.

. . . Patty went with me yesterday to Elizabeth Stanton's to lunch, Lucy Stone and S. B. Anthony meeting us there; the time all taken up in discussing the coming convention, and reading an address in an English paper by Madame Baudichon, very good indeed. Elizabeth was like herself, full of spirits, and so pleasant. . . . This Equal Rights movement is no play — but I *cannot* enter into it! Just hearing their talk and the reading made me ache all over, and glad to come away and lie on the sofa here to rest, till — and — came. I had n't much rest! Tomorrow we lunch at Sarah Hicks', and then come back to company to tea; something all the time. On First-day I dined at Hannah Haydock's after Fifteenth st. meeting; found S. B. Anthony waiting for me to go somewhere in a carriage with her to meet Horace Greeley and an Hon. Mr. Griffing. I just *could n't* do it. Moreover, Susan and some others were to meet in Joralemon st. to discuss enlarging the "Friend" to admit Equal Rights, and they wanted me to go hear Beecher and have him talk with us afterwards, preparatory to his speech in Albany, — but I *could n't* do that any more than the other! There is no rest! . . . I was wondering, the other day, what use the increasing number of churches would be put to, as civilization outgrew them. . . .

11th mo. 15th, 1866.

. . . Susan B. Anthony begs me to write, if only a line or two.<sup>1</sup> But what can *I* say! . . . Her whole mind is in her work, and I do like her sincerity and plain-speaking, very much. . . . The "Standard" drags — so does the continuance of our Anti-Slavery Society. James thinks the "Penna." should better wind up this year, but others will oppose it. We have done right to hold on these two years, but the time may be come, now that the Republicans are taking up suffrage. It is so difficult to collect money for

<sup>1</sup> For the first "Equal Rights" Convention at Albany.



necessary expenses, an office, and salary of an agent, that it will be a relief when the right time comes to close up. We have just given \$100 to our Friends' Freedmen's Association. There is no end to calls for money. . . . With trade so uncertain, health, and indeed *life* equally so, I hope that —— and —— will be content with their present lot, which indeed is quite to the extent of this year's means, for the price of everything is frightful. When I see such a house as ——'s, complete as if by magic, and think of all the outlay, and the labor of keeping all in order, I feel "blessed be contentment with greater simplicity and *economy*."

1867.

. . . On Sixth-day last, that windy, cold day, I brought down some of my winter clothes to mend, saying to Maria, that it was Heaven to be by ourselves to do as we pleased. We had not been seated long before she said, "Look, mother, here comes company, with a carpet bag." I had only time to escape, with my arms full of quilted petticoat, etc., when —— and —— were ushered in. We were in for it till the following Second-day, and it was a very pleasant visit, *if we had n't so much pleasure!*

Another time she wrote: —

. . . As to Eliza's visit, we hardly saw her. And the only time when Thomas could come out with her to tea and stay the night, and we were anticipating such a pleasant supper and evening, what should appear but a country carriage and horses, bearing two dear Friends, who would have been welcome visitors, at almost any other time. Alas! Eliza and Thomas went back that night, and it was the dear Friends that stayed till morning! I had come out the day before, sick with a bad cold, and used up, being at so many meetings since Second-day; three evenings on capital punishment — two afternoons at peace meeting, besides our own Fourth-day meeting, and divers errands. There seems never to be an end! I'm getting too old; the grasshopper is a burden.

And again : —

I stayed in town at Anna's all Third-day night, to attend the lecture of Frances W. Harper ; it was a fine one, and there was a large audience ; but how I should have wanted to go home afterwards, had I known that George and Patty were there, having come on from New York, unexpectedly, for a few days' stay. Next morning, as James and I drove into our gate, Maria opened the library door, saying, "Come in this way, mother," and there sat dear Patty ! It is one of the pleasantest events of life, such a surprise ; and oh ! the exquisite enjoyment of having *your own* to visit you !

The following letter from Wm. Lloyd Garrison, — which might risk being called fulsome, were it not heartily meant, and equally well-deserved, — helped to consecrate the last wedding anniversary which James and Lucretia Mott were to celebrate together. Before the next came around, the inevitable separation had befallen them in the death of James Mott, and the day, — always so happy before, — became one of mourning and tears.

ROXBURY, April 8th, 1867.

LUCRETIA MOTT :

MY DEAR AND REVERED FRIEND, — In common with a great many others who are strongly attached to you, and whose estimate of the beauty and perfectness of your character no language can express, I have been greatly concerned to hear of your serious indisposition for some time past, and painfully apprehensive that it might have a fatal result ; but a letter received to-day brings us the cheering intelligence that you are decidedly better, with a fair prospect of soon being restored to your usual state of health. Though you are about eleven years older than I am, if my reckoning be not at fault, I feel a strong desire that you

should remain in the body until the time for my departure has also come, that I may go hand in hand with you to the Spirit world. Indeed, so great a company of beloved ones have already gone before — so many are vanishing on the right hand, and on the left — that I feel more and more prepared for that great change which in due time comes to all, and ready for the translation. Yet I desire the prolongation of your valuable life, if it be the will of Heaven, because it affords such an example of active sympathy with suffering humanity in all its multiform phases, such an exhibition of goodness of heart, benevolence of spirit, moral heroism in the investigation and assertion of truth, complete womanhood in the relation of wife and mother, marked ability and usefulness as a public religious preacher, reverence for the will of the Heavenly Father as revealed to your own understanding, and total consecration of all your faculties and powers to the service of righteousness in the widest and most practical application.

Perhaps it will never be given to you to know how many you have blessed and aided by your counsel and sympathy, your liberality and coöperation, your testimony and example; but the number is very great and constantly augmenting.

To come into your presence is always to be the better for it; your company is ever edifying and pleasurable; and, associated with your dearly beloved husband, who is indeed worthy of you, your home — to borrow the language of Dr. Watts — seems “like a little heaven below.” Accept this as from the core of my heart, with no wish or intention to burn incense, or indulge in mere compliment.

William reminds me that you and James will celebrate the fifty-fourth anniversary of your marriage on Wednesday next. I should like to be one of the circle at Roadside on that day, but circumstances forbid. I hope, however, that this letter will arrive seasonably, bearing my congratulations to you both, and my fervent wishes that

you may be permitted to renew this celebration for a series of years to come, with no drawback of sickness or calamity. You will have your children, and your children's children, and affectionate relatives and friends to felicitate you on this rare attainment beyond the "golden" era, and to give you their united benediction.

On the 8th of May, in company with my dear friend and co-laborer, George Thompson, I expect to sail from Boston for Liverpool, to make a final visit to English friends, to attend the approaching World's Anti-Slavery Conference in Paris, and to embrace my darling Fanny and Frank on my arrival there. I trust the voyage may prove beneficial to my health, for I have been a good deal broken since my unfortunate headlong fall last year, and now write this with a feverish brain and hand.

Heaven bless you for what you have lately done to help George Thompson pecuniarily. The health of my dear wife is now remarkably improved, and she is looking young, and fresh, and fair. She indorses all I have said about you, and unites with me in affectionate regards to all the household at Roadside.

Your loving friend,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

## CHAPTER XVII.

ON the 30th of May, 1867, a meeting was held in Boston to "consider the conditions, wants, and prospects of free religion in America." Among others, Lucretia Mott was invited to be present. Although in a feeble state of health, her interest in the object of the call was so profound that, accompanied by a daughter, she made the journey to Boston, and not only attended the meeting, but spoke on the memorable occasion with vigor and animation. Having been introduced by the president, she said:—

Our president announced me as a representative of the Quaker sect, or Society of Friends. I must do our Friends at home the justice to say that I am not here as a representative of any sect. I am not delegated by any portion or by any conference or consultation of Friends in any way. . . . I represent myself, not the Friends, although I am much attached to the organization to which I belong.

She then made a rapid review of the growth of religious freedom, and gave the following emphatic indorsement of the new movement:—

I believe, as fully as that the command was given to Abraham, that the command is now to many, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee." As George Fox was drawn away from all organizations of his time, and had to retire alone, and there be instructed by a

higher power than himself, by the divine word within, and had to claim that as the highest authority for action, — with no Bibles, no human authorities, no ministers, no pulpits, no anything that should take the place of this divine, inward, every-day teacher, so simple in its instruction, — as he was thus called out from all his kindred and from his father's house, and brought into the land that was thereafter shown unto him, so, I say, there is an increased number of this description.

Much as she sympathized with the objects of the Free Religious Association, and she said frequently that no reform, since the close of the anti-slavery struggle, had interested her so warmly, unless, perhaps, the cause of peace, — she was for some time unwilling to allow her name to appear among its officers, on account of an obnoxious phrase in its constitution which seemed to her to lay stress on the technical study of theology. She, however, attended the annual meetings whenever her strength would permit a journey of such length, and generally took part in the proceedings. In the course of a few years, the matter still weighing on her mind, she addressed the following letter to the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, President of the Association, suggesting an amendment to the constitution : —

ROADSIDE, 5th mo. 22nd.

“The objects of the Free Religious Association are to promote the scientific study of *theology*, and to increase fellowship in the spirit,” &c.

Doubting the propriety of calling theology a science, I would suggest an amendment in this wise: to encourage the scientific study of the religious nature or element in man — the ever-present Divine inspiration.

W. J. Potter and others have written on this subject,



once alluding to my objection; but they have not met the distinction I would make. Sam<sup>l</sup> Longfellow thought my dislike of the term was because of the abounding erroneous, or false theology. No; it is more than this: it is the study to "find out," or define God. Abbot says, "Index," 267, "If we make an image of Him, even in our own thoughts, to bow down before and worship, it will be hard to realize His presence in our own souls, out of which grow our holiest feelings, our noblest living."

John Weiss, in his speech at our first Free Religious meeting, directed us to the ever present inspiration in our own minds or souls, apart from all miracle or super-naturalism. I would add, apart from all verbal creeds and theologies, and from all sectarian or conventional observances as well.

"These little *systems* have their day,  
They have their day and cease to be;  
They are but broken lights of Thee,  
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

Combe, in his Essay on Natural Religion, says, "It is greatly to be regretted that theology has ever been connected with religion; and religion so much injured by the conjunction."

Is not the basis of all science, fact, demonstration, or self-evident truth? Can we create a science on our speculations? Some writer has said: "The heathen make graven images, we make verbal ones, and they do not worship more ardently the work of their hands than we do the work of our pens. Language is inapplicable to such speculations, and can no more explain what eye hath not seen or ear heard, than we can by taking thought add one cubit to our stature."

Will not the above apply to much that has been written on the importance of faith in a personal God?

Let us rather use our time and efforts for the promotion of a higher righteousness than is yet demanded by *our* Scribes and Pharisees.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

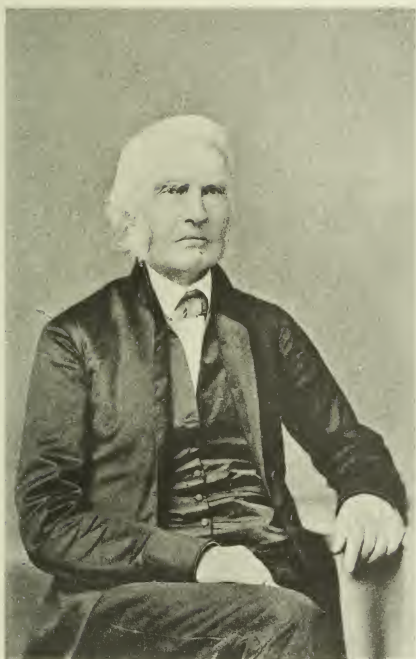
The suggestion was laid before the next annual meeting, and the amendment adopted. It now stands as the statement of the third object of the Association. Originally the sentence read, "To encourage the scientific study of theology."

Extracts from her addresses at the various annual meetings of the Free Religious Association which she attended are given in the Appendix in their chronological order.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE summer and autumn of 1867 were seasons of quiet happiness to James and Lucretia Mott. Both were in good health, — if the fragile condition of the latter could ever be so called, — and in better spirits than for several years past. All of their remaining children, but one, were living within easy distances of them, and with that one they exchanged frequent visits. Grandchildren were growing up around them, and friends were everywhere. The old issues that had caused so much bitter feeling had passed away, and the time of reward had come. It was sunset, but a radiant, peaceful sunset, after the storms of mid-day had disappeared.

During the summer they made several journeys together; once as far as Nantucket, to see their old friends Nathaniel and Eliza Barney; and James Mott concluded his round of visits to the Meetings about Philadelphia. At one of these, held in Abington, a person present, struck with his earnestness, made a report of his remarks, from which the following appeal to parents is extracted. This was the burden of his concern wherever he spoke. Although not the words of an orator, they are the words of a good man, whose ripe experience entitled him to testify whereof he had seen. They are particularly valuable to his descendants as his last public utterance.



*James Mott*

From a photograph by F. Gutekunst in 1863.



Every one will admit that peace is better than war — that harmony and good feeling in a neighborhood are much better than strife and contention. We all feel that the same is true of nations. We have had wars for ages past, and the people continue to be in a state almost ready at any time for warfare. How are we going to bring about a feeling of peace, kindness, and love in the community generally, so that we shall be able to uproot all war and bitterness? I do not know of any better way than to *begin at home with our children*. Parents must learn to educate and govern themselves — their own feelings. And in the management and government of their little children at home, let kindness, love, and gentleness be manifested on all occasions. There has been a great advance in these respects within my memory. We know that the time was when the rod was considered necessary in all schools, and in almost all families. Now, our best schools have abolished it; and there are comparatively few intelligent persons who think it necessary under any circumstances. We have found that love, gentleness, and kindness are much more efficient in overcoming unruly conditions, than the application of those relics of barbarism, the rod and the strap, which always tend to excite opposition and hatred. Let us, my friends, endeavor to instill into the minds of our children the principles of peace. “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom.” I do not know of any better or more certain way to bring peace on earth, than for each to see that we have it within ourselves, and then cultivate it in the minds of little children. Young men, young women, let me impress upon your minds the importance of the work before you.

He often impressed upon his children and grandchildren the duty of teaching by gentleness. He would say, “Never threaten, and never promise reward, and be very careful to consider before you say



‘no;’ say ‘yes’ as often as you can.” And when he heard of punishments inflicted on the younger generation of the family, he would counsel patience, and say in his own loving way, “I would n’t punish them for trifles ; they grow older every day, and will soon know for themselves.”

The children, in turn, loved him dearly ; and while they often made great inroads upon his indulgence, rarely failed in respectful obedience to his wishes.

In the autumn he and his wife spent a week near Boston, — the last time together ! During this visit, Lucretia Mott preached one First-day morning in the hall of the Parker Fraternity in the city. At the close, among the many persons who crowded up to speak to her were a young gentleman and lady from England, who had brought letters of introduction. She entered into such animated conversation with them, that the time came to go to the railway station before they were ready to part. With the impulse that was natural to her, she quickly invited them to go home with her to dine, and they as readily accepted the invitation. She also asked Mr. Garrison and his son William, and her sister, Martha C. Wright, to accompany them.<sup>1</sup> She was staying at the house of a granddaughter, in a suburb of Boston, a small house of very modest pretensions, overflowing with a family of little children. By the time they arrived at the station where they were to alight she began to realize what an overwhelming apparition a company of seven guests would be to the hostess, who expected only two, and

<sup>1</sup> Martha C. Wright was at this time visiting her daughter, the wife of William L. Garrison, Jr.

those two part of her own family. She therefore hastened to the house a little before the others, and said with pretended dismay, and not a little amusement at the complication, "What *will* thou say to me! I've asked Lord and Lady Amberley, and William Lloyd Garrison, out here to dine, and Aunt Martha and William with them, and they are all just coming up the hill!"

For a few minutes the startled hostess felt as if she might say anything; for, expecting only her grandparents, she had allowed the nurserymaid to go away for the day; and a dinner prepared for six seemed ill-suited to the appetites of eleven. But the visitors were at the door, and nothing was to be done but to welcome them. She will never forget the sweetness with which Lady Amberley apologized for coming so informally, nor her graceful tact in saying, when the children made their demands for care and attention, "I am my children's nurse, too." It proved to be a delightful occasion. Some neighbors came in, among them David A. Wasson, and a memorable discussion of woman's actual and ideal position in America occupied the hour that we sat around the blazing woodfire in the autumn twilight.

A month later, the same guests were entertained at Roadside. A warm friendship sprang up between the gifted young English lady and the aged American preacher. The following letter, written after the death of James Mott, fitly closes this mention of their short acquaintance. The baby Lucretia, alluded to in the letter, died of diphtheria a few years afterwards, and was followed before many days by her poor young mother, a victim to the same malignant disease:—

LONDON, June 30th, 1868.

DEAR MRS. MOTT, — I have never ventured to intrude on you since my return to England, as I heard of your sad and great trouble ; but I hope you will not mind this little note, just to ask after you, and to tell you of a friend of mine, who is just going to America. It is Mr. Thackeray's daughter, who is going next month with her husband, Mr. Leslie Stephen. She is a very clever and interesting woman, and if she could, would much like to see you. My little daughter, who was born on the second of March, was called Rachel Lucretia, after you and her ancestress. Your picture hangs up in my room, and she shall be taught to venerate and love her unknown and far-off namesake, whom I hope some day she may resemble to some extent, in all those noble, true, and feminine qualities which will always make yours a known and honored name to all lovers of truth, justice, and humanity. My little girl is very dark, and has the sweetest, gentlest smile and ways, and such a placid temper ; the little twin sister never lived, alas ! I should like to have kept my two little American treasures. Looking back on our journey, one of my greatest pleasures has been my meeting with you and Mr. Mott, and the sermon I had the delight of hearing from you ; and the two afternoons I spent with you at Boston and at Phila. Many thanks to you for your kindness to us.

Yours most affectionately,

KATE AMBERLEY.

In recalling the events of the autumn of 1867, it seems almost as if one could recognize some premonition of the sad change which was soon to follow, in the reluctance with which James and Lucretia Mott parted from their son and his family, who, late in the year, sailed for an extended absence in Europe. Their lively house at the Farm was sold, and winter settled down upon a quiet household at

Roadside, in sombre contrast with the preceding summer.

About the middle of First-month, 1868, our grandparents left home to visit their daughter in Brooklyn, New York ; and also to attend the wedding of two young people, children of old friends, who particularly desired their presence on the occasion. On the way our grandfather contracted a cold which he said was too trifling to be considered ; but it soon developed into pneumonia ; and early on the morning of the 26th, — the day before the wedding, — his life quietly ended. As he breathed his last, in a peaceful sleep which no one recognized for a while as death, his wife, worn with the night's watching, rested her head on his pillow and slept too. In the silent dawn of that winter morning, their daughter looked with awe upon those two still faces ; one calm in eternal rest ; the other, in serene unconsciousness of the sorrow which would greet her waking.

During the first few days of his illness, our grandfather several times expressed a wish to be at home ; and once, with perhaps a perception of the approaching change, unexpected then by his family, he said, " But I suppose I shall die here, and then I shall be at home ; — it is just as well." Throughout his illness he was the object of tender and unremitting attention from his younger brother, Richard Mott, of Toledo, Ohio, who chanced then to be visiting relatives in Brooklyn. The two brothers, strikingly alike in character as well as appearance, were united by a strong bond of affection which bridged over the sixteen years' difference between their ages ; and

at this solemn time, it was a comfort to both that they could be together.<sup>1</sup>

The body of our grandfather was taken to Philadelphia to the house of his children, Edward and Anna Hopper, where the funeral was held, and was then laid in the family lot in the Friends burying-ground, at Fair Hill. A large concourse of people assembled at the house, and several, out of the fullness of their hearts, spoke a few words, but, as is usual among Friends, there were no set funeral services. Dr. Furness, the long-trying friend of the family, repeated Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful hymn, —

"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

and made some brief remarks, in his own touching and impressive manner. Robert Purvis, another valued friend, then offered his fervent tribute of sympathy, and was followed by Mary Grew, in eloquent appreciation of the "incalculable value of the influence of such a life, extending from generation to generation."

Then some colored men, who had requested the privilege, as a final mark of respect and reverence

<sup>1</sup> An incident of their early life may be mentioned here. A gold-headed cane came into Richard's possession while he was still too young to carry it. He therefore passed it over to James, who, in accepting it, said jestingly, "I'll give it back to thee when thee's a member of Congress." This improbable event came to pass some twenty years after, in the stirring times before the pro-slavery rebellion, when the struggle for freedom — fought at once on the plains of Kansas and in the congressional halls of Washington — resulted in the exclusion of slavery from the new territories of California, New Mexico, Kansas, and Nebraska. During this exciting contest, Richard Mott, then a representative from the Toledo district of Ohio, was obliged by ill health to seek a brief rest, and went to his favorite retreat, "the old place," at Cowneck, L. I. He had hardly arrived, when at midnight the following telegram from his friend Joshua R. Giddings, in Washington, recalled him: — "Freedom for Kansas depends on your vote. Giddings." He immediately returned to his post.



One whom they regarded as the devoted friend of their race, performed the last services, and bore him away to his long resting-place.

From the large number of letters which were received after his death, the following are selected for insertion here : —

Let it comfort you, dear friend, that this world of ours is, to-day, better for your life in it ; better, because you two have lived together in it. Very rarely is the world blessed with such a light as shone — and shone so far — from that wedded life. That light has not gone out. It never will go out. And every year that you will stay with us will help to keep it bright. If I were to try, I could never tell you, dear friend and teacher, how much you have done for me. The breaking of some spiritual fetters, the parting of some clouds which opened deeper vistas into heaven, I owe to you.

Some day, perhaps, in this world or another, sitting at your feet, I can tell you more of this. Now, sorrowing in your sorrow, I can do little more than pray that you may be blessed and comforted, even as you have blessed and comforted others.

MARY GREW.

WATERTOWN, Feb., 1868.

MY DEAR MRS. MOTT, — I have just received through our dear friend, Dr. Furness, the message which you felt prompted to send to the young Radicals of this vicinity, who have so lately been honored and greatly cheered by your visit and words. I shall read Dr. Furness' letter at the next meeting of the Club. In the mean time, I must for myself acknowledge the friendly faithfulness which spoke through those moments of tenderness and sorrow, and which gained thereby so much weight and meaning. I shall lay it to heart. It connects the greatest of truths, with the reverence which I have for you. And that reverence is paid to your most womanly faith, sweetness, firm-



ness and devotion, by which the truths of humanity have gained fresh illustration from you.

How precious must be the review of this to you, in connection with that life-long partnership in honor and charity, which death is now for a while interrupting. If anything can bid the last years of life blossom into celestial peace and confidence, it must be such years of maturity, spent by you and your husband in great closeness to the Divine Light, and in obedience to the voice that pronounces the names of the oppressed, and of all the little ones who must not be lost.

Great encouragement flows into me from such examples; and I delight to express to you my homage, as I subscribe myself

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN WEISS.

FROM WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

. . . What he was as a husband, no one can tell so well as yourself; what he was as a father, only his children can realize and depict; what he was as a friend, a vast multitude can testify with moistened eyes and glowing hearts; what he was as a public benefactor, an untiring philanthropist, and a true and courageous reformer, the record of his long and most beneficent life will show in luminous characters. My respect, esteem, affection, and veneration for him were as strong and as exalted as it is lawful to cherish for any human being. He seemed to me to lack nothing as a good and noble man. He was gentle, and yet had great strength of purpose and will; no fear of man ever caused him to swerve one hair's breadth from his convictions of duty; he had a great and pure conscience, and a loving and world-embracing spirit. What a joy and inspiration it is to contemplate such a life! What an example he was in all manner of goodness! How early he espoused the cause of the millions cruelly imprisoned in the loathsome house of bondage! I see his name at this moment among the agents of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, as long

ago as Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1826. The slave never had a better friend, nor the free man of color one more ready to lend a helping hand in the time of distress. . . .

At the time of his death James Mott was President of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and Chairman of its Executive Committee; President of the Pennsylvania Peace Society; and a prominent member of the Board of Managers of Swarthmore College.<sup>1</sup>

Some mention of his position in the Society of Friends has already been made, but additional light is thrown upon it by the following brief account, written after his death, by one who, from behind the curtain, was acquainted with certain facts which James Mott would have been reluctant to detail concerning himself.

In this connection it is proper, and perhaps necessary, to explain that the person who appears conspicuously in the statement was a well-known Friend, who had become a member of the Monthly Meeting to which James and Lucretia Mott belonged, soon after the Separation. In a short time he was made an Elder. He earnestly and honestly believed in *eldership*, and in the exercise of all the authority incident to the office. The arbitrary measures pursued by him and his followers were opposed by those who believed that a spirit of toleration and charity should characterize the administration of the Discipline; and many discussions consequently took place in the Select Meeting for Ministers and Elders, in which he violently and persistently opposed Lucretia Mott. The want of harmony was such as to cause anxious

<sup>1</sup> A well-known educational institution, near Philadelphia, organized and controlled by Friends.

concern throughout the Society, and many feared a return of that state of ecclesiastical oppression from which the Separation had for a time delivered them.

I do not know when James Mott was first made an Elder. It was long, long since. He did not, I think, resign the office. The Discipline provides for a change or reappointment once in three years, when a committee is appointed for the purpose. If there is no disturbing element, those who have heretofore been in the service are renominated; and such is generally the case. During the term of Clement Biddle and James Mott, there was disagreement, and the committee felt that in view of the discordant feeling existing between these two Friends, both their names could not properly be reported to the Monthly Meeting. A majority of the committee, perhaps, was favorable to the reappointment of James Mott; and their report, if made, would probably have been sustained by the meeting. It is certain that he was strongly urged to allow his name to be presented, and had he shown the least desire for the place, it would in all probability have been given to him; but his disapprobation of the course pursued, and the disaffection of his wife to the "select" institution, as it was then conducted, made the station distasteful to him. He stated to the committee that as the reappointment of both would not be productive of peace and quiet, it would be better for them not to serve together, and that for him to displace the other, would seriously affect the health, if not the life of the latter. He therefore took his seat on the floor again, and Clement Biddle kept his in the gallery.

Time passed, circumstances changed, and peace was restored to Zion. James Mott was again made an Elder. He had no longing for the office, but accepted it in submission to the partiality of his many friends, and held it in all modesty until his life was so abruptly ended. The position gave him social opportunities which were pleasant to his declining days. He seldom had anything to say in public

meetings, but in meetings for discipline he spoke upon matters wherein good sense and good judgment were needed, his remarks being very practical, and tending to impart strength and unity to the brethren. His judgment was much respected, and his coöperation in the service of the church highly and gratefully appreciated. This is the cordial, unqualified testimony.

An earnest tribute of respect — a minute concerning his life and character — was read before the Monthly Meeting of the Society of Friends to which he belonged, and recorded in their minutes.

I will not attempt to depict the blank left in the family circle. Though our grandfather had reached the ripe age of nearly eighty years, he was so young in feeling, so strong in health, that no one could associate the thought of death with his fullness of life. Had the summons come to our grandmother, whose etherealized frame seemed ready to succumb to the slightest touch, the blow would have been much less unexpected. But the strong man was swept away; and the fragile woman waited yet twelve years for the kind future which she hoped would reunite them.

Soon after the sad event, Martha Wright, in a letter to a friend, said of her sister: —

The striking traits of Lucretia's character are remarkable energy that defies even time, unswerving conscientiousness, and all those characteristics that are summed up in the few words, love to man and love to God. . . . Though much broken by the heavy affliction that has come to her so unexpectedly, for, frail as she is, she never thought she should survive her strong and vigorous husband, she has borne the stroke better than we feared.

She took up her daily life as nearly as possible in its accustomed rounds, and tried to fulfill the duties

that remained with cheerfulness and resignation, but the sense of desolation continued to the end. She never again slept in the chamber which she and her husband had occupied together, — a bright sunny room at the south end of the house, — but took for herself a tiny little place, called in the family, the “middle room,” with a window to the east, commanding the sunrise. With this room our last memories of her are associated. It was also noticeable that from the time of her husband’s death she rarely attended the First-day meetings, to which she had driven with him so often, and that she cared less for public gatherings of any kind, with the exception of the mid-week Friends’ meeting, in Philadelphia, to which she went with great regularity until within six months of her death. Here she met the children who attended Friends’ Central School; it being a rule that the scholars, both boys and girls, should be present at this religious meeting. She liked to see them file in and take their places with such decorous order. She said that their fresh young faces helped her to forget her own increasing feebleness, and mitigated her loneliness.

Another notable exception must be made in favor of the Pennsylvania Peace Society, whose executive committee meetings were an unfailing attraction to her. She rarely allowed anything to interfere with her attendance at these. The promotion of Universal Peace was a cause with which she had been identified from the beginning, and in which her latest interest was engaged.

She also continued to attend the Yearly Meetings of Friends and some Womans’ Rights conventions, and occasionally participated in the annual meetings



of the Free Religious Association, in Boston, but with these exceptions, she went less and less into public assemblies. Her home life gradually assumed a new routine; friends and children and grandchildren came and went, and the days passed on. How they passed may be gathered from a few extracts from some of her letters to her sister and daughter: —

ROADSIDE, 3rd mo. 26th, 1868.

MY DARLING PATTY, — Are you thinking this day, that two months have passed since that memorable night and day? Every day and night since has been counted by me, and the untiring subject of thought finds expression whenever there are ears to hear and sympathetic hearts to beat in unison. We are continually remembering some incident to tell our dear son, Thomas; and such a comfort it is to have him with us at this time! Your visit was most grateful to my longing heart, although I was so engrossed with the natural dwelling on our great loss. . . . Mine are not tears of bitterness, but of tenderness. Excessive grief is lamentable, if not reprehensible. I do not mourn, but rather remember my blessings, and the blessing of his long life with me. How far preferable a sudden to a lingering death! . . .

ROADSIDE, 6th mo. 26th, 1868.

MY BELOVED CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN, — I have given you a little rest from letters lately. Thine, dear Patty, instead of *yourselves*, arrived in good time, and was read with all the resignation we could summon. The days were passed, not without company, but much alone in my little sanctum, and in the parlor, while the rest were out on the piazza. The recurrence of the eightieth birthday<sup>1</sup> with us, as with you, led to a review of the past and present, and a greater change than here the last year we thought could not be found anywhere. So much life and

<sup>1</sup> Had James Mott lived, he would have been eighty, on the 20th of 6th mo. 1868.



activity last summer and early fall, over at the Farm ; the basket wagon daily here for the young folks to drive to Germantown or elsewhere ; the "hifalutin," afternoons, for the older members to drive with Mariana ; company out every other evening. Your dear father going here and there to meetings, his return always so pleasant ; our united visit to you at Suffern, and at Nathaniel Barney's ; those delightful trips in the fall, meeting with so many intelligent people ; Wendell Phillips' meetings at West Chester, and Kennett, and in the city ; Lord and Lady Amberley's visit here, and Uncle Richard's. Then the change ! all the family gone from the Farm ; Aunt Martha's comings, always so cheering, at an end, it seemed, with sickness at home. Our delightfully anticipated visit to you cut short so sadly ! Laura's illness and death immediately following ; you know the sad, sad list. . . . But with it all we try to number our remaining blessings, and are generally hopeful, cheerful, and thankful.

Most tenderly,

MOTHER.

7th mo. 6th, 1868.

. . . Maria and I are day after day alone. Edward comes out to a late dinner. Ellis and Margaret drove over the other evening by bright moonlight, and passed an hour or so on the piazza. But oh ! the great blank ! Your dear father was ever there these warm summer evenings, and we seem to miss him more there than in the house, if that is possible. Scarcely a day passes that I do not think, of course for the instant only, that I will consult him about this or that. . . . It discourages me to find that my memory is failing. When I found this morning that I had written the same thing twice, I put aside my pen, went into the garden and gathered peas for dinner, came in and shelled them, and have since read the "Radical," and looked into "Friends' Intelligencer," and some other periodicals, and wished we only took half the number. . . .

ROADSIDE, 7th mo. 18th, 1869.

. . . We were saying the other evening as we sat on the piazza in the moonlight, Edward, Maria, and I, how few friends we had left to come and sit with us, as Robert Coll-  
yer used to, and how we missed, in a thousand ways, the beloved occupant of the large chair out there. . . . I have come up to my little middle room to rest, and perhaps lie down awhile, for I was up and out in the garden before six this morning, gathering peas; and I've finished a nice new dress; on at this present. . . . Tom and Fanny are here for a few days, and their merry laugh takes us back to the happy days of Roadside, before the glory departed. Alas!

The following letter, although written several years after this period of loneliness and mourning, is introduced in this connection as giving some of the views of the writer regarding death and the unknown future. It is the only one of the kind that I ever knew her to write, and was in answer to a friend who, in the agony of heavy bereavement, had sought some consolation from her. These were questions upon which she thought it unprofitable to dwell. Believing sincerely that all such things are ordered for the best, she was content to leave the impenetrable mystery in the hands of Infinite Beneficence:—

How gladly would I send thee a consolatory letter in answer to thine; but alas! While the faith of many sympathizers with the bereaved can present beautiful pictures of the blessedness of the departed, and their assurance of a happy reunion, I can only say with the Apostle, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," and try to be satisfied with the consciousness that *now* are we the children of God;—with the fullness of hope, and such an earnest of the kingdom of Heaven as may be in completion hereafter—and always with the *idea* that our nearest and dearest immortals are waiting for us.

The very prevalent faith in the joys of a hereafter, either in a gross or a more spiritual form, may satisfy the ardent desire of some; the Scripture testimony is enough for others; but in this age of reason and demonstration, I marvel not, dear —, that thou art not so easily satisfied and comforted. . . . I have no guesswork to give as to *what* the future will be, but I have full faith that what is best for us will be ours. Still I may say to thee, that in the oft-repeated heartrendings of ours, I have sought consolation in vain from prevailing beliefs and the experience of spiritualists, — so far short of our high *ideal* of Heavenly enjoyment, — but have caught some ray of futurity in the placid and beautiful expression in putting off mortality, when there is almost a halo over the face of the departed.

The above will little satisfy thy request to have the decision of my mind as to the destiny of us mortals; I am equally unable to say aught to dry the tear of sorrow; only, let not your grief arise to murmur, nor repining to mingle with your woe. I love to quote the following: —

“Pardon, just Heaven, but when the heart is torn,  
The human drop of bitterness will steal;  
Nor can we lose the privilege to mourn  
While we have left the faculty to feel.”

I know full well how little the foregoing will satisfy thee, but Time is a never-failing healer of the anguish of such bereavements, while, in my own experience, not removing the longing desire to have our loved ones back again.

With enduring love,

L. MOTT.





Truth for authority,  
not  
authority for truth,  
Lucretia Mott.

## CHAPTER XIX.

IN the loneliness which is the inevitable lot of those who survive their contemporaries, and which, though only a "vague unrest" compared to the sorrow of personal bereavement, is yet benumbing in its sense of desolation, Lucretia Mott found solace in the general kindness that greeted her everywhere. The old times of disfavor had passed forever. Instead of averted faces and open condemnation, she now met manifestations of tenderness and veneration. As death, year by year, removed the companions of her long life, a younger generation arose to take their places, and to tend the declining steps of age with care and devotion. It was no unusual occurrence for her to be addressed by strangers in the street, with the request that they might be allowed to take her hand a moment; and once, a woman in deep mourning brushed quickly by her, and whispered as she passed, "God bless you, Lucretia Mott!"

In this fostering atmosphere of love and appreciation, her warm heart became like that of a little child, among friends; and her face like that of a transfigured saint. Each year, as it stole something from her physical and mental vigor, but added to the gentle grace of her manner. She had lived to see the triumph of the great cause of Freedom, and her heart was filled with thankfulness. She could



say, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

In the winter of 1870, accompanied by her friend, Dillwyn Parrish, she visited most of the colored churches in and around Philadelphia, and addressed the congregations; receiving, as she always did from the colored people, an outpouring of love and gratitude. She also made a journey to Washington about this time, to speak at a meeting there; and to New York for the same purpose. Everywhere she met the same cordial greeting, and frequently from those who in former years had passed on the other side. Some rather ludicrous evidences of public approbation were shown in the surprising number of children, black and white, who were named for her; and in the societies that adopted her as their patron saint. She could never hear the name of one, "The Rising Sons and Daughters of Lucretia Mott," without amusement. It is told too, that, at a banquet in a village near her country home, she was toasted as "The black man's Goddess of Liberty," a well-deserved, if rather peculiar compliment.

From among the many letters that she received during this change of public sentiment, I have selected two which were especially grateful to her. One reads:—

. . . For many years I have been a follower of thine, grateful for myself, but more grateful for the good thou hast been doing others. I have lived long enough to note the change in the general appreciation of thy career, and could but wonder, as we sat through the late Yearly Meeting, whether the love and confidence that supports thee now is not a sweet reward for the martyrdom thou suffered so long. . . .

The other says, in quaint Quaker phraseology : —

I have felt a desire to express to thee my great appreciation of thy minglings in our meetings. A deep feeling awakened in me on hearing thy impressive communications in our assembly on last Fourth-day. Thy text, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols," struck upon me with a memorable force, probably similar to that which thou experienced some fifty years ago in Arch street meeting, when a voice uttered, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Thy beautiful and applicable remarks were such as will, I think, prove to me and to many others present, as a "nail fastened in a sure place."

In this connection I am reminded of another letter which gladdened her heart in the last years of her life. It was an unexpected, but most welcome response from the employees of the North Pennsylvania Railroad Company. For several years she had been in the way of sending a small box of candy to each of these men at Christmas time, — once amounting to over fifty boxes, — as a slight acknowledgment of their kindness in helping her in and out of the cars, for, as she said at home, "the conductors and brakemen are very thoughtful of me; they never let me lift out my bundles, but catch them up so quickly, and they all seem to know me." The following note was sent to her on her eighty-sixth birthday.

NORTH PENNA. R. R. Co., PHILADELPHIA,  
Jan. 3rd, 1879.

LUCRETIA MOTT, DEAR FRIEND, — The officers and employees of the North Penn. R. R. Co. desire to recognize on this, the eighty-sixth anniversary of your birth, their appreciation of the happy intercourse that has existed for so many years between you and your family and them.

One and all join in wishing you a happy continuance, and a peaceful ending at the close, of your long and useful life.

Yours with respect,

A. H. FRACKER,

GEO. H. EDWARDS.

On behalf of the company's employees.

As her popularity extended, she received letters of a character very different from the foregoing. Many were appeals for money, or requests for autographs; others for advice on all imaginable points; from the choice of a profession, to the choice of a boarding-house or school. Some were based on a newly discovered relationship through the far-reaching Coffin family; others on the nearer connection of similarity of interests. One letter, I remember, modestly asked for a list of all the public schools in Pennsylvania, in order that the writer might make application for the position of teacher in one of the most salubrious localities. Another earnestly recommended the investment of a large sum in the manufacture of an article to "take the kink out of the hair of the negro," with the assurance of the writer, that this would do more to further his independence than any scheme of education and political equality. Still another effusion asked for a replenishing of household furniture, from bedding to silver spoons, "or *plated* will do;" and ended, rhapsodically, "Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly to thee! — Oh — and send a silk umbrella."

Her replies, even to such productions, were always courteous; for she never liked to wound the feelings of any one. It was impossible to be other than amused at such nonsense, but she would soon check our merriment by saying, "Don't laugh too much,

the poor souls meant well." And I remember once, when the sense of the ludicrous side of a question under discussion around the breakfast-table threatened to drown the merits of the case, that she rebuked us gently, saying, "I like fun too, but not fun made of serious subjects or serious people." Another time, commenting on some rather flippant remarks made in her presence, she said, "Let us have unbelief, but let it be a reverent unbelief."

With the mysterious balance of mortal life, while in public she was reaping the fruit of her own faithfulness, and the blessing of the multitude was being poured upon her, her domestic life was shadowed by one sorrow after another. Within two years of her husband's death, there followed that of her beloved sister, Eliza, the cherished companion of seventy years. In this bereavement she said, "No one knows how sadly I miss my dear sister. I pass by her house with an aching sense of desolation, and feel as a lone, lorn one left behind." In the course of the next six years, six more of the immediate family died, including her youngest sister, Martha C. Wright, and her eldest daughter, the sweet and gifted Anna M. Hopper. The former, a woman of fine presence, wide information, keen wit, and rare good sense, had been her fellow-laborer, her support, and sometimes her leader in the Woman's Rights reform. The sisters were as united in their public career as in their domestic relations, and the separation was a sad change to the one left behind. No wonder that she wrote, "It is time for me, too, to rest 'low in the ground,' beside your dear father's earthly all, and so near two dear daughters."

Under these repeated inflictions her health, never

robust, gave way, and the frail body yielded more and more to the infirmities of advanced age; but the dominant spirit, clothed in immortal youth, triumphed over the weakness of the flesh, and could not be held back from doing "righteousness at all times." "They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; . . . but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

More than ever did she now turn to the companionship of certain books, of which Dean Stanley's Sermons — and particularly his Valedictory Address at St. Andrews — were the preëminent favorites. She had at first only the newspaper report of the latter address, which soon became worn out from much reading and lending; and a new one, neatly pasted into a small blank book, was sent her by a friend. This she carried in her pocket, more to lend than to read, for she knew much of it by heart. She was never weary of calling attention to the sound liberality of the following passage: —

"We often hear of the reconciliation of theology and science. It is not reconciliation that is needed, but the recognition that they are one and indivisible. Whatever enlarges our ideas of nature, enlarges our ideas of God. Whatever gives us a deeper insight into the nature of the Author of the Universe, gives us a deeper insight into the secrets of the universe itself. Whatever is bad in theology, is bad in science; whatever is good in science, is also good in theology. In like manner, we sometimes hear of the reconciliation of religion and morality. The answer is the same; they are one and indivisible. Whatever tends to elevate the virtue, the purity, the generosity of the student, is his religion. Whatever debases the mind, or corrupts the heart, or hardens the conscience, under whatever pretext, however specious, is infidelity of the worst sort."



The addresses made by Dean Stanley during his sojourn in America were read by Lucretia Mott with absorbing interest. When they were published in book form, she bought a large number of copies to give away. Another favorite book was Arnold's poem, "The Light of Asia."

She continued to attend some of the meetings and conventions held in Philadelphia, though she was able to speak but little. One of these occasions must be mentioned. It was the Centennial Anniversary of the Old Pennsylvania Abolition Society, held in one of the largest halls in the city. The place was thronged, and the platform crowded with those who had been active in the great cause. Henry Wilson, Senator from Massachusetts, presided, and William H. Furness made the opening prayer. After one or two speeches had been made, the president said:—

"I propose now to present to you one of the most venerable and noble of the American women, whose voice for forty years has been heard, and has tenderly touched many noble hearts. Age has dimmed her eye and weakened her voice, but her heart, like the heart of a wise man and a wise woman, is yet young. I present to you Lucretia Mott."

As she stepped forward, the vast audience rose with tumultuous applause, cheering, and waving their hats and handkerchiefs. She stood motionless, so frail in body, but with a heavenly inspiration beaming from her face, and awaited the profound silence that followed, when, in a voice slightly tremulous, but clear and impressive, she slowly repeated these lines:—

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind words  
With coldness still returning.



Alas! the *gratitude* of man,  
Hath oftener left *me* mourning."

Then, after a slight pause, she proceeded with the few remarks she had to make. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those present.

Another similar ovation occurred on the Fourth of July of the following year, when the "National Woman's Suffrage Association" held a meeting in Dr. Furness' church, for the purpose of having the Woman's Declaration of Independence read. Mrs. Stanton presided. When Lucretia Mott rose to speak from her place among the audience, several persons called, "Go up into the pulpit." With a few deprecatory words, she complied with the request, but hardly had she begun to ascend the steps, when a single clear voice began the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee," and, animated by a sentiment of appreciative reverence, the whole audience joined. Never was the beautiful hymn sung with more fervent expression, while the unconscious object of this subtle flattery quietly waited until it was finished, without the least suspicion of any personal application in what she considered a part of the regular service. Her humility was slow to appropriate compliments of any kind, though she was not indifferent to discriminating praise. This reminds me of a remark she made to her daughter not many weeks before her death. She heard read from the "Free Religious Index" of September 16, 1880, an editorial notice of her increasing physical weakness, which was accompanied by a few reverent words regarding "the valuable lessons of her long life." She listened, and said, "It's better not to be in a hurry with obituaries." Then, after a pause, she added in an under-

tone, as though to herself, "I'm a very much over-rated woman, — it is humiliating."

It will be necessary now to turn back several years, to a time when, recovering somewhat from the shock of her husband's death, she once more entered into the affairs of the world around her. As in the preceding chapters, the narrative is left to her own letters. The first in order is the last one of the long series to her old friend in Ireland, Richard D. Webb.

ROADSIDE, NEAR PHILADA., 1st mo. 22nd, 1870.

MY DEAR RICHARD WEBB, — I fear thou must think me heartless, after such a letter as thou sent me more than two months since, with the heart-rending inclosure of details of the awful ravages and suffering from the war in France, that no response has yet been made. What shall I say? Could I have returned a list of contributors towards the relief of the sufferers, surely an answer would have been forthgoing. But any attempt to raise money here seemed a useless effort. The Hicksites have few rich — and the Orthodox prefer a distinct fund. They may have been appealed to from England, and not in vain.

Will not this terribly devastating war tend to open the eyes and conscience to the unchristian, the wicked, the barbarous resort to murderous weapons? There is certainly more life and interest in the Peace m<sup>gs</sup> now than ever before. The conventions are well attended, and higher ground is taken. A Peace Congress is resolved upon — when and where, hereafter to be decided. It only needs the *will of the people*, to substitute other settlements of claims and redress of grievances, and thus to make "war a game that kings shall *not* play at."

Charles Sumner lately delivered a grand lecture on the subject, in which he called attention to the fact of the Working Men's Union in England having come out with a

protest against war. Even the woman question, as far as voting goes, does not take hold of my every feeling as does war.

But my small space for communing with thee must not all be devoted to my hobbies, so I will stop after saying, that a large and good meeting on "Woman Suffrage" has lately been held in Washington, by the Stanton-Anthony side; and a very successful Bazaar in Boston, by the Stone-Blackwell party; each advocating the self-same measures.

With dear love to thy daughter, Deborah, and thyself, with a wish not yet abandoned, that you will come back some day and settle among us, I will close.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

Next come some extracts from letters, mostly to members of the family, which give hints of the busy life of the writer, her varied interests, and her gradually declining strength, better than any one else can describe them.

PHILA., 11th mo. 13th, bright, clear day.

. . . Yesternorn Anna and Maria looked over their wardrobe and made a large pile for Washington and Iowa; for, be it known, we have a large box nearly filled to send there. I arranged for James Corr to come in this morning, bring in what fowls and produce he can collect, then drive around with me, and gather up the gifts to take to the House of Industry and Race Street schoolroom, where Mary Jeans and Lydia Gillingham are intending to pack a box for Washington.<sup>1</sup> Then at 2 o'clock I am to meet Lucy Stone and Henry Blackwell at Dr. Child's, with as many as can go at so short notice, to consult as to a m<sup>tg</sup> here this winter. After sundry calls yesterday, and an hour at the photographer's (at his request), I whipped into the cars and out to Roadside, gave James Corr the above directions, took a cup of tea and toast, and in again at four-

<sup>1</sup> For the freedmen.

thirty. So I had n't my shawl and bonnet off after breakfast till arriving at John Wildman's to tea. . . .

2nd mo. 4th, 1870.

. . . What a pity as thou says, that — let her share go beyond her control. Women will be slow to learn to assume pecuniary responsibility, even of their own. Ever taught to confide and trust in men in such matters, they risk more than they ought, where they have no exercise of judgment. No wonder such a loss made — sick. That was the way it affected James, dear soul, when our little new shop in Fourth Street was going behind, in 1816. . . .

I cannot summon much interest for signers to our petition to the Judiciary Com. Sarah Pugh does her part. . . . I was in town at a meeting at the Old Colored Home on First-day, and told them of the funeral of Thomas Garrett the day before, which Edward Davis and myself attended.<sup>1</sup> Aaron Powell was there, and spoke admirably well; also a Methodist minister of repute, and a fine, intelligent colored man. Such a concourse of all sects and colors we never before saw! The street lined for half a mile to the Meeting-House, and as many outside as in. Six colored men bore him that distance, and then into the graveyard adjoining. He was universally respected, and well-beloved by many, even though his name was cast out as evil in Anti-Slavery days.

1st mo. 20th, 1871.

Every foot of added room in building adds to the work of a house. When I see a family of two or three in a large double house, the Indian wigwam seems desirable, rather than the constant toil of our so-called civilization; and especially is this the case when the time of young mothers is absorbed in elaborate dresses for their children. Oh, the alarming extravagance of this age! My soul mourns it oftener than the morning.

Although Lucretia Mott did not advocate the

<sup>1</sup> At Wilmington, Delaware.

adoption of the Quaker dress by young people, she did try to influence them to dress simply, and seriously deprecated the waste of good material in long trains and needless trimmings. Her testimony in this respect was faithfully upheld, both in her sermons and her private conversation. In the New York Yearly Meeting of 1872, she closed an impressive discourse by an appeal to the young women for moderation and simplicity as a matter of conscience. The report says that "the women's gallery, with its array of ribbons and head-gear, fluttered its multitudinous fans very nervously at this."

4th mo. 23rd, 1872.

Some of us have watched for years the progress of free thought and speech in England, and have looked for more daring or moral courage, in expression and action, than has yet appeared. The tendency both in England and in this country, to engraft the popular creed on our simple Quaker religion, requires a firm withstanding, lest we be found preaching an *outward*, rather than an *inward* salvation; directing to the letter which killeth, and not to the spirit which giveth life, thus building again the things which William Penn and his co-workers destroyed. The cardinal doctrine of our Society, — "the light within," — "the engrafted word," — is sufficient, if we only have faith in its teachings, and bear a true testimony to its unfoldings. Good works will ever be the standard for righteous judgment. This was the philosophy of Jesus of Nazareth, who is yet so little understood.

8th mo. 26th, 1872.

. . . Even these nothings of letters are becoming a burden, for I fail every week, and fear sometimes I shall not hold on till October, when we promised to meet in New York, and welcome — and — home. I was weighed yesterday, — only seventy-six and a half pounds now!



9th mo. 26th, 1872.

. . . It was a disappointment to be taken sick just as I was preparing to go to ——'s wedding ; but I can't do such things any more. My day is over for application to anything but carpet rags. Seventeen yards are just woven, and so handsome that Maria and Edward protest against its covering our kitchen ; so they have divided it into rugs to give to our children. The weaver said that among all he had ever woven, he never saw any other so well mixed and sewed ; he had called neighbor Williams in to see it. Besides this work at odd hours, I have turned sheets and hemmed towels and darned the stockings.

The foregoing letter may not be understood by the general reader, if not New England born and bred. The old-fashioned custom of making "hit-or-miss" carpets out of household rags, an economy inherited by our grandmother from her primitive Nantucket ancestors, was a favorite occupation of her leisure hours. She sewed the rags — generally with ravelings from some stronger material, instead of thread — into balls, weighing about a pound each, and when a sufficient number of these had been accumulated, sent them to a neighboring weaver to be woven into yard-wide strips. Her own, and some of her children's kitchens, were generally covered with carpeting of her make ; and one grandchild, at least, can remember a present of a large roll of some fifteen or twenty yards. The carpet in question was almost a work of art, so well assorted was it in color, and so finely and evenly woven. Many of us can remember how long the roll stood in the parlor corner, and how pleased our grandmother was to exhibit it to guests, spreading it out over the floor with her own hands. It was finally cut into two yard



lengths, and distributed as keepsakes ; and the next that she sewed — the last, as it proved — was woven into small rugs for gifts to her friends.

The allusion in the next letter, and in some previous ones, to the “*dear Aged Colored Home*,” also calls for some explanation. This home is a charitable institution in West Philadelphia, in which our grandmother was warmly interested. Long after she gave up driving, except for unavoidable errands or visits, — she never, at any time, drove for pleasure only, — she continued to go, at intervals, to the First-day service at this home. It was a drive of over twenty miles, there and back ; but I have known her to undertake it when she was suffering so acutely from dyspepsia that she could not sit upright in the carriage, rather than disappoint the aged inmates who were expecting her. She also drove there regularly, — for years, — the day before Christmas, with gifts of turkeys, pies, apples, and vegetables, a gingham apron for each of the women, and a handkerchief apiece for the men. She did this until she was eighty-five.

3rd mo. 13th, 1874.

. . . Sumner’s death has filled our thoughts. How full the papers are in his praise ; and well they may be ! I like our “*Press*” notice better than any other, as it says more of his peace efforts and productions. I wish we had more Sumners among our public men. When he delivered his last lecture in Phila., on “*Duels between Nations*,” or some such title, I asked him if our Peace Society could have his “*True Grandeur of Nations*” to reprint. He said he would be willing, but that it was in the hands of his publishers, and he could not recall it. . . . The life of Mrs. Somerville, and John Stuart Mill’s autobiography, are the only books we have read lately, but newspapers galore.

William J. Potter's article in a late number of the "Index," on "Religion, and the Science of Religion," pleased me very much. Have you read Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma"? It is well worth reading: his nice distinctions in the Bible, — and bringing so into notice the "not ourselves" "which makes for righteousness." . . .

. . . Maria went to meeting with me on Fourth-day, for I have arrived at the state not to be trusted alone; therefore I shall soon give up going anywhere. I have already done riding more than I can help; but, to tell the truth, I mean to go to the dear Aged Colored Home next First-day. All this morning I've been summoning resolution to take the pen, which is an increasing burden, though when once begun, subjects crowd upon me. . . . Mother was nine years younger than I am now, when she said, "I am almost past writing, my hand trembles so." My trembling increases much. . . . I asked Maria to-day, if it was as pleasant to her as to me, to come out to our quiet home. This cosy little library has often been a blessed resting-place.

The next letter is interesting, as giving the origin of the motto, "Truth for Authority, not Authority for Truth," which Lucretia Mott adopted for her own.

ROADSIDE, 6th mo. 5th, 1877.

MARY P. ALLEN:

MY DEAR FRIEND, — The visit of thy father, Nicholas Hallock, to our Yearly M<sup>g</sup>. with a minute, was about 1841. The word "*Holy*," applied to the Scriptures in our "Queries," drew forth some objections from him. He said that while he "fully appreciated the truths of the *inspired* writers, and read the book (he presumed) with an interest equal to any present, there were accounts there of conduct which we should be unwilling our children should read if found in any other book" (naming some objectionable parts).

Opposition followed ; after which a committee was named to consider the subject of indorsing minutes. Their report was, the practice should better be discontinued, which was united with. My son-in-law, Edward Hopper, thought it well to drop the practice, but could not unite with it *now*, if it was meant to apply to our friend Nicholas Hallock. *He* then arose, hoped the custom would be followed this year, and each minister's minute be indorsed *save his own*. This is as nearly correct as my memory, with Edward's help, can give it.

Either in his remarks above, or in another of his valuable testimonies while with us, thy father uttered those forcible words, "*Truth for authority, not authority for truth,*" which, as I told thee, has long been my adopted motto. . . .

In the autumn of 1869, Lucretia Mott went to Nantucket to attend the funeral of her life-long friend, Nathaniel Barney. And again, in the summer of 1876, when she was eighty-three years old, she visited the home of her childhood. On this occasion she took the grandchildren and great-grandchildren who were with her to see the old familiar landmarks ; Ray's pump, whose cool, fresh water her father had liked so well ; the old house, changed a little by the innovations of modern fashion, but still much the same as she remembered it ; the windmill, to which she had carried corn ; and the unmarked site of the whipping-post, around which she had seen a crowd gather to see a woman whipped. It was touching to see her stop in the street to speak to any aged person she met, with questions concerning the past, of seventy years before. She never saw her native island again, notwithstanding that at the time she fondly promised herself that she would revisit it the following summer. She never again had

strength to take the fatiguing journey. But in the summer of 1878, in company with her friend, Sarah Pugh, not many years younger than herself, she went to Rochester, New York, to be present at the Thirtieth Anniversary Meeting of the Woman's Rights Society, and was able to make a short address.

On the seventh of First month, 1880, she attended for the last time the Executive Committee meeting of the Pennsylvania Peace Society, in which she still took a lively interest, but was not strong enough to remain throughout the session. Since 1870, she had been president of this association.

Her last appearance in any public assembly was at the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, in the Fifth month of the same year. A letter from one of her daughters to another gives the following graphic account of this: —

ROADSIDE, 5th mo. 17th, 1880.

MY DEAR SISTER, — Yearly Meeting is over, and our bright young mother of eighty-seven none the worse for it; but on the contrary in apparently better case than before it began. She always did thrive on excitement. We went into town every day but First and Third; on Fourth and Fifth only to the afternoon sittings, but on the other days to both morning and afternoon. A room was kindly furnished at noon, in which she could have a rest, if not a sound sleep. It was an ovation every day, in the multitudes who came "just to take her by the hand," and the only way to escape this, for it was very exhausting, was to leave just before the closing minute was read.

It was an interesting meeting throughout; especially on Sixth-day morning. The report of the representative committee was read then, wherein, among other things, they said, that temperance had been before them, but that

"*way did not open*" to take action upon it. Deborah Wharton regretted this, and said that there was great need for action *now*; whereupon the floodgates were opened, and the whole meeting seemed to resolve itself into a temperance convention, with now and then a wholesome warning against the twin evil, tobacco. Friends hoped that a general committee might be appointed to consider the subject. One suggested that a memorial be prepared, and sent to Congress, asking for the passage of the bill for investigation into the evil effects of the liquor traffic. She added that such a bill had been before Congress for two years without action having been taken upon it. Mother quickly rose, and said "*perhaps the way had not opened!*" This produced a suppressed titter of appreciative enjoyment, while she went on to say, that she was tired of that phrase; it was a convenient excuse for doing nothing; she had heard it often enough in years past, and also that "*Israel must dwell alone,*" etc. . . . She spoke only a short time, but with unusual earnestness and feeling.

I sat alone, and was often entertained by the side remarks of those around; as once, some one directly behind me, said to her companion, "Well, Lucretia has outlived her persecutors." And another time, just as — finished a rather lengthy exhortation to the youth, a woman next me, whispered, "*Her* children ain't no better than other people's." . . . There is no question but that our mother is better than she was a week ago, and now she wants to carry out her intention of going to Medford and Cambridge.

She never went. Day by day the journey was postponed, until it became evident that she was not strong enough to leave home again. Through the summer she was able to leave her room towards the latter part of the day, and spend several hours with the family, or with such friends as came to see her; but she was averse to meeting strangers, formal con-



versation having become a great exertion. Occasionally her old energy revived and she seemed like herself; but each temporary wave of vitality left her a little further stranded on the eternal shore. There was no suffering most of the time, but a steady decline of strength; though her mental faculties remained unimpaired. She took her usual interest in hearing news of the outside world, and knew more of the exciting political campaign of that year than many with easier chances of information. Her patience and sweetness are never to be forgotten. Unlike most invalids, her peculiarity lay in her exacting too little of those about her, whose whole desire was to serve her, and make the wearisome hours less heavy. She talked very little of her condition, reserving her strength for matters of wider interest; but once, in answer to a question, she said: "I do not dread death. Indeed, I dread nothing; I am ready to go or to stay, but I feel that it is time for me to go." And then she added, impressively, "But remember that my life has been a simple one; let simplicity mark the last done for me. I charge thee, do not forget this." Another time she said: "I am willing to acknowledge all ignorance of the future, and there leave it. It does not trouble me. We *know* only that our poor remains

‘Softly lie, and sweetly sleep  
Low in the ground.’”

About a month before her death she received a farewell visit from two old friends, Oliver Johnson and Robert Collyer, of which the former wrote afterwards to her daughter:—

The picture which your mother presented as she lay there so calmly and quietly upon her bed, awaiting the



close of her long and noble life, without any suggestion of fear; the brightness of her mind, triumphing over the weakness of the flesh; her gentle and affectionate words, in which she was so true to herself, and so considerate of others; all this will remain forever stamped upon my memory, and be frequently recalled as long as I live. I felt while under your roof that I was in a hallowed place, where all selfish ambitions should be hushed, and the soul lifted above all that is unworthy an immortal destiny.

The close of this beloved life came on the evening of the eleventh of Eleventh month, after an illness of a week, and a mortal struggle of two days, too painful to recall. A niece, staying in the house, wrote of the earlier part to another relative: —

Thou wilt be anxious to hear how dear Aunt Lucretia is, and Maria has asked me to write for her. . . . She has failed steadily, with much discomfort, followed by longer or shorter resting spells of natural sleep, and occasional intervals when she has lain quiet and comfortable, listening or not to the conversation in her room; and when we have asked her if it disturbs her, replying, "O no; it's pleasant." Some days, and nights also, she has talked a great deal, but seldom in a connected way for more than a minute or two at a time. The thought seems to be clear in her mind, but with her extreme weakness it becomes confused before she is able to express it. . . . Yesterday she had an alarming sinking spell. We were called upstairs, and for twenty minutes watched, as we thought, for the last breath. She then revived and was comparatively comfortable, and slept some. On waking she was very restless, without the power to move much, but evidently suffering, and frequently saying "Oh dear!" . . . There never was a sick person who required so little done for her. If we ask her, she generally says she is pretty comfortable, and that she wants nothing. . . . Afternoon. There is nothing to add. Aunt Lucretia is sleeping quietly now.

During the third night before her death, it seemed, as well as her daughter could gather from her rather incoherent words, that she thought she was attending her own funeral, and addressing those present. The following detached sentences were written down at the time:—

“If you resolve to follow the Lamb wherever you may be led, you will find all the ways pleasant, and the paths peace.”

“I feel no concern for those of my own fold. I believe they are well grounded.”

“If an official ministers, let him know his place.”

“Now thee lead, Maria, and the rest will follow. First, all of my own fold will go. Now, follow as truth may open the way.”

“Decorous, orderly, and in simplicity.”

These last words were repeated many times.

During the last twenty-four hours, she said over and over again, “Let me go!” “Do take me!” “Oh, let me die!” “Take me now, this little standard-bearer.” “The hour of my death.”

At four o’clock of the afternoon of the day she died, she suddenly threw up both hands to her head, exclaiming in a tone of anguish, “O my! my! my!” and soon passed into a blessed sleep, from which she never roused. At half-past seven o’clock on the eleventh day of Eleventh month, 1880, with all of her remaining children, and several grandchildren and other relatives around her, she quietly stopped breathing.

On the following First-day afternoon she was taken to rest beside her husband, and “near two dear daughters,” in the Friends’ burying-ground, at Fair Hill. In accordance with her own wishes, and those

nearest to her, the arrangements for the funeral were "decorous, orderly, and in simplicity." Although no invitations were issued, it was generally understood that those who desired to attend would be welcome. A large concourse gathered in the house. According to the custom among Friends, there was a solemn season of silence, after which short remarks were made by those who felt moved to speak.

Her friend and contemporary, Deborah F. Wharton, quoted the passage, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel," and followed it by a few earnest words. William H. Furness then recited the beatitudes, and paid a warm tribute to the labors and worth of the departed, saying she did not need to wait for the future life; she had entered into her reward, and had enjoyed it an hundred fold, years ago. No mortal man or woman can do as much for the truth as it does for them. He concluded with a prayer, that the example of the beautiful life just ended upon earth might not be lost to the living. Several other friends made brief, but fervent remarks, and then sons and grandsons tenderly carried the little coffin away. At the burying-ground several thousand people collected to witness the interment of one who had been a friend to so many. With the exception of a few words by Dr. Henry T. Child, everything was conducted in profound silence. As all were standing by the open grave, a low voice impulsively said, "Will no one say anything?" and another near by responded, "Who can speak? the preacher is dead!"

The following extract from a letter written by one nearly connected by marriage with our grandmother, speaks for itself:—

Nov. 15th, 1880.

. . . I think I told you some weeks ago that dear Aunt Lucretia was failing fast, though bright and interested in every one she saw.

On Thursday evening, the 11<sup>th</sup>, at half-past seven, she passed away, and yesterday the frail, beautiful body was laid in the grave. She looked very gentle, very sweet, as she lay in her coffin ; the grand head laid on its last pillow ; the slender, never-idle hands so meekly still ; the dear feet forever at rest, that for more than eighty years had gone about doing good. For God had called her while she was yet a child, as He did Samuel, to do His work, and to bear His message to the people. And surely Samuel's work among his own self-willed people was not greater than her's here in this land, where braggarts shouted for liberty and slavery in the same breath, and cruelty and Sodom-like immorality blasphemously called for the blessing of the Great Father Christ upon their horrible deeds.

As I look back upon what I have known of her character, it seems perfect, that is, as far as we can reach perfection ; strong, steadfast, wise, gentle, courteous, sympathizing ; and refined to a degree that showed how large brain and heart were — (for it is only as we become conscious of the great spaces of God's love, that we become *fine* in all our thoughts and perceptions).

You felt in her presence, to use her own words, that He had clothed her soul with a divine philosophy that no weariness of body, no sorrows of the heart, and no failing in plans or work could disturb or move. Not that these were not all felt at times, but the *peace* which we cannot understand lay beneath all. Eighty-seven years of a most beautiful life, in which we who look back upon it now that it is over, can see no flaw ! You cannot tell how strange it is to be without her, to know that she is no longer here. A light as if suddenly gone out ! . . . And yet her work seemed done, and though she took interest in those near

and dear to her to the last, she was glad to go, she said. The weariness of the body was great, and she seemed to long to be taken to rest entire, and life imperturbable. One thinks of the meeting of the father and mother and their children, of the meeting with our dear mother<sup>1</sup> and dear sister Mary, to whom Aunt Lucretia was peculiarly attached. The love between the two sisters, mother and Aunt Lucretia, was just as close as that of my dear mother and Aunt Mary Howitt. This affection has always been a sweet peculiarity in both Ellis' family and mine, and a curious resemblance; for such sisterly love and friendship are rare in this world.

The gathering in the house yesterday where the holy corpse lay, was very solemn. Now and again a silence fell on all, that was most impressive. . . . Words seem so slight in the presence of a death; words of praise so useless, with such a life to think over. Silence is so strong and peace-giving. Very great numbers came to the house, though there was no public invitation. Aunt Lucretia had expressed a desire that the funeral should be as quiet as possible. In the graveyard there were crowds assembled, and many colored people. . . .

Notices of the death of Lucretia Mott were general throughout the country, and, with but few exceptions, were marked by reverential admiration of her life. Memorial meetings were held in various cities, at which eloquent addresses held up to public view the virtues of the departed reformer; and many of the liberal churches held special services in her memory. The Society of Friends paid their usual tribute in the form of an excellent memorial, which was read before the Yearly Meeting to which she had belonged, and entered upon their minutes.

<sup>1</sup> Lucretia Mott's sister, Eliza C. Yarnall.



I am permitted to close this Memoir with the following extract from a sermon delivered by Samuel Longfellow, in the Unitarian Church, in Germantown, Pennsylvania.

. . . How can I say these things and speak of a life ordered by obedience to God's laws, without thinking of such a life that has just ended among us its earthly term. We shall no more look on the face of Lucretia Mott, that face which "was a benediction;" that face which shone with the inner life of peace and the serenity of truth. We shall no more hear that voice speaking the words of courage, of simplicity, of sincerity, and of heavenly wisdom. Far beyond the common limit, the light of that countenance has been before us, and the words of that voice heard wherever an unpopular truth needed defense; wherever a popular evil needed to be testified against; wherever a wronged man or woman needed a champion. There she stood, there she spoke the word that the spirit of truth and right bade her speak. How tranquil and serene her presence in the midst of multitudes that might become mobs! How calm, yet how searching, her judgment against wrongdoing! Her simple, straightforward words went right to the mark of the truth, right to the heart of the evil. There was a divine force in that "still small voice" of reason, of conscience, of unselfish purpose. No whirlwind of passion, or lightning of eloquence; it was rather the dawn of clear day upon dark places and hidden. She had the enviable but rare power of "speaking the truth in love, without in the least abating the truth."

She espoused the anti-slavery cause when to do so was a reproach and a peril; and to the last bore her unflinching testimony against all bondage and in behalf of true liberty in every form. She espoused the cause of the right of women to speak in public and to vote, when both these were under the ban of ridicule and prejudice (not yet outgrown), and



she manifested in herself the proof that women could take part in public affairs and speak on platform or in pulpit without the least dereliction of womanly dignity or modesty. Against the inhuman practice of settling national disputes by war, and in behalf of peace on earth, she spoke as if the angels of Bethlehem had come again.

In behalf of freedom of inquiry in religion she was in the front against proscription and ecclesiastical authority; "call me a radical of the radicals," she was wont to say, and she was ever keeping up with the best and freshest thinking of the time; to the last, loving to read and recite from memory the best words of the freshest, broadest, and loftiest minds. Channing and Dean Stanley she knew by heart.

Her life was ordered by divine laws, not by human opinions and customs; and so she was strong and calm, clear-sighted and sweet-hearted. Around her and beneath her were the everlasting Arms. The churches may brand her as a heretic; God must welcome her, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

## APPENDIX.

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### I.

LETTER FROM DANIEL O'CONNELL TO LUCRETIA MOTT,  
WITH REFERENCE TO THE REJECTION OF FEMALE DEL-  
EGATES BY THE WORLD'S CONVENTION IN LONDON.

16 PALL MALL, 20th June, 1840.

MADAM, — Taking the liberty of protesting against being supposed to adopt any of the complimentary phrases in your letter as being applicable to me, I readily comply with your request to give my opinion as to the propriety of the admission of the female delegates into the Convention.

I should premise by avowing that my first impression was strong against that admission, and I believe I declared that opinion in private conversation. But when I was called on by you to give my personal decision on the subject, I felt it my duty to investigate the grounds of the opinion I had formed; and upon that investigation, I easily discovered that it was founded on no better grounds than an apprehension of the ridicule it might excite if the Convention were to do what is so unusual in England, — to admit women to an equal share and right of discussion. I also, without difficulty, recognized that this was an unworthy, and indeed a cowardly motive, and I easily overcame its influence.

My mature consideration of the entire subject convinces me of the right of the female delegates to take their seats in the Convention, and of the injustice of excluding them. I do not care to add, that I deem it also impolitic; because

that exclusion being unjust, it ought not to have taken place, even if it could also be politic.

My reasons are, *First*, — That as it has been the practice in America for females to act as delegates and office-bearers, as well as in the common capacity of members of anti-slavery societies, the persons who called this Convention ought to have warned the American Anti-Slavery Societies to confine their choice to males ; and, for want of this caution, many female delegates have made long journeys by land, and crossed the ocean, to enjoy a right which they had no reason to fear would be withheld from them at the end of their tedious voyage.

*Secondly*, — The cause which is so intimately interwoven with every good feeling of humanity, and with the highest and most sacred principles of Christianity, — the Anti-Slavery cause in America, — is under the greatest, the deepest, the most heart-binding obligations to the females who have joined the anti-slavery societies in the United States. They have shown a passive but permanent courage, which ought to have put many of the male advocates to the blush. The American ladies have persevered in our holy cause, amidst difficulties and dangers, with the zeal of confessors, and the firmness of martyrs ; and, therefore, emphatically, they should not be disparaged or discouraged by any slight or contumely offered to their rights. Neither are the slight and contumely much diminished by the fact that it was not intended to offer any slight or to convey any contumely. Both results inevitably follow from the fact of rejection. This *ought not* to be.

*Thirdly*, — Even in England, with all our fastidiousness, women vote upon the great regulation of the Bank of England, in the nomination of its directors and governors, and in all other details equally with men ; that is, they assist in the most awfully important business, the regulation of the currency of this mighty empire, influencing the fortunes of all commercial nations.

*Fourthly*, — Our women, in like manner, vote at the India House, — that is, in the regulation of the government of more than one hundred millions of human beings.

*Fifthly*, — Mind has no sex ; and in the peaceable struggle to abolish slavery, all over the world, it is the basis of the present Convention to seek success by peaceable, moral, and intellectual means alone, to the utter exclusion of physical force or armed violence. We are engaged in a strife, not of strength, but of argument. Our warfare is not military, — it is strictly Christian. We wield not the weapons of destruction or injury to our adversaries. We rely entirely on reason and persuasion, common to both sexes, and on the emotions of benevolence and charity, which are more lovely and permanent amongst women than amongst men.

In the church to which I belong, the female sex are devoted by as strict rules, and with as much, if not more unceasing austerity, to the performance (and that to the exclusion of all worldly or temporal joys and pleasures) of all works of humanity, of education, of benevolence, and of charity in all its holy and sacred branches, as the men.

The great work in which we are now engaged embraces all these charitable categories ; and the women have the same duties, and should therefore enjoy the same rights with the men, in the performance of their duties.

I have a consciousness that I have not done *my* duty in not sooner urging these considerations on the Convention. My excuse is, that I was unavoidably absent during the discussion of the subject.

I have the honor to be very respectfully, madam, your obedient servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

MRS. LUCRETIA MOTT.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM HOWITT, ON THE SAME SUBJECT  
AS THE FOREGOING.

LONDON, June 27th, 1840.

DEAR FRIEND, — I snatch the few last minutes of a very hurried time before embarking for Germany, to express to you and your fellow-delegates the sense I have of your unworthy reception in this country, which has grown on me for the last week, extremely; even amid the overwhelming pressure of arrangements, inevitable on quitting London for a considerable stay abroad. Mary and myself greatly regret that we had left our home before we had the opportunity of seeing you, or we should have had the sincerest pleasure in welcoming you there to spend at least one day of quiet, as pleasant as that which we spent with you at our worthy friend, Mr. Ashurst's, at Muswell Hill. I regret still more that my unavoidable absence from town prevented my making part of the Convention, as nothing should have hindered me from stating there, in the plainest terms, my opinion of the real grounds on which you were excluded.

It is pitiable that you were excluded on the plea of being women; but it is outrageous that, under that plea, you were actually excluded as heretics. That is the real ground of your exclusion, and it ought to have been at once proclaimed and exposed by the liberal members of the Convention; but I believe they were not aware of the fact. I heard of the circumstance of your exclusion at a distance, and immediately said, "Excluded on the ground that they are women? No, that is not the real cause, — there is something behind. Who and what are these female delegates? Are they orthodox in religion?" The answer was, "No, they are considered to be of the Hicksite party of Friends." My reply was, "That is enough, — *there* lies the real cause, and there needs no other; the influential Friends in the Convention would never for a mo-

ment tolerate their presence there, if they could prevent it. They hate them, because they have dared to call in question their sectarian dogmas and assumed authority; and they have taken care to brand them in the eyes of the Calvinistic Dissenters, who form another large and influential portion of the Convention, as Unitarians, — in their eyes the most odious of heretics.”

But what a miserable spectacle is this! The “World’s Convention” converting itself into the fag-end of the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends. That Convention, met from various countries and climates to consider how it shall best advance the sacred cause of humanity, — of the freedom of the race, independent of caste or color, — immediately falls the victim of bigotry, and one of its first acts is, to establish a caste of sectarian opinion, and to introduce color into the very soul! Had I not seen, of late years, a good deal of the spirit which now rules the Society of Friends, my surprise would have been unbounded at seeing *them* argue for the exclusion of women from a public body, *as women*. But nothing which they do now surprises me. They have in this case, to gratify their wretched spirit of intolerance, at once abandoned one of the most noble and most philosophical of the established principles of their own Society. That Society claims, and claims justly, to be the first Christian body which has recognized the great Christian doctrine, that THERE IS NO SEX IN SOULS; that male and female are all one in Christ Jesus. They were Fox and Penn, and the first giants of the Society, who dared, in the face of the whole world’s prejudices, to place woman in her first rank, — to recognize and maintain her moral and intellectual equality. It was this Society which thus gave to woman her inalienable rights — her true liberty; which restored to her the exercise of mind, and the capacity to exhibit before man, her assumed lord and master, the highest qualities of the human heart and understanding: discretion, sound counsel,



sure sagacity, mingled with feminine delicacy, and that beautiful, innate modesty which avails more to restrain its possessor within the bounds of prudence and usefulness, than all the laws and customs of corrupt society. It was this Society which, at once fearless in its confidence in woman's goodness and sense of propriety, gave to its female portion its own Meetings of Discipline, meetings of civil discussion, and transaction of actual and various business. It was this Society which did more; which permitted its women, in the face of a great apostolic injunction, to stand forth in its churches and preach the gospel. It has in fact sent them out, armed with the authority of its certificates, to the very ends of the earth, to preach in public; to visit and persuade in private. And what has been the consequence? Have the women put their faith and philosophy to shame? Have they disgraced themselves or the Society which has confided in them? Have they proved by their follies, their extravagances, their unwomanly boldness and want of a just sense of decorum, that these great men were wrong? On the contrary, I will venture to say, and I have seen something of all classes, that there is not in the whole civilized world a body of women to be found, of the same numbers, who exhibit more modesty of manner and delicacy of mind than the ladies of the Society of Friends; and few who equal them in sound sense and dignity of character. . . .

And here have gone the little men of the present day, and have knocked down, in the face of the world, all that their mighty ancestors, "in this respect, had built up." If they are at all consistent, they must carry out their new principle, and sweep with it through the ancient constitution of their own Society. They must at once put down meetings of discipline amongst their women; they must call home such as are in distant countries or are traversing this, preaching and visiting families. There must be no more appointments of women to meet committees of men, to de-

liberate on matters of great importance to the Society. But the fact is, my dear friend, that bigotry is never consistent, except that it is always narrow, always ungracious, and always, under plea of uniting God's people, scattering them one from another, and rendering them weak as water. . . . The Convention has not merely insulted you, but those who sent you. It has testified that the men of America are at least far ahead of us in their opinion of the discretion and usefulness of women. But above all, this act of exclusion has shown how far the Society of Friends is fallen from its ancient state of greatness and catholic nobleness of spirit. . . .

I have heard the noble Garrison blamed that he has not taken his place in the Convention, because you, his fellow-delegates, were excluded. I, on the contrary, honor him for his conduct. In mere worldly wisdom he might have entered the Convention, and there entered his protest against the decision, — but in at once refusing to enter where you, his fellow-delegates, were shut out, he has entered a far nobler protest, not in the mere Convention, but in the world at large. I honor the lofty principle of that true champion of humanity, and shall always recollect with delight the day Mary and I spent with him.

I must apologize for this most hasty, and, I fear, illegible scrawl, and with our kind regards, and best wishes for your safe return to your native country, and for many years of honorable labor there, for the truth and freedom, I beg to subscribe myself,

Most sincerely your friend,      WILLIAM HOWITT.

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## II.

HANNAH BARNARD.

It would be difficult to find an instance of unjust and high-handed persecution, greater than that which was meted out to Hannah Barnard by the

Society of Friends in England, in 1797, and which was followed up in this country, after her return.

One of the last letters which Lucretia Mott wrote — a letter addressed to her cousin, Phebe Earle Gibbons — was in relation to this unjust and unwarrantable proceeding. In it she says: —

. . . I have always regretted that so little has been published of the sad experience of that remarkable woman, Hannah Barnard; but I have no authentic data to give now.

She was born in Nantucket, and removed with her parents to Hudson, I think before the War of the Revolution, for my mother remembered her being on a religious visit to Nantucket before the year 1800. About that time she went to England with a certificate from the Meeting of Ministers and Elders, signed by John Murray, James Parsons, and James Mott (our grandfather); Elizabeth Coggeshall being her companion. While she was in England, a complaint was sent thence to the Monthly Meeting of Hudson, accusing her of unsound doctrine bordering on infidelity; and a letter was sent to her by the three Elders, encouraging her to return to her home. This was, I think, after London Meeting had taken up the case. That meeting disowned her. When her case was opened in that meeting, her companion, Elizabeth Coggeshall, fainted.

On their return home, Hudson Meeting could do no less, in their reverence for London Meeting, than to deny her right of membership. Her letter in reply to the Elders was an excellent production, stating her own case clearly, and the injustice of the treatment which she had received, saying, that when she had preached against war, as never having been prosecuted by the command of the Divinity, she had been accused of denying the authenticity of the Scriptures; and whereas Jesus had faith in Moses, therefore she denied Jesus, and was an infidel.

This is from memory. The papers were sent to us by our mother Mott, with the certificate and other papers. I

valued them highly, and often lent them to our Friends, John Comly and others; but at length they disappeared and no search could restore them; so that I have sometimes feared a pious fraud had been practiced. Among the papers was Hannah Barnard's creed, opposed to any "scheme of salvation."

She lived to witness our Separation, and said that she had lived to see the Society divided on the ground on which she was disowned.

She and her husband and family lived comfortably together in Hudson. She was well known as a friend to the poor and afflicted. . . . Some traveling Friends paid a religious visit to her, advising her to "return, repent, and live." Before they left, she addressed them thus: "Friends, your preaching does not apply to me." . . .

Some of the liberal Friends in Chester County were much disturbed by the dealings with Hannah Barnard, and expressed themselves freely. Soon after, there was a revision of our Discipline in the early part of this century, and Jonathan Evans and some others had that clause added which makes it a disownable offense to deny the Divinity of Christ, and the authenticity of the Scriptures. I learned this fifty years ago.

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### III.

EXTRACTS FROM ADDRESSES BY LUCRETIA MOTT AT  
THE ANTI-SABBATH CONVENTION, HELD IN BOSTON,  
MASS., MARCH 23RD AND 24TH, 1848.

. . . I have little to add to what has already been said. The distinction has been clearly and ably drawn between mere forms and rituals of the Church, and practical goodness; between the consecration of man, and the consecration of days; the dedication of the Church, and the dedication of our lives to God.

But might we not go farther, and show that we are not

to rely so much upon books, even upon the Bible itself, as upon the higher revelation within us? The time is come, and especially in New England is it come, that man should judge of his own self what is right; and that he should seek authority less from the Scriptures.

. . . Those who differ from us would care little for an Anti-Sabbath Convention which should come to the conclusion that, after all, it would be best to have one day in seven set apart for religious purposes. Few intelligent clergymen will now admit that they consecrate the day in any other sense, or that there is any inherent holiness in it. If you should agree that this day should be for more holy purposes than other days, you have granted much that they ask. Is not this Convention prepared to go farther than this? to dissent from this idea, and declare openly that it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day? That it is the consecration of *all* our time to God and to goodness, that is required of us? Not by demure piety; not by avoiding innocent recreation on any day of the week, but by such a distribution of time as shall give sufficient opportunity for such intellectual culture and spiritual improvement, as our mental and religious nature requires.

In the scripture authority, however, as it has been cited, it might have been shown, that even in the times of the most rigid Jewish observance, it was regarded only as a shadow of good things to come. "I gave them also my Sabbaths to be a sign unto them." The distinction was then made, by the more faithful and discerning of their people, between mere formal worship and practical goodness. "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart." When these things were not done, even the temple worship became an abomination; the Sabbaths, the holy meetings, he was weary of them. Their clear-sighted prophets spoke in the name of the Highest to those who



had violated the law of right: "I hate, I despise your feast-days." "The new moons and Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting." They were called to amend their ways and their doings — "to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly." There is now, as there ever has been, but one test — one standard of true worship.

. . . It has been said here, that we are not bound by the Old Testament; but are we to bind ourselves to the New Testament authority? Enough has already been quoted from that book, to prove all that we would ask, with regard to the day. There is no evidence, no testimony there found, that will authorize the consecration of one day above another. Jesus recognized no such distinction; and the Apostle Paul said, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. He that regardeth the day, unto the Lord he doth regard it; and he that regardeth not the day, unto the Lord he doth not regard it." These equally give God thanks. There is all this liberal view, and it is well to bring it before the people. But, after all, are we to take this as our sufficient authority? Suppose some of them had been so under their Jewish prejudices as to teach the importance of the observance of the day, would that have made it obligatory on us? No, we are not called to follow implicitly any outward authority. Suppose that Jesus himself had said, with regard to the day, as he did in allusion to his baptism by John, "Suffer it to be so now," would that have made it binding on us? Is the example of the ancients, whether Prophets or Apostles, or the "beloved Son of God" himself, sufficient for the entire regulation of our action at the present day? No; Jesus testified to his disciples, that when the spirit of truth was come, they should be taught all things, and should do the things which he did, and greater. The people were not then prepared for more. The time would come when that which was spoken in the ear, in closets, should be proclaimed on the housetop. He



urged upon his disciples to keep their eye single, that their whole body might be full of light.

His practice, then, in any of these observances, is not sufficient authority for us. We are not required to walk in the exact path of our predecessors, in any of our steps through life. We are to conform to the spirit of the present age, to the demand of the present life. Our progress is dependent upon our acting out our convictions. New bottles for new wine now, as in days past. Let us not be ashamed of the gospel we profess, so far as to qualify it with any orthodox ceremonies or expressions. We must be willing to stand out in our heresy ; especially, as already mentioned, when the duty of Sabbath observance is carried to such an extent, that it is regarded, too generally, a greater crime to do an innocent thing on the first day of the week, — to use the needle, for instance, — than to put a human being on the auction block on the second day ; — a greater crime to engage in harmless employment on the first day, than to go into the field of battle, and slay our fellow-beings, either on that or other days of the week ! While there is this palpable inconsistency, it is demanded of us, not only to speak plainly, but to act out our convictions, and not seem to harmonize with the religious world generally, when our theory is not in accordance with theirs.

Many religionists apparently believe that they are consecrating man to the truth and the right, when they convert him to their creeds, — to their scheme of salvation and plan of redemption. They, therefore, are very zealous for the traditions of their fathers, and for the observance of days ; while at the same time, as already mentioned, they give countenance to war, slavery, and other evils ; not because they are wholly reckless of the condition of man, but because such is their sectarian idea. Their great error is in imagining that the highest good is found in their church. . . .

In the existing state of society, while the laborer is over-

tasked, and has so little respite from his toil, we may indeed rejoice that, by common consent, he has even this one day in seven for rest, when, if he choose, he ought to be encouraged to go out with his family, in steamboat and railway cars; and in the fields and woods he might offer acceptable homage and worship to the Highest. This action of his need not interfere at all with the conscientious action of those who believe they may more acceptably worship God in temples made with hands. But if we take the ground, that all should rather assemble on that day to worship, and to hear what is called religious instruction, there is danger of our yielding the very point for which we are called together.

Many of us verily believe that there is, on the whole, material harm done to the people, in these false observances, and in the dogmas which are taught as religious truth. So believing, we should endeavor to discourage this kind of devotion, and correct these errors by plain speaking and honest walking, — rather than, by our example and our admissions, do that which shall go to strengthen superstition, and increase idolatry in the land.

Later, in the same convention, she said: —

Our friend makes a difference between calling the day Sabbath, and recognizing it as the Lord's Day. Is not this a distinction in terms only, but the same thing in fact? The mere change of the day from the seventh to the first of the week does not meet all the wants of the people on this subject. We may call it Sabbath or Lord's Day, and be equally in darkness as to the nature of true worship.

We may deceive ourselves, in our care not to offend our neighbors, who are Sabbatarians, or Lord's Day observers. For their sakes we seem to observe the day, refraining from that which, on another day, would be right, but which might wound them. Upon a closer examination of our motives, it may be our own love of approbation and selfish-

ness that is wounded. If so, there is a kind of hypocrisy in the act of seeming to be what we are not. We have need to guard ourselves against any compromise for the sake of man's praise.

For years after my mind was satisfied on this subject, if engaged in sewing on First-day, and a domestic or other person entered the room, the work was laid by or concealed, that their feelings should not be hurt. But on being asked why I did not also, for the same reason, go to the communion table, or submit to baptism, I could not answer satisfactorily, and was at length convinced that more harm was done to myself and children, in the little deception practiced, than in working "openly, uncondemned, and in secret doing nothing." As advocates of the truth, we must be willing to be "made of no reputation," to lose caste among our people. If we seek to please men, we "make the cross of Christ" (to use a symbolical expression) "of no effect." Let us, therefore, stand fast in the liberty wherewith the truth has made us free.

There are various reasons for keeping this convention on very simple ground, — not blending it with any of the popular views of the subject, which prevail to such an extent. We shall do more, in this way, to promote the cause of practical Christianity, than by yielding to the prevailing idea, that worship is more acceptable on one day in seven, than doing right every day of the week. The character of many of these reformers, — their interest in the various concerns of humanity, — the sacrifices they have made for the good of their fellow-beings, — all testify to their devotion to God and humanity. They feel it incumbent upon them to be exceedingly careful in their conduct on all days of the week, so that those who speak evil of them as evil-doers may be ashamed when they falsely accuse them. Numbers of these have seen to the end of gathering together for religious purposes. They understand the vision of John in the Revelation, describing the New Jerusalem,

the holy city ; and he “saw *no temple* therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.” These cultivate the religious sentiment every day. They feel in their hearts the raising of praise and hallelujah unto their God, when they go forth into the fields and groves. God’s temple is there ; and they no longer need to enter the outward temple to perform their vows and make their offerings. “Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.”

There are signs of progress in the movements of the age. The superstitions and idols in our midst are held up to the view of the people. Inquiring minds are asking, “Who shall show us any good ?” These are dissatisfied with the existing forms and institutions of religious sects, and are demanding a higher righteousness — uprightness in everyday life. The standard of creeds and forms must be lowered, while that of justice, peace, and love one to another, must be raised higher and higher. “The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord.” We wait for no imagined millennium — no speculation or arithmetical calculation — no Bible research — to ascertain when this shall be. It only needs that the people examine for themselves — not pin their faith on ministers’ sleeves, but do their own thinking, obey the truth, and be made free. The kingdom of God is nigh, even at the door. He dwelleth in your midst, though ye know it not.

This is no longer the peculiar creed of the Quaker. It is coming to be universally acknowledged in the hearts of the people, and if faithful, the bright day of liberty, of knowledge and truth, shall be hastened. It is of more importance to live up to our convictions of right, than to subscribe to the creed of any church. May our light so shine, that men may see our good works, and glorify our Father in Heaven, even though our worship of him may be after the way called heresy. We may be instructed by the prayer of the Apostle Paul for his brethren : “I pray to

God that ye do no evil; not that we should appear approved, but that ye should do that which is honest, though we be as reprobates; for we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

Every fetter which superstition and sectarian bigotry have imposed must be broken before the mind of man will be free. The pulpit and the press may yet be enlisted even in this cause. If the reformer be faithful to his convictions, and make no compromise with the religion of the day; if he do not seem to believe that for which he has no respect; if he come not to the table of the Lord unworthily, the time will not be long before the clergymen of the various sects will investigate this subject with other spectacles than those they have hitherto worn.

This is no new subject. I am one of the older members of this convention. I have been familiar with these views from my early days, being accustomed to hear the remarks of the venerable Elias Hicks, who bore his testimony against all penal enactments for enforcing the observance of the Sabbath. He traveled extensively through New York and Pennsylvania, and after much observation came to the conclusion, that crime and licentious indulgence were greatly increased by the existing arrangement of society on this subject. He remarked for himself, that he was careful on the first day of the week, as on the fourth, not to do so much work in the morning as would unfit him for the enjoyment of his meeting; but after meeting, on either day, if he had a field of wheat which needed cradling, he would not hesitate to do it, and the law forbidding it on the First-day was oppressive to his conscience. His view was, that there should be such regulation of time as should over-tax none with labor on any day of the week — that darkness was spread over the land half the time, when man might rest; and after such devotional exercises as he might choose for himself, he should have the advantage of innocent relaxation. A person present, opposing him, stated



how he observed the day — that he wished all to be quiet — no secular business, etc. Elias replied, “I consider thee as much under the effect of superstition, as thou would be in the observance of any other of the Jewish rites.” During that discussion, impressions were made which I have ever remembered. They were strengthened in after years, and I now feel the more prepared by my feeble expression, to encourage those who have been pioneers in other labors of reform.

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## IV.

## DISCOURSES BY LUCRETIA MOTT.

## DISCOURSE ON WOMAN,

*Delivered Twelfth Month 17th, 1849.*

THERE is nothing of greater importance to the well-being of society at large — of man as well as woman — than the true and proper position of woman. Much has been said, from time to time, upon this subject. It has been a theme for ridicule, for satire, and sarcasm. We might look for this from the ignorant and vulgar; but from the intelligent and refined we have a right to expect that such weapons shall not be resorted to, that gross comparisons and vulgar epithets shall not be applied, so as to place woman, in a point of view, ridiculous to say the least.

This subject has claimed my earnest interest for many years. I have long wished to see woman occupying a more elevated position than that which custom for ages has allotted to her. It was with great regret, therefore, that I listened a few days ago to a lecture upon this subject, which, though replete with intellectual beauty, and containing much that was true and excellent, was yet fraught with sentiments calculated to retard the progress of woman to the high elevation destined by her Creator. I regretted



the more that these sentiments should be presented with such attractiveness, because they would be likely to ensnare the young.

The minds of young people generally are open to the reception of more exalted views upon this subject. The kind of homage that has been paid to woman, the flattering appeals which have too long satisfied her — appeals to her mere fancy and imagination — are giving place to a more extended recognition of her rights, her important duties and responsibilities in life. Woman is claiming for herself stronger and more profitable food. Various are the indications leading to this conclusion. The increasing attention to female education, the improvement in the literature of the age, especially in what is called the “Ladies’ Department,” in the periodicals of the day, are among the proofs of a higher estimate of woman in society at large. Therefore we may hope that the intellectual and intelligent are being prepared for the discussion of this question, in a manner which shall tend to ennoble woman and dignify man.

Free discussion upon this, as upon all other subjects, is never to be feared; nor will it be, except by such as prefer darkness to light. “Those only who are in the wrong dread discussion. The light alarms those only who feel the need of darkness.” It was sound philosophy uttered by Jesus, “He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.”

I have not come here with a view of answering any particular parts of the lecture alluded to, in order to point out the fallacy of its reasoning. The speaker, however, did not profess to offer anything like argument on that occasion, but rather *a sentiment*. I have no prepared address to deliver to you, being unaccustomed to speak in that way; but I felt a wish to offer some views for your consideration, though in a desultory manner, which may lead to

such reflection and discussion as will present the subject in a true light.

In the beginning, man and woman were created equal. "Male and female created he them, and blessed them, and called their name Adam." He gave dominion to both over the lower animals, but not to one over the other.

"Man o'er woman

He made not lord, such title to himself

Reserving, human left from human free."

The cause of the subjection of woman to man was early ascribed to disobedience to the command of God. This would seem to show that she was then regarded as not occupying her true and rightful position in society.

The laws given on Mount Sinai for the government of man and woman were equal, and the precepts of Jesus make no distinction. Those who read the Scriptures, and judge for themselves, not resting satisfied with the perverted application of the text, do not find the distinction that theology and ecclesiastical authorities have made, in the condition of the sexes. In the early ages, Miriam and Deborah, conjointly with Aaron and Barak, enlisted themselves on the side which they regarded the right, unitedly going up to their battles, and singing their songs of victory. We regard these with veneration. Deborah judged Israel many years — she went up with Barak against their enemies with an army of ten thousand, assuring him that the honor of the battle should not be to him, but to a woman. Revolting as were the circumstances of their success, the acts of a semi-barbarous people, yet we read with reverence the song of Deborah: "Blessed above women shall Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent. . . . She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workman's hammer; she smote Sisera through his temples. At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down dead." This circumstance, at variance with Christianity, is recognized as an act befitting

woman in that day. Deborah, Huldah, and other honorable women, were looked up to and consulted in times of exigency, and their counsel was received. In that eastern country, with all the customs tending to degrade woman, some were called to fill great and important stations in society. There were also false prophetesses as well as true. The denunciations of Ezekiel were upon those women who would "prophecy out of their own heart, and sew pillows to all armholes," etc.

Coming down to later times, we find Anna, a prophetess of four-score years, in the temple day and night, speaking of Christ to all those who looked for redemption in Jerusalem. Numbers of women were the companions of Jesus—one going to the men of the city, saying, "Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" Another, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." Philip had four daughters who did prophecy. Tryphena and Tryphosa were co-workers with the apostles in their mission, to whom they sent special messages of regard and acknowledgment of their labors in the gospel. A learned Jew, mighty in the Scriptures, was by Priscilla instructed in the way of the Lord more perfectly. Phebe is mentioned as a *servant* of Christ, and commended as such to the brethren. It is worthy of note that the word *servant*, when applied to Tychicus, is rendered *minister*. Women *professing* godliness, should be translated *preaching*.

The first announcement, on the day of Pentecost was the fulfillment of ancient prophecy, that God's spirit should be poured out upon *daughters* as well as sons, and they should prophecy. It is important that we be familiar with these facts, because woman has been so long circumscribed in her influence by the perverted application of the text, rendering it improper for her to speak in the assemblies of the people, "to edification, to exhortation, and to comfort."

If these Scriptures were read intelligently, we should not

so learn Christ, as to exclude any from a position where they might exert an influence for good to their fellow-beings. The epistle to the Corinthian church, where the supposed apostolic prohibition of woman's preaching is found, contains express directions how woman shall appear when she prayeth or prophesieth. Judge then whether this admonition relative to *speaking* and asking questions, in the excited state of that church, should be regarded as a standing injunction on woman's *preaching*, when that word was not used by the apostle. Where is the Scripture authority for the advice given to the early church, under peculiar circumstances, being binding on the church of the present day? Ecclesiastical history informs us, that for two or three hundred years, female ministers suffered martyrdom, in company with their brethren.

These things are too much lost sight of. They should be known, in order that we may be prepared to meet the assertion, so often made, that woman is stepping out of her appropriate sphere when she shall attempt to instruct public assemblies. The present time particularly demands such investigation. It requires also, that "of yourselves ye should judge what is right," that you should know the ground whereon you stand. This age is notable for its works of mercy and benevolence — for the efforts that are made to reform the inebriate and the degraded, to relieve the oppressed and suffering. Women as well as men are interested in these works of justice and mercy. They are efficient co-workers, their talents are called into profitable exercise, their labors are effective in each department of reform. The blessing to the merciful, to the peacemaker, is equal to man and to woman. It is greatly to be deplored, now that she is increasingly qualified for usefulness, that any view should be presented calculated to retard her labors of love.

Why should not woman seek to be a reformer? If she is to shrink from being such an iconoclast as shall "break

the image of man's lower worship," as so long held up to view; if she is to fear to exercise her reason and her noblest powers, lest she should be thought to "attempt to act the man," and not "acknowledge his supremacy;" if she is to be satisfied with the narrow sphere assigned her by man, nor aspire to a higher, lest she should transcend the bounds of female delicacy, truly it is a mournful prospect for woman. We would admit all the difference that our great and beneficent Creator has made, in the relation of man and woman, nor would we seek to disturb this relation; but we deny that the present position of woman is her true sphere of usefulness; nor will she attain to this sphere, until the disabilities and disadvantages, religious, civil, and social, which impede her progress, are removed out of her way. These restrictions have enervated her mind and paralyzed her powers. While man assumes that the present is the original state designed for woman, that the *existing* "differences are not arbitrary nor the result of accident," but grounded in nature, she will not make the necessary effort to obtain her just rights, lest it should subject her to the kind of scorn and contemptuous manner in which she has been spoken of.

So far from her "ambition leading her to attempt to act the man," she needs all the encouragement she can receive, by the removal of obstacles from her path, in order that she may become a "true woman." As it is desirable that man should act a manly and generous part, not "mannish," so let woman be urged to exercise a dignified and womanly bearing, not womanish. Let her cultivate all the graces and proper accomplishments of her sex, but let not these degenerate into a kind of effeminacy, in which she is satisfied to be the mere plaything or toy of society, content with her outward adornings, and with the tone of flattery and fulsome adulation too often addressed to her. True, nature has made a difference in her configuration, her physical strength, her voice, — and we ask no change, we are satisfied with



nature. But how has neglect and mismanagement increased this difference! It is our duty to develop these natural powers by suitable exercise, so that they may be strengthened "by reason of use." In the ruder state of society, woman is made to bear heavy burdens, while her "lord and master" walks idly by her side. In the civilization to which we have attained, if cultivated and refined woman would bring all her powers into use, she might engage in pursuits which she now shrinks from as beneath her proper vocation. The energies of men need not then be wholly devoted to the counting-house and common business of life, in order that women in fashionable society may be supported in their daily promenades and nightly visits to the theatre and ball-room.

The appeal of Catharine Beecher to woman, some years ago, urging her to aim at higher pursuits, was greatly encouraging. It gave earnest of an improved condition of woman. She says, "The time is coming when woman will be taught to understand the construction of the human frame, the philosophical results from restricted exercise, unhealthy modes of dress, improper diet, and other causes, which are continually operating to destroy the health and life of the young. . . . Woman has been but little aware of the high incitements which should stimulate to the cultivation of her noblest powers. The world is no longer to be governed by physical force, but by the influence which mind exerts over mind. . . . Woman has never wakened to her highest destinies and holiest hopes. The time is coming when educated females will not be satisfied with the present objects of their low ambition. When a woman now leaves the immediate business of her own education, how often, how generally do we find her sinking down into almost useless inactivity. To enjoy the social circle, to accomplish a little sewing, a *little* reading, a little domestic duty, to while away her hours in self-indulgence, or to enjoy the pleasures of domestic life, — these are the highest



objects at which many a woman of elevated mind and accomplished education aims. And what does she find of sufficient interest to call forth her cultivated energies and warm affection? But when the cultivation and development of the immortal mind shall be presented to woman, as her especial and delightful duty, and that too whatever be her relations in life ; when, by example and experience, she shall have learned her power over the intellect and the affections, . . . then we shall not find woman returning from the precincts of learning and wisdom to pass lightly away the bright hours of her maturing youth. We shall not so often see her seeking the light device to embroider on muslin and lace (and I would add, the fashionable crochet work of the present day) ; but we shall see her, with the delighted glow of benevolence, seeking for immortal minds whereon she may fasten durable and holy impressions that shall never be effaced or wear away."

A new generation of women is now upon the stage, improving the increased opportunities furnished for the acquirement of knowledge. Public education is coming to be regarded the right of the children of a republic. The hill of science is not so difficult of ascent as formerly represented by poets and painters ; but by fact and demonstration smoothed down, so as to be accessible to the assumed weak capacity of woman. She is rising in the scale of being through this, as well as other means, and finding heightened pleasure and profit on the right hand and on the left. The study of Physiology, now introduced into our common schools, is engaging her attention, impressing the necessity of the observance of the laws of health. The intellectual Lyceum and instructive lecture-room are becoming to many more attractive than the theatre and the ball-room. The sickly and sentimental novel and pernicious romance are giving place to writings calculated to call forth the benevolent affections and higher nature. It is only by comparison that I would speak commendatorily

of these works of imagination. The frequent issue of them from the press is to be regretted. Their exciting contents, like stimulating drinks, when long indulged in, enervate the mind, unfitting it for the sober duties of life.

These duties are not to be limited by man. Nor will woman fulfil less her domestic relations, as the faithful companion of her chosen husband and the fitting mother of her children, because she has a right estimate of her position and her responsibilities. Her self-respect will be increased; preserving the dignity of her being, she will not suffer herself to be degraded into a mere dependent. Nor will her feminine character be impaired. Instances are not few, of woman throwing off the incumbrances which bind her, and going forth in a manner worthy of herself, her creation, and her dignified calling. Did Elizabeth Fry lose any of her feminine qualities by the public walk into which she was called? Having performed the duties of a mother to a large family, feeling that she owed a labor of love to the poor prisoner, she was empowered by Him who sent her forth, to go to kings and crowned heads of the earth, and ask audience of these, and it was granted her. Did she lose the delicacy of woman by her acts? No. Her retiring modesty was characteristic of her to the latest period of her life. It was my privilege to enjoy her society some years ago, and I found all that belonged to the feminine in woman — to true nobility, in a refined and purified moral nature. Is Dorothea Dix throwing off her womanly nature and appearance in the course she is pursuing? In finding duties abroad, has any “refined man felt that something of beauty has gone forth from her?” To use the contemptuous word applied in the lecture alluded to, is she becoming “*mannish*?” Is she compromising her womanly dignity in going forth to seek to better the condition of the insane and afflicted? Is not a beautiful mind and a retiring modesty still conspicuous in her?

Indeed, I would ask, if this modesty is not attractive also, when manifested in the other sex? It was strikingly marked in Horace Mann, when presiding over the late National Educational Convention in this city. The retiring modesty of William Ellery Channing was beautiful, as well as of many others, who have filled elevated stations in society. These virtues, differing as they may in degree in man and woman, are of the same nature, and call forth our admiration wherever manifested.

The noble courage of Grace Darling is justly honored, leading her to present herself on the coast of England, during the raging storm, in order to rescue the poor, suffering, shipwrecked mariner. Woman was not wanting in courage in the early ages. In war and bloodshed this trait was often displayed. Grecian and Roman history have lauded and honored her in this character. English history records her courageous women too, for unhappily we have little but the records of war handed down to us. The courage of Joan of Arc was made the subject of a popular lecture not long ago, by one of our intelligent citizens. But more noble moral daring is marking the female character at the present time, and better worthy of imitation. As these characteristics come to be appreciated in man too, his warlike acts, with all the miseries and horrors of the battle-ground, will sink into their merited oblivion, or be remembered only to be condemned. The heroism displayed in the tented field must yield to the moral and Christian heroism which is shadowed in the signs of our times.

The lecturer regarded the announcement of woman's achievements, and the offering of appropriate praise through the press, as a gross innovation upon the obscurity of female life — he complained that the exhibition of attainments of girls in schools was now equal to that of the boys, and the newspapers announce that "Miss Brown received the first prize for English grammar," etc. If he objected to so much excitement of emulation in schools, it would be

well; for the most enlightened teachers discountenance these appeals to love of approbation and self-esteem. While prizes continue to be awarded, can any good reason be given why the name of the girl should not be published as well as that of the boy? He spoke with scorn, that "we hear of Mrs. President so and so; and committees and secretaries of the same sex." But if women can conduct their own business, by means of presidents and secretaries of their own sex, can he tell us why they should not? They will never make much progress in any moral movement while they depend upon men to act for them. Do we shrink from reading the announcement that Mrs. Somerville is made an honorary member of a scientific association? That Miss Herschel has made some discoveries, and is prepared to take her equal part in science? Or that Miss Mitchell, of Nantucket, has lately discovered a planet long looked for? I cannot conceive why "honor to whom honor is due" should not be rendered to woman as well as man; nor will it necessarily exalt her, or foster feminine pride. This propensity is found alike in male and female, and it should not be ministered to improperly in either sex.

In treating upon the affections, the lecturer held out the idea that, as manifested in the sexes, they were opposite, if not somewhat antagonistic, and required a union, as in chemistry, to form a perfect whole. The simile appeared to me far from a correct illustration of the true union. Minds that can assimilate, spirits that are congenial, attract one another. It is the union of similar, not of opposite affections, which are necessary for the perfection of the marriage bond. There seemed a want of proper delicacy in his representing man as being bold in the demonstration of the pure affection of love. In persons of refinement, true love seeks concealment in man as well as in woman. I will not enlarge upon the subject, although it formed so great a part of his lecture. The contrast drawn seemed a

fallacy, as has much, very much, that has been presented in the sickly sentimental strains of the poet, from age to age.

The question is often asked, "What does woman want more than she enjoys? What is she seeking to obtain? Of what rights is she deprived? What privileges are withheld from her?" I answer, she asks nothing as favor, but as right; she wants to be acknowledged a moral, responsible being. She is seeking not to be governed by laws, in the making of which she has no voice. She is deprived of almost every right in civil society, and is a cipher in the nation, except in the right of presenting a petition. In religious society her disabilities, as already pointed out, have greatly retarded her progress. Her exclusion from the pulpit or ministry — her duties marked out for her by her equal brother man, subject to creeds, rules, and disciplines made for her by him — this is unworthy her true dignity. In marriage there is assumed superiority, on the part of the husband, and admitted inferiority, with a promise of obedience, on the part of the wife. This subject calls loudly for examination, in order that the wrong may be redressed. Customs suited to darker ages in eastern countries are not binding upon enlightened society. \* The solemn covenant of marriage may be entered into without these lordly assumptions and humiliating concessions and promises.

There are large Christian denominations who do not recognize such degrading relations of husband and wife. They ask no aid from magistrate or clergyman to legalize or sanctify this union. But acknowledging themselves in the presence of the Highest, and invoking His assistance, they come under reciprocal obligations of fidelity and affection, before suitable witnesses. Experience and observation go to prove, that there may be as much harmony, to say the least, in such a union, and as great purity and permanence of affection, as can exist where the common ceremony is observed.



The distinctive relations of husband and wife, of father and mother of a family, are sacredly preserved, without the assumption of authority on the one part, or the promise of obedience on the other. There is nothing in such a marriage degrading to woman. She does not compromise her dignity or self-respect ; but enters married life upon equal ground, by the side of her husband. By proper education, she understands her duties, physical, intellectual, and moral ; and fulfilling these, she is a helpmeet in the true sense of the word.

I tread upon delicate ground in alluding to the institutions of religious associations ; but the subject is of so much importance that all which relates to the position of woman should be examined, apart from the undue veneration which ancient usage receives.

“Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone  
To reverence what is ancient, and can plead  
A course of long observance for its use,  
That even servitude, the worst of ills,  
Because delivered down from sire to son,  
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.”

So with woman. She has so long been subject to the disabilities and restrictions with which her progress has been embarrassed, that she has become enervated, her mind to some extent paralyzed ; and like those still more degraded by personal bondage, she hugs her chains. Liberty is often presented in its true light, but it is liberty for man, and it is not less a blessing, because oppression has so long darkened the mind that it cannot appreciate it. I would, therefore, urge that woman be placed in such a situation in society, by the recognition of her rights, and have such opportunities for growth and development, as shall raise her from this low, enervated, and paralyzed condition, to a full appreciation of the blessing of entire freedom of mind.

It is with reluctance that I make the demand for the



political rights of women, because this claim is so distasteful to the age. Woman shrinks, in the present state of society, from taking any interest in politics. The events of the French Revolution and the claim for woman's rights are held up to her as a warning. But let us not look at the excesses of women alone at that period; but remember that the age was marked with extravagances and wickedness in men as well as women. Indeed, political life abounds with these excesses, and with shameful outrage. Who knows, but that if woman acted her part in governmental affairs, there might be an entire change in the turmoil of political life. It becomes man to speak modestly of his ability to act without her. If woman's judgment were exercised, why might she not aid in making the laws by which she is governed? Lord Brougham remarked that the works of Harriet Martineau upon Political Economy were not excelled by those of any political writer of the present time. The first few chapters of her "Society in America," her views of a republic, and of government generally, furnish evidence of woman's capacity to embrace subjects of universal interest.

Far be it from me to encourage women to vote, or to take an active part in politics in the present state of our government. Her right to the elective franchise, however, is the same, and should be yielded to her, whether she exercise that right or not. Would that man, too, would have no participation in a government recognizing the life-taking principle—retaliation and the sword. It is unworthy a Christian nation. But when, in the diffusion of light and intelligence, a convention shall be called to make regulations for self-government on Christian principles, I can see no good reason why women should not participate in such an assemblage, taking part equally with man.

Professor Walker, of Cincinnati, in his "Introduction to American Law," says: "With regard to political rights, females form a positive exception to the general doctrine

of equality. They have no part or lot in the formation or administration of government. They cannot vote or hold office. We require them to contribute their share, in the way of taxes, to the support of government, but allow them no voice in its direction. We hold them amenable to the laws when made, but allow them no share in making them. This language, applied to males, would be the exact definition of political slavery; applied to females, custom does not teach us so to regard it." Woman, however, is beginning so to regard it.

He further says: "The law of husband and wife, as you gather it from the books, is a disgrace to any civilized nation. The theory of the law degrades the wife almost to the level of slaves. When a woman marries, we call her condition coverture, and speak of her as a *femme couverte*. The old writers call the husband baron, and sometimes, in plain English, lord. . . . The merging of her name in that of her husband is emblematic of the fate of all her legal rights. The torch of Hymen serves but to light the pile on which these rights are offered up. The legal theory is, that marriage makes the husband and wife one person, and that person is the *husband*. On this subject, reform is loudly called for. There is no foundation in reason or expediency for the absolute and slavish subjection of the wife to the husband, which forms the foundation of the present legal relations. Were woman, in point of fact, the abject thing which the law, in theory, considers her to be when married, she would not be worthy the companionship of man."

I would ask if such a code of laws does not require change? If such a condition of the wife in society does not claim redress? On no good ground can reform be delayed. Blackstone says: "The very being and legal existence of woman is suspended during marriage—incorporated or consolidated into that of her husband, under whose protection and cover she performs everything." Hurlbut, in his

Essays upon Human Rights, says: "The laws touching the rights of woman are at variance with the laws of the Creator. Rights are human rights, and pertain to human beings, without distinction of sex. Laws should not be made for man or for woman, but for mankind. Man was not born to command, nor woman to obey. . . . The law of France, Spain, and Holland, and one of our own States, Louisiana, recognizes the wife's right to property, more than the common law of England. . . . The law depriving woman of the right of property is handed down to us from dark and feudal times, and is not consistent with the wiser, better, purer spirit of the age. The wife is a mere pensioner on the bounty of her husband. Her lost rights are appropriated to himself. But justice and benevolence are abroad in our land, awakening the spirit of inquiry and innovation; and the Gothic fabric of the British law will fall before it, save where it is based upon the foundation of truth and justice."

May these statements lead you to reflect upon this subject, that you may know what woman's condition is in society — what her restrictions are, and seek to remove them. In how many cases in our country the husband and wife begin life together, and by equal industry and united effort accumulate to themselves a comfortable home. In the event of the death of the wife, the household remains undisturbed, his farm or his workshop is not broken up, or in any way molested. But when the husband dies, he either gives his wife a *portion* of their joint accumulation, or the law apportions to her a *share*; the homestead is broken up, and she is dispossessed of that which she earned equally with him; for what she lacked in physical strength, she made up in constancy of labor and toil, day and evening. The sons then coming into possession of the property, as has been the custom until of latter time, speak of having to *keep* their mother, when she in reality is aiding to keep them. Where is the justice of this state of things? The

change in the law of this State and of New York, in relation to the property of the wife, goes to a limited extent toward the redress of these wrongs, which are far more extensive, and involve much more than I have time this evening to point out.

On no good ground can the legal existence of the wife be suspended during marriage, and her property surrendered to her husband. In the intelligent ranks of society, the wife may not, in point of fact, be so degraded as the law would degrade her; because public sentiment is above the law. Still, while the law stands, she is liable to the disabilities which it composes. Among the ignorant classes of society, woman is made to bear heavy burdens, and is degraded almost to the level of the slave.

There are many instances now in our city, where the wife suffers much from the power of the husband to claim all that she can earn with her own hands. In my intercourse with the poorer class of people, I have known cases of extreme cruelty, from the hard earnings of the wife being thus robbed by the husband, and no redress at law.

An article in one of the daily papers lately presented the condition of needle-women in England. There might be a presentation of this class in our own country which would make the heart bleed. Public attention should be turned to this subject, in order that avenues of more profitable employment may be opened to women. There are many kinds of business which women, equally with men, may follow with respectability and success. Their talents and energies should be called forth, and their powers brought into the highest exercise. The efforts of women in France are sometimes pointed to in ridicule and sarcasm, but depend upon it, the opening of profitable employment to women in that country is doing much for the enfranchisement of the sex. In England and America it is not an uncommon thing for a wife to take up the business of her deceased husband and carry it on with success.

Our respected British Consul stated to me a circumstance which occurred some years ago, of an editor of a political paper having died in England; it was proposed to his wife, an able writer, to take the editorial chair. She accepted. The patronage of the paper was greatly increased, and she a short time since retired from her labors with a handsome fortune. In that country, however, the opportunities are by no means general for woman's elevation.

In visiting the public schools in London, a few years since, I noticed that the boys were employed in linear drawing, and instructed upon the blackboard in the higher branches of arithmetic and mathematics; while the girls, after a short exercise in the mere elements of arithmetic, were seated, during the bright hours of the morning, *stitching wristbands*. I asked why there should be this difference made; why they too should not have the blackboard? The answer was, that they would not probably fill any station in society requiring such knowledge.

The demand for a more extended education will not cease until boys and girls have equal instruction, in all the departments of useful knowledge. We have as yet no high school in this state. The normal school may be a preparation for such an establishment. In the late convention for general education, it was cheering to hear the testimony borne to woman's capabilities for head teachers of the public schools. A resolution there offered for equal salaries to male and female teachers, when equally qualified, as practiced in Louisiana, I regret to say was checked in its passage by Bishop Potter; by him who has done so much for the encouragement of education, and who gave his countenance and influence to that convention. Still, the fact that such a resolution was offered, augurs a time coming for woman which she may well hail. At the last examination of the public schools in this city, one of the alumni delivered an address on Woman, not, as is too common, in eulogistic strains, but directing the attention to the injus-



tice done to woman in her position in society, in a variety of ways — the unequal wages she receives for her constant toil, etc. — presenting facts calculated to arouse attention to the subject.

Women's property has been taxed, equally with that of men, to sustain colleges endowed by the States ; but they have not been permitted to enter those high seminaries of learning. Within a few years, however, some colleges have been instituted where young women are admitted, upon nearly equal terms with young men ; and numbers are availing themselves of their long denied rights. This is among the signs of the times, indicative of an advance for women. The book of knowledge is not opened to her in vain. Already is she aiming to occupy important posts of honor and profit in our country. We have three female editors in our State, and some in other States of the Union. Numbers are entering the medical profession — one received a diploma last year ; others are preparing for a like result.

Let woman then go on — not asking favors, but claiming as a right the removal of all hindrances to her elevation in the scale of being — let her receive encouragement for the proper cultivation of all her powers, so that she may enter profitably into the active business of life ; employing her own hands in ministering to her necessities, strengthening her physical being by proper exercise and observance of the laws of health. Let her not be ambitious to display a fair hand, and to promenade the fashionable streets of our city, but rather, coveting earnestly the best gifts, let her strive to occupy such walks in society as will befit her true dignity in all the relations of life. No fear that she will then transcend the proper limits of female delicacy. True modesty will be as fully preserved, in acting out those important vocations, as in the nursery or at the fireside ministering to man's self-indulgence. Then in the marriage union, the independence of the husband and wife will be equal, their dependence mutual, and their obligations reciprocal.



In conclusion, let me say, "Credit not the old-fashioned absurdity, that woman's is a secondary lot, ministering to the necessities of her lord and master! It is a higher destiny I would award you. If your immortality is as complete, and your gift of mind as capable as ours of increase and elevation, I would put no wisdom of mine against God's evident allotment. I would charge you to water the undying bud, and give it healthy culture, and open its beauty to the sun—and then you may hope that, when your life is bound up with another, you will go on equally, and in a fellowship that shall pervade every earthly interest."

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[The following sermons, as will be seen from their dates, were delivered at different times and places, and have no connection with each other. The speaker did not know that they were being reported, and never revised them. It is hardly necessary to say that they were extemporaneous.]

A SERMON,

*Delivered at Yardleyville, Bucks Co., Pa., Ninth Mo. 26th, 1858.*

"The kingdom of God is within us, and Christianity will not have performed its office in the earth until its professors have learned to respect the rights and privileges of conscience, by a toleration without limit, a faith without contention." This is the testimony of one of the modern writers. And have we not evidence, both from our own religious records, and those of all the worshipers of all ages, that there has been this divine teaching acknowledged, in some way or another—that there is a religious instinct in the constitution of man, and that, according to the circumstances of his birth, of his education, of his exercise of his free agency, this religious essence has grown, and brought forth similar fruits, in every age of the world, among all peoples? This has been likened, by various figures, emblems, parables, to things without us and around us. It has been variously interpreted, variously explained;

for no nation has a spiritual language, exclusively such. We must therefore speak of our spiritual experiences in language having reference to spiritual things. And we find this has been the case, especially in the records of the Jews, the Scriptures of Israel, and what are called "Christian Scriptures." They abound in emblems and parables.

This divine illumination is called "the spirit." It is said that "God breathed into man, life," a spirit, his "own image," which is spiritual, and he became a *living* soul. The after writers acknowledge this divine spirit — "Thou gavest also thy good spirit to instruct us."

An idea has prevailed that the immortality of this spirit was not understood till about eighteen hundred years ago; but if we read the old Scriptures intelligently, we shall find the acknowledgment of its eternity, as well as its divine nature. "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it." And these same writers, even though they were very much clouded, and the clearness of their views obscured by traditions, so that, when Jesus came among them, he said, "they made the word of God of none effect by their traditions;" yet, the far-seeing among them acknowledged that these obscurities must pass away, and that the time should come when the divine light should be more clearly understood, "when thou shalt hear a voice behind thee saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." And it is spoken of sometimes as the "still small voice." It is spoken of again as a new covenant that should be made: "I will write my law in their hearts," the law of justice, mercy, forgiveness, that they should have no more need of the old proverb, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." "But if a man be just, and do that which is lawful and right," "in his righteousness that he hath done he shall live." On the other hand, "when the righteous turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, in the wickedness that he doeth shall he die."

So we see that the teachings of this divine spirit have been the same in all ages. It has led to truth, to goodness, to justice, to love. Love was as much held up among these old writers, these old religious teachers, and as clearly set forth, as in the later days. Their testimony fell upon ears that heard not, upon eyes that saw not, because they had closed their eyes, shut their ears, and hardened their hearts. They had substituted something else for this divine light; this word, which, in a still earlier day, Moses declared to his people was "nigh unto them, in the mouth, and in the heart." The truths of inspiration are the way of life, and he that walketh in the right shall grow stronger and stronger. These were the teachings of the light—to walk uprightly; to act righteously; to be just; to be faithful. "With the merciful, thou wilt show thyself merciful; with an upright man, thou wilt show thyself upright; with the pure, thou wilt show thyself pure." Believe not, then, that all these great principles were only known in the day of the advent of the Messiah to the Jews—these beautiful effects of doing right.

We should come to understand the divinity of this spirit, and its teachings to us now. I believe there is a growing understanding of it. It has been likened unto leaven, which was hid in the meal, "till the whole was leavened;" and also to the little seed that was sowed in the field, which became "the greatest among herbs." The word of God is life-giving, fruitful; and as it is received, it produces its own generation, sometimes called re-generation. Another beautiful figure is sometimes employed, the change in the physical being. We have first the little child; then the young man; then the strong man in the Lord. All these things we must read and accept intelligently, rationally. Too long has the religious element been upheld to the veneration of man through some mystery whereby he could understand the growth of his own divine nature. Why, it needs no miracles. They belong to darker times than ours.

It is when we are wide awake, and capable of reading, reflecting, and receiving this ingrafted word, that we come to know the anointing that teacheth all things. And we shall not need that any man teach us. We shall come away from these false dependencies. We shall come to the source — the immediate access which we have to the source of all truth, to the source of all good. I know this is merely regarded as the Quaker doctrine, the *ignis fatuus* of the Quakers, and it is everywhere spoken against. We know how it was treated in the early days of the Quakers. We know how the Son of God was received when he preached ; and it was because his teachings led him to non-conformity with the rituals of the day, that he was led to bear his testimony against the doctrines of the Scribes and Pharisees of his time.

All ecclesiastical history goes to assure us, that when there has been a sectarian standard raised, and a mere verbal theology and ceremonial performance instituted, good works have invariably been lowered. We all know how bitter the sectarian spirit has become — how hatred and antipathy have grown up among the people, and among people making the highest profession of the name of Jesus, who become horrified, shocked, if any shall deny what they are pleased to consider his divinity ; and yet, if any speak of the fruits of obedience to the law of justice and of goodness in the soul, they brand it as mere morality, mere human benevolence, and not the religion by which salvation is wrought. This is the tendency of sects, and it needeth a prophet to come forth declaring your circumcisions, your false lights, to be of no avail. This has been the uniform condition of acceptance, the working of righteousness, — doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly before God, — and not in oblations and sacrifices.

And so, down to the present time, we see the same tendency and the same results. We need prophets among us, bold non-conformists, to come forth and say, “ Verily, your

baptisms are not the right tests ; your communions are not the proper evidence of your intimate union with the Father and with the Son. What are your Sabbath-day observances but conventional rites? Verily, your silent meetings, your plain attire, your peculiar language, — are they the rightful tests of your sound faith, your pure worship? No more than those of any other denomination. We may take every denomination, and where we find them setting up their forms as an evidence of worship above the pure acts of devotion to God, manifested by love to the people, — to the common children of God, the world over, — wherever this is to be found, there is need of the right testimony to be borne; there is need that we should say, he is not a true Christian who is one outwardly. We need higher evidences, therefore, than now exist. Christianity will not have performed its work in the earth, until its followers have learned to respect the rights and privileges of conscience, by a toleration without limit, a faith without contention.

What have we to do with granting to another a point, a belief, a doctrine? It is assumption. It leads to despotism. It has led to crucifixion; and it leads in the same direction now, as far as the customs of the times will admit. The *name* is cast out now, just as much as ever. And why is it? Because there is a verbal creed set up. Because there are doctrines fixed upon as being the essential requirements of believers. They assume that the Scriptures are the word of God, instead of taking them and ascertaining the uniform testimonies to righteousness and truth, as found in the various pages, and discriminating between these and the practices of those ancients, many of whom were semi-civilized, many of whom regarded their God as the God of war. The Scriptures should be read intelligently, so that we should not be going back to the example of those ancients as our authority for the present day. They do not justify that. I would not shock the religious



feelings of any, but I would ask them to read their Scriptures again, and see if they can find any authority for sustaining their actions, and especially such as have done injury to their fellow-beings and themselves. Especially are they appealed to for sanctioning the use of wines and strong drinks, as our authority for the far-extending influence of these for evil among the children of men. So has it been the practice to cite the example of olden times in approval of the abomination of American slavery, as being a patriarchal institution. It is time that we should no longer err. We do err, not knowing the Scriptures or the power of God, when we resort to this Bible to find authority for anything that is wrong. We have a divine teaching to which we should adhere. The great principles of justice, love, and truth are divinely implanted in the hearts of men. If we pay proper heed unto these, we shall have no occasion to go to the ancient practices to find authority for our actions in the present day.

We cannot help our opinions in these matters ; this is impossible. They grow up with us, and depend on circumstances, on our education and immediate influences. We are justified in our skepticisms. It is our religious duty to be skeptical of the plans of salvation. The veneration of believers has been strengthened by their not being allowed to think. They have been afraid to exercise the test of enlightened reason which God has given them, lest they should be called infidels — should be branded with infidelity. It is time the theology of the day had passed away. And it has, to a great extent. It is modified. As an instance, we might refer to the New School Presbyterians, arraying themselves against the old Calvinistic doctrines. Others might be enumerated. The people now are ceasing to believe what their verbal creed teaches them. If there was a freedom and independence among them, such as the truth would give, they would be less trammelled. “If the truth shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” How



few are made free by the truth! They are hampered by their undue adherence to the gloomy appendages of the church. I would not set a high opinion on the Catholic Church, the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Quaker, or any other. They all have their elements of goodness, and they all have their elements of bondage; and if we yield obedience to them, we become subject to them, and are brought under bondage. If we acknowledge this truth, and bow to it, we shall dare to show our dissent. We will let them alone, treating them with a toleration without limit, a faith without contention, with regard to their opinions.

The doctrines of Christianity are perverted in order to sustain the doctrine of total depravity. We take not to ourselves that which belongs to ourselves. The proper sense of the divine nature of man, in all its relations, first the animal, next the intellectual, and then the spiritual, is not properly understood. This is a beautiful trinity in the human being. We shall find "the glory of the natural to be one, and the glory of the spiritual, another." While the general faith of Christians is to denounce the animal, and to build up a kind of new birth on this degradation, we err in not acknowledging the divinity of all man's instincts as we ought; and hence it is I deem it necessary to speak forth, and be branded with heresy. And believing this, and asserting it before the people, I cannot feel that I am advocating a mere Quaker dogma. In this latter day, we find it is regarded more and more by every sect, and also by those who attach themselves to no religious denomination.

When we appeal to the teachings of the divine spirit, we find it to exist in every human breast. This is *the* revealed religion, and it is time that it was claimed as such. It is time that that which is regarded as mere morality should be preached as the everlasting, divine truth of God; and when it shines in the hearts and minds of the children of men, and they come to receive it, they will be-

hold its glory, and it will be the glory of the only spiritually begotten of the Father, dwelling in them as full of grace and of truth. They overlook it because of its simplicity.

There is an acknowledgment of the regenerating power of the eternal, so far as we may call it regeneration, by application to natural things, without basing it on the assumption that the first birth is evil. Jesus said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." But he spoke to those dark Jews, who did, no doubt, need to be born again, to die out of their old forms and ceremonies. Well did he answer Nicodemus, who thought this such a miracle, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again."

We may all admit, that if we receive the divine spirit in its operations in our soul, there will be no mistake; it will be found a reprover of evil; and if we obey it, it will be regenerating in its nature. It will make us understand that which is spiritual, and discriminate between that which is spiritual and that which is natural, without underrating the natural. If we suffer the propensities to have the mastery over us, we must reap the consequences. Look at slavery in our country; look at war. Whence come wars? "Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?" If we attempt to govern ourselves and our feelings by these low principles, they, of course, will lead to evil, to wrong, to wickedness. The apostle says, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." The natural man hath natural powers and abilities; the intellectual man hath powers differing from these; and the spiritual man knoweth not the propensities of the natural.

We are not to be regarded as denying the Scriptures, because we have not so read them, and so learned Chris-

tianity, as have many of the authors of the theological opinions of the day. Men are too much wedded to these opinions. Women in particular have pinned their faith to ministers' sleeves. They dare not rely on their own God-given powers of discernment. It is time that ye had looked to these Scriptures, and studied them rationally for yourselves, rather than follow the teaching which interprets them in support of the wrong, instead of the right. Women in the earliest days associated with men in carrying forward the great principles of truth. A Deborah arose, and Huldah, a prophetess. It was a woman who announced to the people of Samaria the advent of Christ: "Come see a man which told me all things whatsoever I did." And this induced the men to go forth "out of the city, unto him." And they said unto the woman, now "we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ." And the very first act on the day of Pentecost was to declare, that the time would come when the spirit should be poured out upon women. Phebe was a minister of Christ. Priestcraft has rendered the word *minister* so as to apply only to man.

People should judge more intelligently than to take the practices of former times, and make them a test for practical Christianity of this day. "The kingdom of God is within us;" the "word is nigh, in the heart, and in the mouth." If any are so faithless as still to need outward corroborative testimony, they will find it in all ages, and from the earliest times, as recorded in the Bible. And this is the value of the Scriptures among us. We have no right to go to them now to establish a creed or form. We cannot control our opinions; we cannot believe as we will; therefore belief is no virtue. We have not the power to control our being; it is by the circumstances around us, by our power of receiving, that we come to see, and to know, and believe; therefore we must make a different use of the Bible, in order to make it to us a book that is invaluable.

Goodness has been goodness in all ages of the world, justice, justice, and uprightness, uprightness. "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." This was a beautiful answer to Moses. This is the way that God manifests himself to his children. It has been so in every age. It is emphatically the case in the present day, which is marked by the advances that have been made in this generation. It is this which should be held up as an evidence that Christianity is being better understood; that the veneration of the people is being drawn away from undue observances of Sabbath days, of the worship of churches; that they are coming to judge in themselves what is right, when they are disposed to do this. How plentifully are the testimonies of the Scriptures found to be in favor of the right, in all ages!

The fast, then, that God has chosen, is easily recognized: "To loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke." Jesus did not say, Blessed is the believer in the trinity; blessed is the believer in the popular scheme of salvation; blessed the believer in a mysterious divinity attached to himself. He said nothing of the kind. He called them to judge of himself by his works: "If I do the right works, believe me, and the Father also, for I come from the Father." "Blessed," he said, "are the merciful; blessed the pure in heart; blessed the meek," — not the "meek" that bow before sect. We must know a meekness that will make us "as bold as a lion," that we may proclaim righteousness, and reclaim this generation from its sins, and denounce this meekness before sect. Jesus declares this by his life of goodness, of active righteousness, of pure morality, of sympathy for the poor. It is for the love of his principles that we should place him on the high pedestal given him by those who delight to worship him ceremonially.

It is not strange that there should be atheism in the

world, while such false ideas of God are inculcated in the minds of the people. We cannot in any way come to the worship of God, by any of these fancied attributes, without humanizing Him. Therefore, we must come to know Him by our merciful acts, our pure, our upright conduct, our every-day righteousness, our goodness. We must come to be with Him by declaring "wo unto the transgressor." We must not make compromises with injustice. If the mission of Jesus was so emphatically to bring "peace on earth and good will to men," we must endeavor to carry it out, and not place it away in the distance, in the "millennium." Why, the millennium is here; the kingdom of God has come. This is what we should preach. Oh, that the fruits of this divine spirit should appear, which are love, peace, joy, goodness, truth! the spirit that is first gentle, pure, full of mercy, full of good fruits. Here is no disparagement of good works.

We forget the practical parts of the Bible, in our zeal for preaching up a religion that is to do nothing. And so we must let war go on "until the millennium comes." In the olden time, they knew that war was wrong, and hence the far-seeing proclaimed the day when "they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." They looked forward and prophetically proclaimed the day when the "King cometh, who is just, and having salvation." "And I will cut off the chariot from Ephraim, and the horse from Jerusalem, and the battle-bow shall be cut off; and he shall speak peace unto the heathen; and his dominion shall be from sea even to sea, and from the river even to the ends of the earth." If we are believers in this, and believe in the Messiah that came with such a beautiful announcement, it is time that we should love the name of Christ; should part with war, and leave nations to settle their disputes in some way that will put an end to the barbarism of war.



It is abominable that we should retain it — that we should still have recourse to arms.

But the efforts for the dominion of peace are greater now than ever before. The very first message transmitted to us across the Atlantic, by means of that mightiest instrument wrought in our day, the offspring of the divine, intellectual intelligence of men, was a prophetic view of greater peace on earth. There is something so beautiful in this universal instinct of men for the right, that I am pained to know that people of intelligence, professing Christianity, should vouchsafe their assent to the duration of any of the relics of the dark ages. Let us do away with these things. We need the faith that works by love, and purifies the heart. And sorrowful is it that the hearts of men should be turned from the right by the temptations that so easily beset them, and lead them to do injustice to their fellow-man, binding him down to slavery. Ah! the chains of human bondage! They should make every one to blush and hang his head. Mournful is it that they should countenance the Sabbath day, and then, tomorrow, recognize a system by which their fellow-men are sold at the auction-block to the highest bidder. We should bear our testimony against the nefarious claim of the right to property in man; and the worst of this is, that we should hear this institution claimed as sanctioned by the Bible. It is the grossest perversion of the Bible, and yet many ministers have thus turned over its pages unworthily, to find testimonies in favor of slavery. "Wo unto him that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work." This is what we should quote. And we are *all* guilty of the blood of our brother. The crime is national. We are *all* involved in it; and how can we go forth and profess to believe the faith of the Son of God, with all these great wrongs and evils elinging to us, and we upholding them? Have we nothing to do with it? Every one has a responsibility in it.



We are called to bear our testimony against sin, of whatever form, in whatever way presented. And how are we doing it? By partaking of the fruits of the slave's toil. Our garments are all stained with the blood of the slave. Let us, then, be clean-handed. Seek to be so; and if we find the monstrous evil so interwoven with what we have to do, politically, commercially, by manufacturing interests, by our domestic relations, then so much the more need is there for our laboring. Every church in the earth should be roused; every people, every profession and interest. We find democratic, republican America clinging to slavery; and it will be found the last stronghold of sin in the civilized world. "He that doeth truth cometh to the light;" but we have rejected the light of Christ. We are told that the Lord, in his own time, is going to put an end to this thing. "Break ye the bands of wickedness;" "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." And because ye have not done so, ye shall fall victims to the plagues that are around you. Here is where we need faith, to know that we must reap the reward of our doings.

I have nothing to do with preaching to you about what we shall be hereafter. We even now, by our obedience, come unto that kingdom which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit. We know something of an inheritance into that higher life where there is that communion with the Father, so that we can understand, as far as is given us to understand, that we may elevate ourselves above that which is mortal to that which is immortal.

We need, therefore, this faith, which will make us believe and know that if we do the wrong, we must pay the penalty for the wrong that we are doing; for there is no respect of persons with God. He "rewardeth every man according to his works," and according to the fruits of his doings. God's laws are eternal, and I wish there were more conscientious believers in the immutable laws of God.

When such a man as George Combe comes forth, teaching the everlasting laws of truth to the children of men, he is called a mere materialist. I would not exchange the true test for all the theology that ever existed. All the theological assemblies and gatherings united could not give such benefit to the world as the truths and writings of George Combe, and others who have a profound veneration for the laws of God.

It is impossible to hold any nation in slavery when their minds shall be enlightened sufficiently to appreciate the blessings of liberty. When the sacred principles of truth come to be evolved to the understandings of the children of men, how will all your false theologies sink before them ! The rightful test, then, of the Christian character will be peace, and love, and justice, and a claim of greater equality among men. There will no longer be the lordly heel of a government trampling upon the children of men — no longer a high-bred aristocracy, exercising their exclusiveness — no longer an aspiring priesthood, bringing all under its spiritual domination. It is time these things were understood ; time that we should show how simple the religion of Jesus is. This was the highest theology uttered by Jesus : “ By their fruits ye shall know them.” The good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is good ; and the evil bringeth forth that which is evil. The soil must be good, and the seed received must be cared for, so that it may produce its own. And what will it produce ? Ah, what will it not produce, my young friends ? Overlook not the truth of God. There is nothing that requires that ye should underrate your natural powers. Let them grow with your growth and become strengthened, and you will be made advocates of the right.

This is really a notable age, and we have to hail it that we have not to wait for a far-distant day for the kingdom of God to come. There is an advancement, and its influence is felt so much that the minister begins to be ashamed

to turn over the leaves of the Bible to prove the wrong, rather than to find therein advocacy of the right. The young people ever hear truth gladly ; in their hearts there is an instinctive revolting from wrong. Did not the love of power abide to such an extent among us, there would be an instinctive revolt against slavery and wrong doing. Do justice to the colored man. Do away with your infernal prejudices ; they *are* infernal. This impure spirit, this wrong that ye indulge in, is not from above ; it is earthly, sensual, devilish. A grave charge rests upon you who countenance the wickedness of American slavery.

Public sentiment is changing. What though the political horizon may lower, believe me, the time is near,—the kingdom of God, of justice and mercy, is entering, that will be for the salvation of the slave. Believe me, that the labors of Beecher, Chapin, Furness, Garrison, and many other advocates of the right and true of our day, preceded by those of Hicks, Clarkson, Wilberforce, and their confederates of former days, have not been in vain. God ever blesses the rightful laborer. “In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand ; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they shall both be alike good.” So, having thus gone forth, we see now how it is renovating, how it is purifying the Church from its corruptions.

The temperance movement is likewise prospering. It has given evidence of great advancement in this day. War, too, is falling from its original foothold in the earth. There is greater delight manifested in right doing. The power of moral-suasion is becoming better understood. These are good indications, and, with many others, they point to a happier and better state of things, the fruits of the ushering in of the great and glorious gospel, that which is to level distinctions, cause the highways to be strengthened, and institute equality among men. The day is coming ; “the kingdom of God is at hand.”

The people flock more to hear moral discourses than to hear the preaching from the pulpit. This would not be the case were the preaching of the pulpit like that of Jesus. There is a quick understanding in the fear of the Lord among the people, and I will trust the people. I have confidence in their intuitive sense of the right, of the good. It is this great heart of the people we are to preach unto, to proclaim liberty and truth, justice and right unto; and let it be done.

The immediate teaching of God's holy spirit, inspiring love for the brethren, inspiring a desire for the promotion of good, is your mission. Oh, it is your heavenly call; obey it, and look not for anything marvelous. Obey it, my young friends! Come ye unto the harvest, and labor truly. There is need to labor in a world lying in evil. There is need of preachers against the excesses of the age. There is need of preachers against the existing monopolies and banking institutions, by which the rich are made richer, and the poor poorer. Thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow that which is right! It is contrary to the spirit of this Republic that any should be so rich. Let this blessed Christian equality prevail. Let us have a Republic that shall be marked by Christian principles; and by *Christian*, I mean universally *right* principles. These are eternal; divine in their origin, and eternal in their nature. Let us have faith in these, and believe that the "kingdom of God is within us." Christianity will not have performed its office in the earth, until the believers have learned to respect rights and privileges, by a toleration without limit, a faith without contention. That faith will fill the heart with holy joy. Thanksgiving will come up from such a heart, and there will be an entering into the joy of the Lord, acknowledging that He is good; that His mercy is everlasting; and that His truth endureth through all ages.

## SERMON,

*Delivered at Bristol, Pa., 6th Mo. 6th, 1860.*

“Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.”

It appears to have been a great comfort to one of old, that he could say, “I have preached righteousness in the great congregation; lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest;” and it is interesting to learn among these declarations of the ancient prophets, that there seemed to be but one standard of goodness and truth. The Scriptures derive advantage from the fact that we find therein so uniform a testimony to the right; that is, among those who are not bound by sect, or devoted to forms and ceremonies. “Your new moons and appointed feasts, your Sabbaths, even the solemn meeting,” were classed as abominations, and for the reason that they executed not judgment and justice and mercy in the land. The injunction was “Learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.” If they put away their iniquities, and did that which was right, then they should find acceptance. This is the testimony from age to age, as we find it recorded; and it is time we should discriminate between those scriptures that conflict with righteous principles, and such as emanate from a spiritual understanding of the requirements of truth. These requisitions of the holy spirit in the mind of man have been the same in all ages, and it needs no learned disquisitions to lead men to understand them. The people know the truth. The time has come when it is not needed that man should teach his brother, saying, “Know the Lord.” It is this assurance that all men understand the truth and the right, — justice, mercy, love, which inspire confidence that we may speak so as to meet a response in the hearts of the hearers; and the more we appeal to the inner consciousness and perception of truth as received by



intuition, by divine instinct in the soul, and not through forms, ceremonies, and dogmas, the more will there be amendment in the conduct of life. Our appeals would be more effectual, were religion stripped of the dark theologies that encumber it, and its operations will prove more availing when presented to the hearers and to the thinkers free from the gloomy dogmas of sects.

The true gospel is not identical with any scheme or theological plan of salvation, however plausibly such a scheme may be drawn from isolated passages of Scripture, ingeniously woven; it is through the intelligence of the age, the progress of civilization, and individual thinking, that the right of judgment has been so far attained, that there is great daring of thought, of belief and expression, and much shortening of the creeds. A great deal that was demoralizing in its tendency has been separated from them. Still, what remains is so tenaciously held as the only touchstone of religious character, that there is a proportionate lessening of the effect of sound morals, and a lowering of the true standard. While we should feel a largeness of heart towards all religious denominations, at the same time, if we are true to God and the divine principle of his blessed Son, we must ever hold up the blessing to the merciful, the pure, the upright; regarding honesty, goodness, every-day works of usefulness and love, as paramount to all the peace and enjoyment that would follow an adherence to any of the abstract propositions of faith, that are held as the touchstone of sound Christianity. We must be as Jesus was, a non-conformist. That peace which "passeth understanding" comes from obedience to truth, not to sect, for great hardness of heart often proceeds from this; it leads not to love, but to persecution and bitterness. Unless the faith of the sectarian is worked by a love, not of its own sect merely, but such as can go out beyond its own inclosure, to gather in the outcast and the oppressed, it is not efficient conversion. The apostle Paul believed he was acting in



good conscience when he was a great persecutor, and no doubt many of the persecutors that perform their vile acts towards men, believe they are doing God's service ; but their acts are wicked nevertheless. Many go so far as to say that if a man does what he *believes* to be right, he is exempt from guilt. This is a mistake. We have far too much charity for any wrong-doer. What is wrong in itself, is wrong for any one to do. The truth must be spoken, and the dark conscience enlightened.

Many persons have become so inured to slavery as not to discern its sinfulness. It has been said that "no one in his inmost heart ever believed slavery to be right." We know there is this instinct in man, else it would never have been proclaimed that all men are born equal, and endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Many have so seared their minds that the light of the glorious gospel, which is the image of God, does not and cannot shine in upon them. Hence it is that in this day there should be an earnestness in advocating right doing. The people should be so enlightened as to distinguish between mere creeds and forms, and practical goodness.

It is irrational to deny the sinfulness of slavery. "Wo unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong ; that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work." "Wo unto those who are partakers of other men's sins." Wo unto them that will not "cry aloud, spare not, lift up the voice like a trumpet, and show the people their transgressions." These old sayings show that the requirements of truth are the same in all ages, — to do right, to give freedom to the oppressed, the wronged, and the suffering. Those who have appealed in behalf of these, have not appealed in vain. Progress attends the work ; but nothing can be effected by sitting still, and keeping aloof from the arena of activity ; it is by labor, by many crosses, many

sacrifices, — brother giving up brother unto death, and even submitting to martyrdom, — that beneficent results are accomplished. And what do we ask now? That slavery shall be held up in every congregation, and before all sects, as a greater sin than erroneous thinking; a greater sin than Sabbath breaking. If any of you are seen on Sabbath day with your thimble on, performing some piece of needlework, the feelings of your neighbors are shocked on beholding the sight; and yet these very people may be indifferent to great sins, regarding them with comparative unconcern, and even complacency. This is what I mean in saying that the standard of religious observances is placed higher than the standard of goodness, of uprightness, and of human freedom. To some, the sin of slaveholding is not so horrifying as certain deviations from established observances. While the sticklers for these gather together and exhibit great marks of piety, in some instances they are guilty of small acts of unkindness, of meanness and oppression towards their neighbors. It is not enough to be generous, and give alms; the enlarged soul, the true philanthropist, is compelled by Christian principle to look beyond bestowing the scanty pittance to the mere beggar of the day, to the duty of considering the causes and sources of poverty. We must consider how much we have done towards causing it.

The feeling of opposition to war, that has been growing in the minds of men, is not confined to the Society of Friends; people of various denominations have examined this subject, and presented it in its true light. Faith in the efficacy of moral influences has increased, and the possibility of settling disputes without recourse to arms is being regarded more and more favorably. Still, the spirit of war exists, and it is surprising that those who look up to the Son and adore his sacred name should forget that the anthem of his advent upon the earth was "Peace on earth, and good will to men." Is this reformation going on? We

should see how far we are attending to the practices by which nations become demoralized. In looking abroad we discover a revival of the brutal spirit of barbarous ages, to determine what may be done by single combat; and in our own land we find repetitions of these wicked experiments. Are those who disapprove of these things careful to use their influence in the family circle with their children, that they may not be carried away by this brutal spirit? Mind acting upon mind is of much greater power than brute force contending against brute force. We have been in the dark long enough. The likeness we bear to Jesus is more essential than our notions of him.

The temperance reformation has accomplished almost a revolution in our age, but the movement seems now to be somewhat retarded by running too much into political and masonic channels. Much may be effected by the young men and the young women. How commendable that benevolence which lifts the poor victim from the gutter of degradation, to place him on the rock of temperance, and put a song of total-abstinence in his mouth. This oft-times leads to something higher. I desire that all may be first pure, then actively engaged; that all, in their various religious denominations, and those not belonging to any, may see what their duty is, and neither shun nor disregard it. Let not those be forgotten that are beyond the reach of religious inclosures, for they, the lowly and the outcast, need our aid. Especial attention should ever be paid to that which will exalt the condition of those that are downcast. If we perform our whole duty, we shall give heed to these things, in the spirit of a broad, all-embracing philanthropy, the tendency of which is to equalize society. We should act the part of true philosophers. Some are afraid to hear the word "philosophy" in connection with Christianity. But there is a divine philosophy which it should be our aim to reach, and when we have attained to this, we shall see a beautiful equality around us.

The efforts that are making for the elevation of woman, the enlargement of her mind, the cultivation of her reasoning powers, and various ameliorating influences are preparing her to occupy a higher position than she has hitherto filled. She must come to judge within herself what is right, and absolve herself from that sectarian rule which sets a limit to the divinity within her. Whatever is a barrier to the development of her inherent, God-given powers, and to the improvement of her standing and character, whether it be ecclesiastical law or civil law, must be met and opposed. It is of more moment that she should be true and faithful to herself than to her sect.

The more we are disposed to enter this reforming theatre of the world, the greater will be the promise of improvement in the social system, and the nearer the approach to the true end of human existence. There is much to be done. If we have entire faith in the efficiency of right doing, we shall find strength for it. What is needed is confidence in the possibility of coming into the kingdom *now*. A great deal of time and effort has been spent in the sphere of poetic fancy, picturing the glory and joy of a kingdom hereafter; but what is chiefly required of us is to come into the divine government *now* — and to be pure even as God is pure.

So far from preaching up human depravity, my practice is to advocate native goodness. It was a beautiful emblem that Jesus held up as an appropriate illustration of the heavenly condition — the little child. Had we faith in little children, treating them aright, giving them a guarded education, we might see in the next generation far greater purity than is found at present.

It is essential that we have faith in uprightness, in justice, love, and truth, for these are among the highest evidences of true Christianity. I care not for charges of verbal infidelity; the infidelity I should dread, is to be faithless to the right, to moral principle, to the divine

impulses of the soul, to a confidence in the possible realization of the millennium now. We know what we are at present; if we are doing right, acting in accordance with sacred principles, we all know how peaceful and happy we are. And we know how we are brought into torment by violating the right. We should have assurance that if we *resolve* to do right, we *can* do it.

All we can do, one for another, is to bring each to know the light of truth in the soul. It is pure, holy, unmistakable, and no *ignis fatuus*. Feeling and believing this, I would call you all to it. And we should come to recognize the great principles of justice, humanity, and kindness, holiness in all its parts, in the full belief that the establishing of the dominion of these in the earth is the divine purpose of the Eternal, in sending this essence, or, as some term it, in sending His Son into the world. What I mean by the "Son of God" is that divine word which is quick and powerful, which is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart; and if any shall speak of it as the "Christ of God," let them so speak, and lay no stumbling-block in a brother's way; but have faith in it, never fearing; it will be sufficient for its own work. So believing, I can commend you, my friends, to God, and to the word of His grace, as sufficient to give an inheritance to those that are sanctified; and when we have finished our works here on earth, and are about to be removed from before the eyes of men, I doubt not but there will be a blessed earnest of that which shall appear hereafter, whatever it may be — that there will be an entrance into that which is glorious and eternal.

"To the Christ that was never crucified; to the Christ that was never slain; to the Christ that cannot die, I commend you with my own soul." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from Elias Hicks.



DISCOURSE AT FRIENDS' MEETING, FIFTEENTH STREET,  
NEW YORK.*Delivered Eleventh Month 11th, 1866.*

“The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.” Those who can thus, in silence, feel after and find Him who is not far from every one of us, — for, as saith the apostle, “in Him we live, and move, and have our being,” — those need not make the harmony of sweet sounds to attune the heart to praise, melody, and thanksgiving; but, in this nearness of approach unto Him, they can feel with the Psalmist, that they love His law, and it is their meditation both day and night. Now, this is a reality: it is no fancied mount of transfiguration, but it is an experience in which the desire is often felt: “Lord, evermore give us this bread.” The worship in spirit and in truth is the worship that is called for at our hands. It is a great privilege we have, it is true, to enter His courts with thanksgiving, and into His gates with praise, to acknowledge that the Lord is good, His mercy everlasting, and His truth enduring to all generations. But the worship which is required of us is the active use of all our God-given powers, all our faculties, our intellectual as well as our nobler spiritual gifts. All these consecrated to God, to truth, to righteousness, to humanity, and acts in accordance with such consecration, constitute the worship which is needed, and very different from mere Sunday worship paid in oral prayer, in sacred song, or in silent bowing of the head. We are too apt to confound these means to an end, legitimate, acceptable, noble as they are, with the end itself. We are too apt to mistake Sabbath observances and Sunday worship for that which the Father is seeking from us all — for that obedience which is called for.

We have just heard the inquiry made (by a preceding speaker) as to what must be the state of mind “in the trying hour.” I asked myself, What is that trying hour?



Many put it off, supposing it to be when the head is laid upon the pillow of death, perhaps, or to a fancied day of judgment. But we need to understand "the trying hour" to be every hour when our consciences are awakened to a sense of our situation — a sense of our unworthiness, it may be, needing repentance of sins, or with present duties imposed upon us, when the trying hour is the struggle whether we shall do our duty. Some men's sins, the apostle says, go before-hand to judgment, and some they follow after. Many understand this as going before death and after death, but it seems to me that it is before they are committed; when we are tempted, we are brought to judgment, to consideration, to reflection, as to how far we shall yield or give up, or come to a right decision as to our course of life.

We need to bring our experience, our religious faith, duties, and worship more down (or *up*, I would say) to our every-day life, more to our real existence. We need to pray for strength; for, the great efficacy of prayer is not to pray for partial favors, which would be, perhaps, in violation of the very laws we have transgressed, and which bring upon us their proper penalty; not to pray for special favors which we have no right to ask, but to pray that strength may be given us to do what is required of us, to stand fast, to have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man. We may not have sins to repent of when brought together, if we are every day desirous to be found thus doing our duty, and invoking the Divine Power to aid us in this great desire of our hearts. We know we are human, we feel our weaknesses, and we feel the spirit of thanksgiving and praise for all His mercies, which are new every morning. When we are thus brought together, and can sit down, and can feel one with another, and enter into our own hearts' communion, and know His divine presence, notwithstanding our infirmities, our human weaknesses, — these are profitable considerations for us individually. But

I often feel that we have need to press on the consideration of the people the great duties of life, which belong to them, *collectively*, and which, as individuals, we are bound to exert ourselves to promote, in order that the kingdom of God may be, in reality, near at hand, nigh even at the doors. There is great instruction in the records of the past in finding how the great seers, the anointed of God, in every age, were always looking for a higher and better state of things, a kind of millennium, and often prophesying that this state should come, when peace should reign, when the government of the Divine and the Eternal should be extended from sea to sea, and from the rivers unto the ends of the earth; and this we find described in the Scriptures in various ways; and each writer in his turn has called upon the people around to do their part to bring in this kingdom — to hasten the time when, in the figurative language of Scripture, the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, when all violence shall cease, all wars, all injuries one of another, when there shall be regard one for another in every way, when loving our neighbor as ourselves shall be more prevalent in the earth. And this millennium was not completed at the advent of the Messiah to the Jews: it seemed barely begun in the darkness in which he found them, borne down by unmeaning ceremonies, useless forms and sacrifices, which were never called for from on high, but which were only suited or adapted by Moses and others to the weakness and low condition of the people with whom they dwelt and labored. In this dark state the great truths uttered by Jesus often seemed to fall to the ground; and he lamented over them: “Are ye yet without understanding?” “Shall the Son of Man, when he cometh, find faith in the earth?” Some of these mournful interrogatories show how he deplored the condition of things which he found among his own people; and yet he was ever hopeful of a better state of things, as was his forerunner: “He that cometh after me, is mightier than

I; he shall baptize with the Holy Spirit and with fire." And so Jesus, using terms figurative of the truth, in his language, said, "The bread that I give you, cometh down from Heaven; if ye eat my flesh (that is, take the truth which I proclaim to you, receive the word which is thus spoken to you) ye shall have everlasting life; for, my flesh and my blood are meat and drink indeed." He found that they were very outward in their reception, their understanding of it, accustomed as they were to symbols, figurative language: "Are ye yet without understanding?" "Know ye not that the flesh profiteth nothing?" "The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit and life. Let him that is athirst come unto me and drink." What did it mean? I know that theology makes this all outward, all suited to an outward atonement, to a vicarious sacrifice, to the general orthodoxical idea of salvation by Christ.

I think, however, the spiritually-minded, the clear, intelligent reader and thinker, may understand this in a far wider sense, and it is time that this theological gospel of despair had passed away. Even the disciples, outward and ignorant as they were, said: "Thus spake he of the spirit which they who believe in him shall receive." And so with the apostles: Jesus called them continually to the freedom which the truth would give — the liberty which was of God, and which was to be bestowed by obedience, by doing right, by doing the will of the Father; and in this way, his gospel was indeed "glad tidings of great joy unto all people." Gloomy theology makes it not so. The bigoted, the intolerant converts to this theology, make it any other than "glad tidings of great joy unto all people."

The gloomy ascetic, whether Quaker or Catholic, makes it revolting and repulsive to the young. Therefore, if we attempt to preach the religion of Jesus, salvation by Christ, we have need to understand it better, or we shall never know what these "glad tidings of great joy" really

mean. We must learn to exhibit by our very countenances that we have attained to this state.

True religion makes not men gloomy. Penances, asceticism, sacrifices, "daily crosses"—all belong to a more gloomy religion than that of the benign and beautiful spirit of Jesus. (The term "daily cross" occurs only once in the New Testament—in the Bible, I believe.) We know well that there are sacrifices to make in our life, in the pursuit of our duty, the attempt to uplift the lowly, to spread the gospel of glad tidings. We know that the right hand and the right eye (to use again a figure of speech) have to be parted with at times; but always we feel the conviction that we enter into life thereby and its rich experiences.

It was no new doctrine that Jesus preached. When asked what it was he preached, he declared that it was not new. "The peace that passeth understanding" had long before been spoken of. Even the disposition to return good for evil had been recommended long before his day. We make a great mistake when we date the commencement of true religion eighteen hundred years ago. There have been evidences of it in every age; and even now in all the nations under the sun, in a form more gross or refined, according to the circumstances of the times, of the age, of the nations, we find recognitions of the Divine and the Eternal, the Creator of us all, and in some form, ceremony or worship offered unto Him. The native Indians of our forests have their worship; and having witnessed some of their strawberry festivals and dances, and religious operations, I have thought that there was, perhaps, as much reasonableness and rational worship therein as in passing around the little bread and wine; or, I might name, perhaps, some of the peculiarities of our own people, for all sects, all denominations have their tendency to worship in the letter rather than in the spirit—seeking an outward rather than an inward salvation.

The apostolic in every age, the sent-of-the-Father, are ever calling for a higher righteousness, a better development of the human race, a more earnest effort to equalize the condition of men. And now, when the call is, "Behold the kingdom of God is at hand," the present unequal condition in Christendom, these vast distinctions that exist in Europe, even in England, between the rich and the poor, are a disgrace to our profession of Christianity. The lordly aristocracy, the kingly government, the aspiring priesthood there, and our own tenement houses here — all these things go to show how little we have really advanced; and yet, with other views of the subject, how much, how great is the progress. I more frequently have cause to rejoice in the evidences of the progress of real Christianity, real truth, righteousness, and goodness, than to be pained by evidences of anything like a retrograde movement. I never look back to the past as the Golden Age, but always forward to it, as coming; and I really believe it to be nigh, even at the door, though not perhaps by man's calculation. And, indeed, one (may I say apostle?) of our own day, our great and good Elias Hicks, dared not leave much record of his own experience and religious views, because he saw that generations to come must be in advance of him, must go on unto perfection, must see and act further than he had done — that difficulties would be overcome, that the trammels of superstition and tradition would be removed; but not entirely, he said, for wars would never cease among men until the professors of Christianity had learned to read the Bible more intelligently, more as they would other books, and come to a right judgment as regards the acts there required. Something on this wise he has left; and I am glad he has; because there is a tendency, having begun well, and run well for a time, to suffer ourselves to be hindered from obeying the truth, and to go back again to the weak and beggarly elements of theology. Hence I am glad that



there is enough left for some of us, the older ones, to recur to as being the faith for which we struggled thirty years ago, and by which we conquered, as I believe. I want that we should hold fast to this inward guidance, this inward teaching, without wavering.

Another of the seers of our age (and I like sometimes to quote those not of our own household), an anointed one, declared: "Mighty powers are at work in the world, and who shall stay them? God's word has gone forth, and it shall not return unto him void. A new comprehension of the Christian spirit, a new reverence for humanity, a new feeling of brotherhood, and of all men's relation to the common Father. This is among the signs of our times." This was declared before the late struggle, and the late events for the removal of the bonds of slavery from millions of our fellow-beings. We see that this reverence for humanity has done its work in so far, and we can believe that it is going on if we are faithful; if we can understand the Christian spirit and act it out, we shall be instrumental in hastening the day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ. The day may be hastened; it is man's instrumentality that is needed. We acknowledge a mighty power far above all human effort, and indeed independent, as I regard it, of the battle-field, that has brought about the marvelous work and wonder of our day; but it was not without many having to make sacrifices, to suffer their names to be cast out as evil, and having to go forth as with their staff in their hands through this Jordan, before they could reach the promised land. How should one have faced a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, had not the Lord been on the side of justice, mercy, and truth? This has been manifested, and in so many ways that I now have great hope that the time will not be long before the great barbarism of war will be placed in its true light before the people, and they will easily learn that where the



disposition exists to resort to means for the redress of grievances (either national or individual), other than physical force, the way will be found. The prayer we need is for strength to our feeble, human efforts; and it is granted, blessed be His name: "Whatsoever ye ask believing, ye shall receive." Have faith, then. If we could only receive this idea aright, not applying it to outward events, but to inward confidence in the sufficiency of the mighty power of God, the sufficiency of the attributes with which we are furnished; if we will only carry them to Him and do His work, and not look to man for praise, for help; if we will come out of our sectarian inclosure, and bind not ourselves to any theories or speculations, but go on in fullness of faith, — the desired end will be truly attained.

The great historian, probably the greatest historian in our day, Buckle, has very erroneously, it seems to me, attributed the advancement of the world so far in civilization more to the intellectual development of man than to his spiritual and moral growth and advancement. It seems to me that he mistook the mere sectarian effort of days past (which, he said, died out in a generation and produced no great effect upon the world,) for the moral effort at human progress. Let us see what has really been the progress since the great law of love, of right, of regard to man, was proclaimed clearly and extensively by Jesus of Nazareth. Let us see what has been the progress since that time, despite the checks given by the organization of the sects; that is, by erroneous theories held by those sects. Notwithstanding all these, there has been such progress in human society, that the writers of the present day may well claim that there is a better understanding of God dwelling with man, the Holy Spirit being with us, and of man's regard to his fellow-being. The efforts that are made for education, for improvement, morality, and the great numbers in all parts of Christendom, in various parts

of the world, enlisted in behalf of improving the condition of society — all go to disprove the idea, which I fear, when put forth by such a historian, would have an undue influence, and warp the judgment of many of his readers, and lead to a lighter estimate of moral effort than really belongs to it. He asked, what new law since the days of Jesus of Nazareth? We might as well ask, what new law in science. There is no new law in truth: we want no new law. It is no new doctrine which I preach, said Jesus. But we want a better carrying out of the law, a better life, a better recognition of the Divine, and of the great duties of life springing from the right worship of the Divine and the Eternal. I allude to this, because I know that when a writer becomes popular we are apt to receive his say-so without much criticism or instruction; and I believe we have intelligence, judgment, and capacity to read and understand. I would not disparage — far be it from me — any intellectual advancement. We are as responsible for our intellectual as for the highest gifts of God's holy spirit to the soul: "First that which is natural, afterwards that which is spiritual." It is theology, not the Scriptures, that has degraded the natural: the intelligent reading of the Scriptures will not disparage man. A gloomy theology does this; it has lowered the estimate of good works, and dethroned reason so far that it is almost dangerous to hold up reason to its rightful place, lest atheism should be charged. But, my friends, we are responsible for our reason and its right cultivation; and I am glad to perceive that the people are not afraid to think, and that skepticism has become a religious duty — skepticism as to the schemes of salvation, the plans of redemption, that are abounding in the religious world; that this kind of doubt and unbelief are coming to be a real *belief*; and that a better theology will follow — has followed. The old Calvinistic scheme is very much given up. The Thirty-nine Articles are called in question by their own subscribers, and the formulas of

religion are changing: less and less value is set on ceremonies. We find that which, generations ago, was the holy eucharist, is now the simple memorial bread and wine: a very simple thing it has become. Even with this idea, many, I believe, if they were faithful, would find that they go to the table unworthily, and would feel bound to withdraw from it. The fear of man proves a snare to many; and we do not make as much progress as we should by reason of this fear of sect, of man, of non-conformity. We need non-conformity in our age, and I believe it will come; as heterodoxy has come, as heresy has come, so I believe there will be non-conformity enough to set a right estimate, and no more than a just estimate, upon days, and times, and places of worship.

These subjects occupied my mind in the few moments that we were sitting together this morning, and I felt too, that we were gathered, as our brother expressed it, with an idea and feeling of worship which would perhaps supersede all discourse of common things of life, and would raise the mind to an elevation where we might be brought together in spirit, and the prayer in spirit individually reach the Father of spirits, who would be found to be very near us — not a God far off, but a God near at hand; and that his holy attributes of love, justice, right, and truth would be manifested in us, so that we should be drawn together as heart to heart, and, with the heart, the language of praise and thanksgiving might ascend. I trust even now it will be found that these every-day duties of life presented to us, and this great worship of obedience in common things, in regard to the poor and the lowly, and in all the relations of society, will not make us less prayerful; and that there will be such obedience and faithfulness even among the young that they also will come into this Kingdom, in their very youth, and find it all beautiful within. My young friends, if you live in simplicity and lowliness, and are faithful in the little duties presented to you, ye

shall see greater things than these; great will be your blessing; great will be your peace; and when that peace which passeth understanding shall be yours, then will the language of praise ascend; and you will be made to rejoice evermore, and, in all things, to give thanks.

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SERMON ON THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF THE AGE.

*Delivered at Friends' Meeting, Race Street, Philadelphia, First Month 3rd, 1869, on her 76th Birthday.*

I READ a few days ago, in an article by some radical writer, the belief that Christendom had not yet begun to understand the force of the declaration, that God should teach his people himself, that it would be no longer necessary for man to teach his neighbor or his brother, saying, "Know the Lord, for they shall all know me from the least of them unto the greatest of them."

It impressed me that there was great truth in the remark.

When we look over Christendom and see the position of the priesthood, not to say priestcraft; when we see in the more enlightened parts of Christendom the dependence upon pastors or teachers, upon authorities; how few there are who are prepared to take truth for authority, rather than authority for truth; we can but feel the force of this sentiment in the slow movement of Christendom. We say Christendom, because we have a right to look for more enlightened advancement in those who make the high profession of Christianity.

It is a high profession as compared with the religions of the preceding ages. And yet how little have we advanced! How slow are we to believe that we have this great inward teacher — this Divine Monitor within! How much is it entangled with an educated conscience! How little is the distinction made between the conscience of sect and the

conscience which is created by the Divine power operating in the soul of the recipient of these inward teachings! How little do we understand that it was expedient that Jesus should pass away so that the Spirit of truth might more fully come unto men! He stated this clearly, and in after times the apostles saw and felt that though they had known Christ Jesus after the flesh, yet now henceforth should they know him no more but by his inward presence, by the life of God in the soul, by the Spirit of truth which Jesus declared unto them "should teach them all things, and show them things to come."

We have had, it is true, seers and prophets from that time to the present, but these Messiahs of their generation have been few and far between.

When the disciples went forth and inquired of their fellow-believers, have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed, their answer was, we have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost,—so it has been down to the present day. It becomes a controverted question when the sufficiency of "the light" is dwelt upon,—when the teachings of the Divine Spirit are held up as being all sufficient for us,—as to what are these teachings? How are we to distinguish them? How are we to decide what they are? It is easy enough; if we look at the authorities to see whence these differences of creeds and opinions arise, we may readily understand why these differ so much. . . . But we shall find that despite these, there is no difference of opinion among men when it comes to great principles,—the attributes of God, by which He reveals himself to his children. There is not found any controversy as to what constitutes justice and love, mercy and charity, and all those great Divine gifts to man which constitute him God-like, or of Divine creation,—the breath of Divine life which was breathed into his soul. So when we come to the tender affections of his nature, we do not find any dispute as to what pity is, what sympathy one



for another in their weakness is, or what charity is, which is pouring out of its abundance and riches in giving to the poor and the needy.

There is no difference of opinion in regard to all these; they have been found to be the same in all ages. How beautiful it has been! How tender the sentiment poured into the breast of the mourner! That He ever will comfort them that mourn, that He ever will be with them that are sorrowful, — the true-hearted. He will not suffer the waves of affliction nor the floods to overflow them. We find these sentiments to be universal.

He causeth His sun to shine on the just and the unjust. His judgments are not as erring man's; we see how abundantly His favors are bestowed upon all.

When affliction does come, when any great accident occurs, when fatality is among the people, when there are mourners abundant upon the earth, as have been peculiarly so of latter years, it is not needful to assume them to be the just judgments of an angry God; we need not view them in that light, for they are as much the natural results of causes as anything in outward nature, as all the great movements of the universe are in accordance with Divine laws.

They are coming to be referred to the operation of these laws rather than to the assumption of special and partial Providences. "I do assert eternal Providence and justify the ways of God to man." This saying of the poet impressed me when I was very young, and I have no doubt there are many now who have ceased to pray, or put up petitions, for special favors in relation to outward gifts, or outward things.

I remember many years ago reciting the lines of Cowper, a poet whom the world has not appreciated:—

"Perhaps she (the world) owes her sunshine and her rain,  
Her blooming spring and plenteous harvest,  
To the prayer he (the good man) makes," etc.



I was stopped by Edward Stabler,<sup>1</sup> who said, "No, I would not repeat it, for I do not like the blooming spring and plenteous harvest to be attributed to the prayers of the good man. We must look to natural causes for natural effects."

I was young then, but it impressed me so that I have never forgotten it.

The more we seek truth — the more we look at this subject with an eye and heart to "God teaching his people himself," the more we shall discover that we owe much of our present belief to our traditions. We need to be shocked; Christendom needs to be shocked. While there are those who still adhere to the doctrine of human depravity, and all the speculations concerning rewards and punishments hereafter, it needs that *we* be shocked, as some of the past generation were shocked by the utterances of Elias Hicks. Well was it for that generation that they had a John Woolman, and many others. Well was it for the age in which George Fox and his contemporaries lived — those sons of thunder. Well was it that they roused the people of their day on the subjects of unconditional election and reprobation, predestination, the trinitarian idea, and many other dogmas of the sects, which were regarded as sacred. Well was it for the people that they had those teachers who could go before them and utter the truth. They did their work, and great has been the result of that work. We are profiting by it to-day, even though we, as a body, may be small, compared with other denominations. Although the more liberal sects may be small, compared with those who retain more of their old forms, their old traditions and creeds, yet such is the power of truth over error that it modifies and regulates it, and it cannot be resisted. It was said of

<sup>1</sup> Edward Stabler, who is mentioned in this discourse, was a man of refined and elevated taste, and of scientific and scholastic attainments. As a ready, persuasive, and eloquent preacher, he had scarcely an equal in the Society of Friends. He resided in Alexandria, Virginia, and died early in the year 1831, aged about sixty years.

those who opposed the believers formerly, that they could not withstand the power of truth.

The Thirty-nine Articles may remain, and the Pope may be in power, yet after all there is a new philosophy in the world; they do not admit what would seem to be the meaning of their verbal creed, they laugh at us if we suppose they believe so. They do not so read it and interpret it.

My friends, among ourselves there are some clauses in our Discipline which we have outgrown, which are gradually becoming a dead letter; so every denomination and every age has its growth.

I have been impressed with a prophecy of the past generation: "Mighty powers are at work in the world, and who shall stay them? God's word has gone forth and it shall not return unto Him void; a new comprehension of the Christian spirit, a new reverence for humanity, a new feeling of brotherhood, and of all man's relations to a common Father, these are among the signs of our times." Do you not like, my friends, to hear these prophetic utterances and to perceive that in a generation's time there is a recognition of their fulfillment? Certainly there are evidences that there is a new feeling of the brotherhood of man in this generation. There is a more enlarged toleration; (shall I use that "proud, self-sufficient word"?) there is a more enlarged recognition of the right to worship and believe as circumstances may lead the believer and worshiper.

There is a better understanding of these things, and it has been brought about, in a great measure, by a union for great and good purposes. People have learned that their neighbors are better than they thought them, that their dissenting friends were better than they had been taught to believe. With all the adoration for the name of Jesus and the fear of a denial of his divinity, many seem to forget that men should be judged by their fruits — by their works, by their love one unto another. They seem not to under-

stand that he said, "An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit," therefore "by their fruits ye shall know them." But, after all, men do judge one another more by their fruits, by their every-day life, than by their professions. A life of righteousness and true holiness, goodness, is ever held in high estimation, not mere sectarian piety. This speaks well for the general judgment of the children of men, aye of the children of God, for I recognize all as children of God — of one common Father. As people learn that "He is teaching his people Himself," there will be richer fruits. We see it now in the great benevolent acts of the age; we may call this mere charity, but let us not disparage this disposition to give before death, rather than leave to be distributed after death.

Thousands upon thousands are now devoted to the building of better tenements for the poor, for education and the bettering of the condition of society. All this goes to show that there is a new comprehension of the Christian spirit, a new reverence for humanity, a new feeling of brotherhood and of all men's relations to a common Father.

We Quakers — Friends, as we love better to call ourselves — if we had adhered strictly to our simple faith, if we had not been so desirous to please men as to have abandoned our simple creed so as to embody some of the orthodox faith of the age, we should have done still more in spreading a knowledge of our great doctrine of the inward light. Depend upon it, it is not an *ignis fatuus*, it is no vain chimera. It was declared when our forefathers came forth, aye, long before — when Jesus gave forth the declaration — the kingdom, the government of God, is within you.

When he compared it to "a little leaven that was hid in the three measures of meal," to "a grain of mustard seed;" when he repeated those beautiful parables by which he illustrated it to his blind hearers — long before George Fox, who declared the same doctrine, — yet how little was

it received ! How he mourned over their darkness, “ye are slow of understanding,” “ye fools and blind.” He was asked, “Is this a new doctrine whereof thou speakest ?” He assured them it was “that which was from the beginning, it was with God and it was God.” This was his idea, if not his words. We find among the prophets of olden time there was a recognition of the same Divine teachings, else would not the prophet have been prepared to say the time will come when man “shall no more need to teach his neighbor or his brother, saying, know the Lord, for all shall know him from the least unto the greatest.” They would not have known how to speak so beautifully of this “inward divine light,” declaring that “the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.”

The law on tables of stone was not perfect, as was declared : “I gave them laws which were not good, and commandments by which they could not live, but the time shall come when I will write my law in their hearts.” “The statutes of the Lord are righteous,” “the commandments of the Lord are pure,” “the testimonies of the Lord are sure.” “The reproofs of instruction are the way of Life.” “Thou gave us also thy good spirit to instruct us.” Job, who is considered still older, said, “There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.”

I know the veneration there is for the Scriptures. Taken as a whole, it is far too high. Many are shocked at the idea of not believing in the plenary inspiration of the book from beginning to end.

But, my friends, we must learn to read this as we should all books, with discrimination and care, and place that which belongs to the history of a more barbarous age where it belongs, and never take the wars of the ancients as any authority for war in this enlightened age. It has good and evil in it, and because men take it as authority, is one reason that truth has made such slow progress.

Mark how it has been used to uphold the great crime of human slavery. Mark how the cause of temperance has been retarded by quotations from this book on the subject of wine. Friends have had to suffer because they dared assert that war was wrong in every age of the world. Many thought war conflicted with some of the testimonies of the Bible. But we are learning to read the Bible with more profit, because we read it with more discriminating minds. We are learning to understand that which is inspiration and that which is only historical, for the righteous judgment that comes of the right spirit dares judge all things, — “Ye shall judge angels,” how much more the records of the ancients. It is time that we should learn to take truth for authority and not authority for truth, and these pages, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation, contain truths. “If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted; if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door.” This is an evidence that Cain knew what “well” was. From that time through all the ages of the past down to the present, not in the records of the Bible alone, but in the researches of those capable of understanding the languages of other nations, even the most ignorant and barbarous of these, there are many references to the same inward and divine teachings. I heard George Thompson, after residing in British India, speak of an organization found there, the members of which did not believe in war, and would have nothing to do with warlike actions. These evidences in all parts of the world are the fullest testimony to the teachings of the divine Spirit, independent of man’s teachings, showing that the same divine principles of goodness and love are to be found wherever man is found, in whatever age, or nation, or country. We grant that a great deal depends upon the proper cultivation of the mental powers. That where there is ignorance there is barbarism and superstition. But all through the ages there are striking instances of righteousness, goodness, and truth,



showing that God hath not left himself without a witness, and these to a far greater extent than biblical history furnishes. If we read the researches and examinations of those who dare think for themselves, who dare publish to the world their thoughts, we shall find that truth has been the same in all ages of the world, that it has ever been given out, as far as the people have been prepared to receive the idea, that "God is the teacher of His people Himself." We do not need to depend on ministers, Bibles, pulpits, or teachers of any kind; we can go directly to the fountain head, and certainly it is time that we should be more enlightened than to look to public preaching, to authority; time that we should do more of our own thinking, and that when we do speak one to another, it should be for edification, for comfort, and in recognition of this inward teaching. We need not direct how, or in what particular path, one or another shall be led. The course will be a very different one as regards special individual duties, as we may be prepared by our different talents, tastes, or education, but all must know these by faithful obedience to the inward monitor. Some are called upon to bear public testimonies to the truth. Many are particularly led to the sick and suffering; their lives are greatly devoted to ministering to the wants of these; they give of their abundance whatsoever they may have. All are called to some labor; none are excused, though their labors may be directed in different channels. This is an age in which there is very much done in all these directions, and especially in these Christmas and New Year's times, when it is so much the custom to give, to be blessed by giving and by receiving. It is well that we hail this also as a sign of the times which indicates progress. There is progress amongst us in every direction, and in nothing is it more manifested than in the religious assemblies of the people, in that they can bear one another's burdens, and will hear that which they may not entirely approve; many have been taught not to consider



reasoning wicked, when applied in the right way. We are to use our reason in the examination of everything; it is our duty to do this; even in the matter of faith and of worship, we are to look at and reason on these things properly. It was the complaint formerly: "My people do not consider," and they were said to be worse than the stupid ox: "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people do not consider." We need to reason and to consider, and to have all our faculties called into action, and not to take upon trust that which we hear, even from the pulpits or galleries. That which is the production of one generation, and adapted to their wants, may not be needed or suited to another. We must look for truth and love it, for it is from the eternal source of light; let truth ever be our guide, and let us remember that "God is ever the teacher of his people Himself."

Let us ever be willing to treat one another kindly, though we may differ from each other; and though we may not be prepared to receive some ideas which may be presented, let us always endeavor to strengthen one another to do that which is regarded as right. The ability is often far beyond ourselves. Surely that which has been effected in our country in regard to slavery has been so much higher than the most ardent abolitionist has hoped for, that there is enough to encourage all those who went forth weeping, scattering the seeds of truth, justice, and mercy before the people. When there is a proper reverence for truth, we shall see that there is enough to inspire a spirit of praise and gratitude, even though it may not be on the bended knee in the assemblies of the people, but in the closet, as Jesus wisely recommended in his day. As there is less belief in special Providences, there will be more gratitude and praise to our heavenly Father, for the bounteous gifts and marvelous works which are in the world. The Apostle said to some in his day, "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it

on your lusts." See how many there are who find that their prayers are not answered. Then, let us see that our faith, our prayers, and our praise are all intelligent from the soul, and for that which it is proper and right for us to have; then shall we understand that "justice and judgment are the habitations of His throne." When we look to judgment as punishment only, we do not see the whole; this is the means by which we are brought back from the path of error. We know the result of evil and wrongdoing, and surely there is enough of it in the world; yet, instead of speaking to the wicked of the suffering and danger of punishment hereafter, we should do as George Fox did: endeavor to call the people away from the evil that is in themselves now, and bring them to a heaven there, for the kingdom of heaven is within each one. In searching the Scriptures we shall find it is not so much a judgment in the future, as it is a judgment now, that we must look to. There may be a looking forward to the conditions of the hereafter, as well as a hope of a blessed reunion in the heaven into which we are to enter. Still, there will be that understanding which will lead us not to speculate so much, or make our preaching so much in reference to what will be hereafter, as to enable us to come into heaven now, and if we do this we need have no fear of the hereafter. The wrong-doer will thus be brought to see the result of his actions, and thus we may speak of that which we do know of the results of disobedience; then can we speak intelligently, and bring them to the heaven within themselves and away from the evil that may be there. Let us understand this and look at it properly. I well remember the words of our worthy Dr. Parrish, — we reverence his memory, — that "although justice and judgment are the habitations of God's throne, yet thanks be unto Him, for his mercy endureth forever."

EXTRACTS FROM REPORTS OF LUCRETIA MOTT'S ADDRESSES AT THE ANNUAL MEETINGS OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION, IN BOSTON.

[ *May 26th, 1870.* ]

“ I wish to congratulate the Free Religious Association on the advance it has made, and the work it has done since its formation, three years ago, when I was also present. I am especially glad to find it taking up such important practical subjects as that under consideration at this session.<sup>1</sup> The Association can accomplish great good in these directions of practical reform and progress. Something has been said by some of the speakers of the danger of a conflict of arms in this country on religious questions, and that the conflict may come on this question which the Convention is now considering ; but I can hardly believe there is such a danger. If there be, let us all try to avert it. We must trust to free discussion like this, and seek to inculcate right principles. Begin in time, and the truth will prevail without war, to the pulling down of all strongholds of injustice and wrong. As to the Bible, I would make a discrimination there, as in other writings, between truth and error. I cannot accept its inspiration as a whole, and cannot see why it should be read as a book of worship in the schools or in the churches. Ministers should dare take their texts from other books, modern or ancient, as well as from the Hebrew or Christian Scriptures. Let us recognize revelation and truth wherever we find it. If the question were, to what doctrine does the Bible give authority, I should say the Bible would overturn nearly all the theology in the various churches of the land. But let the motto ever be, Truth for Authority, and not Authority for Truth.”

<sup>1</sup> “ The Relation of Religion to the Public Schools of this Country.”

[June 2nd, 1871.]

“I have no doubt that great good is resulting from the free discussion of the character of Jesus, and other religious topics. Natural religion is revealed religion, inspired, as I think, in the same way as were the great utterances of Christianity. Men are too superstitious, too prone to believe what is presented to them by their church and creed; they ought to follow Jesus more in his non-conformity. Those who most delight to honor the name of Jesus, have yet to learn the nobleness of the character which led him to live up to and act out his highest convictions, though so opposed to the traditions of his time. The observance of the Sabbath springs more from a superstitious than a rational motive, and certainly does not rest on the command or example of Jesus. He claimed very little for himself, but was ever ready to bring in the name of the truth, saying that it was the truth that made men free. I hold that skepticism is a religious duty; men should question their theology, and doubt more, in order that they might believe more. I would ask those who are so satisfied to rest in the name of Jesus, why they put so much faith in the name, without following him in his works, and even in the greater works which he predicted? Paul, I admit, was too much of a theologian for me; but I know of no warrant that requires me to take him as an authority. I think, however, there has been of late great advance in liberality even among the strictest sects.”

Her remarks were closed by an earnest appeal for more practical simplicity and sincerity in the daily conduct of life. She protested especially against the prevailing extravagance in dress and housekeeping, and mourned for the future of the marriage institution and of society, unless plainer and less costly habits of living could be adopted.

[May 31st, 1872.]

“I want first to defend the apostle Paul a little. I do not think there was any prohibition of woman’s preaching in his words. So far from it, he gave express directions how woman should appear when she preached or prophesied, and spoke of her repeatedly in his Epistles as a helper with him, a ‘minister’ in the gospel, although the translators had changed the word ‘minister’ to ‘servant,’ in speaking of woman. Then, when he says, ‘I suffer no woman to speak,’ it is plain to see that he was speaking to the Corinthian Church of their quarrels, their difficulties, and their disagreements, and he recommended that women should not mingle in the controversy; but he had not the least reference to their preaching. As regarded the relation of husband and wife, I think the Apostle was not perhaps so well qualified to speak on the subject as some others, from the fact that he was a bachelor, glorying in his celibacy, and preferring that all should be such as he was. Still, reading the writings of Paul rationally, not as infallible authority, but as the record of earnest religious thought and life, I feel there is great help and strength to be derived from them. . . .

“The kingdom of God is always nigh at hand. It was nigh at hand when Jesus declared it eighteen hundred years ago, and it has been entered many and many a time since then. I believe that it is very near us; that it is *with* us, — although some have an idea that we are not to look for the entrance until after death, and pulpits mostly declare what shall be *hereafter*, forgetting what the Apostle says, that ‘*now* are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.’ It is wrong to represent religion as a gloomy experience, opposed to true pleasure in this life. I want to say to those who have much to say about following Jesus, that they should remember to follow him in his non-conformity, in his obedience to the right, however much it might conflict with the popular beliefs and

ceremonies of the day. I desire the full use of the intellectual and reasoning powers, while remembering that there are other faculties of human nature to be considered. True religion and freedom of thought seem to me so inseparable, that I cannot make the comparison that it is better to be free than to be religious. Religion and freedom must go together. If the truth were obeyed, then should we be free indeed."

During the evening session of the same meeting, she referred to the pleasure with which she had listened to the essays and addresses made at the meetings year after year, and then spoke "of the great importance of carrying out in every-day life the principles of the true Natural Religion of Humanity, and of believing that the way of salvation does not lie through mystery or miracle, but through character and life. I believe there is a distinctive, intuitive sense of right in every breast, and that this is being recognized by both philosophy and science. The Religion of Humanity is uniting all denominations; it is making them attach less value to their creeds, and is inducing them to make cheerful, practical schools for the children, rather than the dry, gloomy piety which was taught in the early days of the Sunday-schools. These are very encouraging signs; and to me it seems that sectarian bigotry and intolerance are fast dying away, and we are coming to speak one language and one voice, and hastening the time when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of his truth."

[*May 30th, 1873.*]

"As this is probably the last opportunity that I shall have of meeting with this Association, which has endeared itself to me from its beginning, I feel, late as the hour is, that I want to express the great delight and satisfaction that I have had in this session, and in the meetings of these two days, in the evidence they have afforded that the prayers of



many for this Association have been heard, that their faith shall not fail them, and that they shall give evidence of a deep sense of religion which will put an end to all the vain and false theologies and useless forms in Christendom and in Heathendom.

“ I have not many words to utter, but it is a great satisfaction to me to know that instead of the science of theology being made a study, that it will come to be, as has been expressed to-day, the science of religion in liberty and truth, and of liberty and truth in religion ; the science, — as was expressed in our first meeting by our beloved friends, John Weiss and Francis Abbot, — the science of the inspiration of the human mind ; the science of truth, as manifested in the inmost soul. This must come to be the only science of theology which it shall be necessary to study, or necessary to be taught. And, as regards the subject upon which so much has been written of late, the importance of faith in a personal God, we shall be content to let our limited knowledge remain where it is, while we have all that science can reveal, both that which is self-evident, which is natural, which is spiritual, and that which belongs to outward nature, — which it needs not that I enlarge upon, ignorant as I am, after all that has been said. But I think that this will be found to suffice, and, as has just been expressed, that it will pervade the universe of God, and bring us into the kingdom, which is nigh even at the doors ; and that we need not enter into any speculations as regards the future, as regards immortality, but that we all shall learn to rest content with the limited knowledge we have, and be confident, by fullness of faith, that that which is best for us shall and will be ours, while we do not endeavor by our speculations to make out or build up a heaven. I remember when Dr. Channing, years ago, at our house, attempted to advocate his views, and to show what everlasting progress there would be in the hereafter, I told him it was as interesting to me as any speculation on the subject to which

I had ever listened, but he must allow me to say, that it was speculation still. I want we should tread under foot our speculations, and everything that will mingle aught that is uncertain with the religion which we have heard presented to us to-day, — which is certain, which is sure ; for that which is self-evident needs no argument. And so we come near to the beautiful truths and testimonies that rise out of this pure religion and undefiled, that need no scholastic learning, that need no pulpit explanations. They are clear truth, justice, love, — the highest, noblest, finest instincts of the human heart and mind, which we are to apply to all that we can imagine of the unseen and unknown. That divine power will be ours, if we seek it ; and when these principles are stated they are self-evident, they need no learned oratory, and it is not employed in regard to them. You do not hear, in any of the pulpits, a definition of what love, and justice, and mercy, and right are. You know, and all know, that they are innate, self-defined. Therefore, I say, preach your truth ; let it go forth, and you will find, without any notable miracle, as of old, that every man will speak in his own tongue in which he was born. And I will say, that if these pure principles have their place in us, and are brought forth by faithfulness, by obedience, into practice, the difficulties and doubts that we may have to surmount will be easily conquered. There will be a power higher than these. Let it be called the Great Spirit of the Indian, the Quaker “inward light” of George Fox, the “Blessed Mary, mother of Jesus,” of the Catholics, or Brahma, the Hindoo’s God, — they will all be one, and there will come to be such faith and such liberty as shall redeem the world.”

[*May 28th, 1875.*]

“It seems to me very kind in an audience to be willing to stay and listen to the humble words of an old Quaker woman, after feeling how forcible are ripe words, as we have

heard them expressed this morning. When the beautiful bouquet was brought in, I thought perhaps it was meant to be a symbol of the words fitly spoken, to which we have listened, which in the old Scripture were compared to ‘apples of gold in pictures of silver.’ I have listened with the greatest interest to the essay that has been read, and to all your proceedings. Indeed, since my first attendance at this Free Religious meeting, I have been a constant reader of the productions of those interested in the promotion of its objects, and very often have entirely responded to what has there been presented.”

After relating many interesting personal reminiscences, she continued, with reference to the power of superstition even in enlightened circles : —

“When in England, in 1840, I saw one of the Egyptian idols in the British Museum. Some one of our company said, ‘Well, they don’t admit that they worship such ugly images as this ; they look through and beyond this to one great Supreme Power.’ ‘They were scarcely more idolatrous,’ I answered, ‘than our Quaker friends when they read their Bible with such reverence last evening.’ They brought it out with great solemnity, and laid it on the lap of the one who was to read it, and he bowed before it, and then opened it and read it in what we Friends call the preaching tone. The passages read were those that had no particular bearing upon the lives and conduct of those then present, nor upon the special occasion which had brought us together ; but it was ‘the Bible’ and “Scripture,’ and a chapter of it must be read in order, and in a solemn tone. I said to the friend who was pointing out this idol to me in the Museum, that the worship of that image was like the worship of the Bible as we had observed it the evening before. To me *that* was the worship of an idol.

“So, too, in regard to many of the prayers that have been offered in many of the meetings I have attended, since I

dared go without the limited inclosure of the Friends to attend reformatory meetings. They have been so superstitious and childish, and so at variance with the idea that Jesus inculcated with regard to prayer, that I have rejoiced since these meetings of yours were organized, that there has not been felt the necessity of calling on any one to offer prayer. It is years since I have felt free to rise in time of prayer, — as is the custom in our meetings, — so entirely have I concurred with the recommendation of Jesus, who said, ‘When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and shut the door, and there pray to thy Father in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.’ This kind of prayer is as natural to man as the air he breathes, — the aspiration for divine aid, for strength to do right, the inward desire after truth and holiness, the yearning to be led to the rock that is higher than he. But when it comes to praying for rain in dry weather, or for the removal of evils that have been brought upon us by our own violations of the laws of health and nature, then it is most absurd and superstitious.”

She closed by quoting some passages from Dr. Channing, on the grandeur of the inward principle of duty, and on the growing power of human love, adding: —

“These are sayings that commend themselves to the inmost heart of every reader and of every hearer. And we may so speak of the operation of this principle in the mind, if we divest ourselves of the influence of the traditions we have received from the superstition and ignorance of the past, and from the prejudices of our education, that as notable a miracle as that wrought in the days of old shall occur, and ‘every man shall hear in his own tongue wherein he was born,’ and all shall understand alike.”



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